

THE MANHATTAN.

VOL. III.

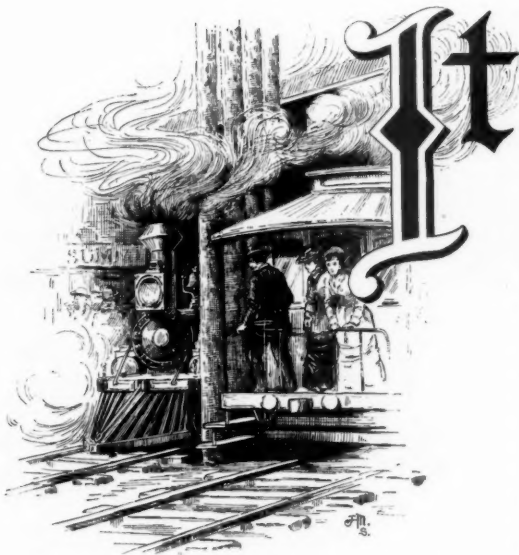
MAY, 1884

No. 5.

THE GUNNISON COUNTRY

First Paper.

I.



is probable that if, you should quote to a Gunnison man, Thoreau's remark: "As a true patriot I should be ashamed to believe that Adam, in Paradise, was more favorably situated, on the whole, than a backwoodsman in this country," he would find great sense in it. He would probably coincide with an energetic "You bet!" which in *lingua Coloradensis* conveys a very strong asseveration.

"Why," he would protest, "it's certain-sure the greatest country that lies outdoors. It's as big as half a dozen of your States back East. It has the richest mines of gold and silver. It has hills of coal and forests of timber. It has kingdoms of grass for cattle, empires of valleys howling and weeping to be ploughed, and rivers just

ready to strike because there ain't mill-wheels enough (and never can be) to keep 'em busy. It has iron and clay and marble, and a climate that would make you think the islands of the blessed lay right down the creek there. And scenery? *Great Jupiter!* There's just scenery till you can't rest!"

If you, my reader, have been to Colorado—this new Western Colorado—you will know that I do not exaggerate the pride a Gunnison man has in his region, and the sunrise-glories in which, to his eye, every ragged rock, each barren beach of gravel, and all the wormwood-bordered alkali flats are steeped, equally with the good land.

But if you have not been "over the range," you will ask: Where is this wonderful place?

It is in the heart of Colorado, west of the continental watershed of the Rocky Mountains, and midway the State north and south. Out there they speak of it merely as a valley; but within its bounds you might lay the whole State of Massachusetts. This is an estimate of area. On the other hand you might put the whole population and

available wealth of this big valley into the Bay State without anybody knowing it. Wait a century, however, and then try it.

The Indians who, until the last two years, thought as well of it in their way as the white usurpers do now, had various ways of reaching its sunny nooks; but the ordinary entrance for us is by the railway over Marshall Pass. This railway is that courageous narrow-gauge line, the Denver and Rio Grande, whose feats of engineering have astonished the world. It runs from Denver 120 miles, down the foot of the Front (or easternmost) range of the Rocky Mountains to Pueblo, before it can find a passage through the mountains into the interior. And what a passage that is! Pueblo is on the banks of the Arkansas River, which at that point throws off its very last fetters, comes to its majority as it were, and pursues in mature sobriety its long course across the Kansas plains and through the Arkansas forests on its way to its *nirvana* in the Mississippi. Above Pueblo the river valley is hemmed in by hills and rocky walls for forty miles, and as you ascend it along the tracks that follow its shore, you get better and better glimpses of the great mountains, but no clearer comprehension of how the stream passes the mighty barrier, since no sign of any depression appears. At Cañon City you are close under the mountains, and still you see no way through. Ten minutes later you find it.

Following the river, the train has entered, as suddenly as into a gateway, a chasm in the solid mountain wall, out of which the current comes sweeping,

"Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my sands as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar."

It is only a moment before the vertical cliffs of this cañon are towering two thousand feet on each side. You can see only a few rods before or behind, because of the

incessant zigzagging of the great crevice. The walls chant and resound in unison with the mingled roar of the train and the turbulent water, which, though a stream, you may almost leap, yet fills the cañon so nearly full that there is scarcely room left for the road-bed. In one place, where, when you look up, the narrow sky seems like a long blue streamer flung from the granite pinnacles that crown the brink of the tremendous wall, there is no space whatever to spare for a trackway. The railroad has therefore been suspended upon an iron bridge, laid lengthwise the current; and this bridge hangs by steel rods underneath two rafters braced against the faces of the closely approximated cliffs, for it would not do to check the current by founding piers.

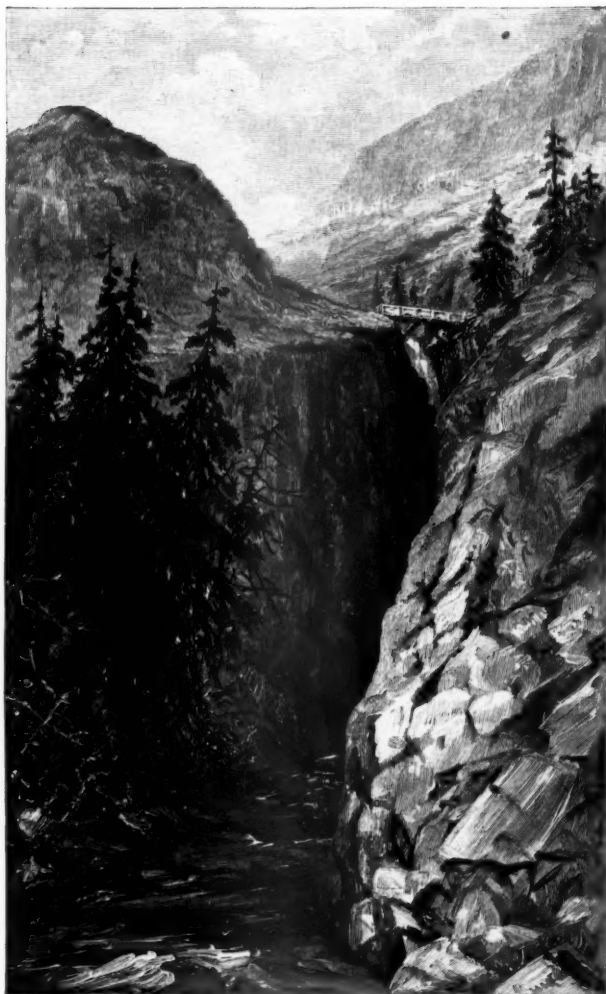
Thus, first on one side and then on the other of the foaming stream, dodging about the protruding buttresses, and awaking troops of shrieking echoes at every curve, the Royal Gorge is passed, and the cañon slowly lessens until it is wholly left behind, and the broad valley of the Upper Arkansas lies before, with the glorious array of the Saguache mountains rearing their clustered heads on the opposite side.

This Saguache, or the "Collegiate" range, is a part of the dividing watershed between the drainage of the Atlantic and Pacific. Northward lie the Elks (having the West Elks as a spur to the westward), and various other more or less distinct parts which carry the line of the central system northward. Southward occurs a break, beyond which the Navajo or La Garita range bends westward in the great curve which ends at the head of the Rio Grande, among the groups of mountains whose longest axis is east and west and which form the Sierra Madre of the old geographies and the San Juan range of Coloradoans. Our path leads right over this Saguache range to the western divide. But we shall get among the continental heights again, where they uphold the silver-hoarding spires of Sierra San Juan.

II.

Marshall Pass, by which the main range of the Rockies is crossed, is a great railway ladder. I do not propose to describe it—a

whole article by itself would be needed for that. At its foot you are six thousand feet above the sea level; at its summit you are



CANON OF THE UNCOMPAHGRE

ten thousand; yet on either side weather-beaten peaks rise nearly four thousand feet above your head. If you will carelessly toss a cord down upon the floor (only guarding against its making any crossed loops) you will have a fair idea of the way the track runs here. It is always a steep grade upward, but then to attain the regularity of ascent the train must go away up to the head of the deep indentations, and

skirt the outermost rim of the headlands. There are no tunnels, except the semblance made by the long snow-sheds; few deep cuttings or bridges. It is simply a winding trail, accomplishing, by many and devious turnings, the required ascent of 217 feet to the mile, shown by a straight line on the profile from the Arkansas plains to the summit of the pass, and down again to the valley of the Tomichi on the western side.



ALONG THE TOMICHI

Sometimes you can look out of the window at two or three tracks below and two or three more above—the steps you have come and those which remain; but intervening links are invisible, and you wonder how you are to attain those successively higher levels. From one spot on the western slope six of these tracks are seen at once down the opening made by a great ravine which the road crosses and recrosses. This side is a kaleidoscope of far-reaching views, changing with each moment, for your headlight turns to every point of the compass in its doublings; and while you



A RAILWAY CUTTING

admire the sky-kissed heights above, you may turn and tremble at the awful depths just below. It is a railway in midair.

III.

Though the great attraction of Marshall Pass is the vast breadth of landscape its height exposes to view—for the scenery close at hand does not startle one into surprised admiration as does that at Toltec Gorge, Fremont Pass, Las Animas cañon, or several other elevated points in the course of this wide-wandering railway—yet one gets a more distinct impression of the mountain geography of this part of Colorado by leaving the railway at Sapinero, a station about sixty miles west, and going up upon the plateau that lies between the Cochetopa and the Lake Fork (of the Gunnison) rivers. This is easily done, for the stage-road to Lake City crosses it; and also

the wagon-road which in former days was one of the paths to Salt Lake and California, by the way of Taos and the Spanish settlements on the Rio Grande.

From the height of this plateau a great map of the country round about is opened to the eye—a country of wide uplands, swelling into magnificent mountains and seamed with abyssmal cañons. These adjectives are large, but this is one of the few topics where superlatives are not out of place.

Eastward, confused elevations, culminating in the twin domes of Exchequer and Ouray, show where Marshall Pass carries its lofty avenue. Beyond, northward, the

heights of the continental divide stand clustered in the foreshortened perspective, as far as the Mount of the Holy Cross; while westward of them the white peaks of the Elk range parade in a long line of well-separated summits. To the left near hills limit the view, beyond the broken valley of the upper Gunnison, which lies almost at our feet. In the east, from Marshall Pass southward, stretches the splendid array of the Sierra Sangre de Cristo, filling beautifully the far distant horizon, and ending southward in the massive buttresses of Sier-

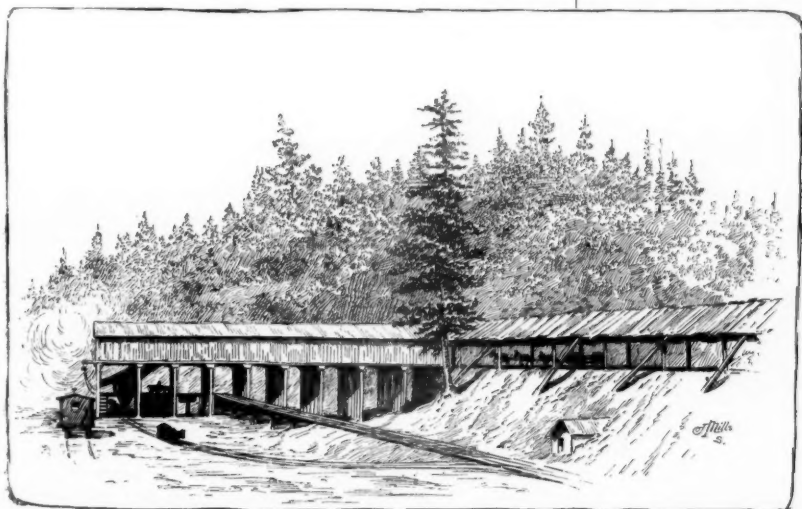
ra Blanca. It is the highest of Colorado's mountains, and no more impressive view can be had of it than this standpoint affords. As we advance other peaks rise in the southward above the ridges of the plateau. These are the cold and broken summits of the volcanic San Juan, while isolated, and a little to the right, stands the Saul of their ranks, Uncompahgre, head and shoulders above all his comrades; nor is this figure an idle comparison, for his tennon-shaped figure easily suggests it.

IV.

Conducting the melting of their constant snows, a dozen large streams, each the union of many rivulets, trend downward from the wide circle of mountains I have shown you (excepting the Sangre de Cristo, which lie beyond the watershed) to pour their waters through the channel of the Gunnison. To this stream alone do the mountains grant an exit westward out of their vast amphitheatre; just as, on the eastern slope, the drainage of the whole great area between the Main range and the Front range must pay toll of carving to the Royal Gorge. From the north come the many streams that form Taylor River, draining the south-

ern slopes of the Elk Mountains; from the east the gathered creeks that unite in Tomichi and bring the snowfall of the Saguache; from the south the beautiful Lake Fork, full to the lips with San Juan's crystal fountains.

The valley of the Tomichi (Tomeechee) offers a straight course for the Denver and Rio Grande Railway from Marshall Pass to the western lowlands, and along its course we race swiftly through the fresh morning. Crag, gloomy forest, and the loneliness of unbounded space, have been left behind. Rounded velvety hills, rising from green meadows; river-bottoms, packed with wil-



COVERED COAL TRAMWAY AT CRESTED BUTTE

lows and rushes, whence come the cheery voices of frogs and birds, encompass us, and the sunshine is bright and warm. New log cabins, with temporary thatched stables in their rear, stand under the edge of the dry

Forty miles below its head the Tomichi pushes aside the hills and emerges into a somewhat circular plain several miles in width, where it joins with the Lake Fork, and a little later with the Taylor River,



HUNTERS' CAMP ON THE GRAND MESA

benches, or occupy more pleasantly the centre of the little prairies where the natural hay grows tall and rank; while here and there a fenced field and irrigating ditches show the beginnings of agriculture. All is warm, peaceful and luxuriant—a snug resting-place whence an hour's climbing will bring you into the presence of the awe-stirring divinity of a hundred mountains.

bringing the confluent waters from the north to make our noble river—the Gunnison. The whole drainage of the enviroing ranges centres here, and hence the whole wide region is spoken of as the valley of the Gunnison, or "The Gunnison Country," until it disappears, one hundred and eighty miles west of the mountains, in the valley of the Grand.

V.

The human history of this region, apart from the red aborigines, is brief but adventurous. Early in the century Spanish priests and American fur-trappers had at rare intervals penetrated the fastnesses of those mountains. In 1845 ex-Governor Gilpin of this State, then a mere lad, traversed the entire length of the river valley on his return from Oregon to St. Louis, pursued relentlessly by the Indians, and the map he made from his observations is now on file in Denver. At that time, also, the Mormons were exploring their neighborhood, and sent scouts as far eastward as this, and much farther southward. In 1853 Captain Gunnison's party followed the river up to the Tomichi, then up that stream and the

Cochetopa until they crossed into San Luis Park; but the gallant officer was murdered, Indians and Mormons getting the credit of the deed. The next year General Fremont passed over nearly the same route from west to east, and thereafter it became known as the Salt Lake Wagon Road, while the name Gunnison was given to the river that previously had been vaguely styled the South Fork of the Grand. In 1861 gold diggers from California Gulch, where Leadville now stands, passed through to the western slope of the Elk Mountains and named some of the streams. They were in just fear of the Indians, who massacred twelve men at one camp and effectually scared back the miners. Nevertheless a few stayed and worked

the placers in the odd moments when they were not fighting redskins or hunting game to support life. In 1872 the Rock Creek region was settled, and meanwhile an Indian agency had been established on the upper Cochetopa, which I myself visited in 1874. That year Hayden's survey sent a party far into the district to make maps of its topography and geology, and a company of men from Denver was organized to go to the valley as farmers; while prospectors ere this had worked their way through to the northern gulches of the Sierra San Juan, and stockmen were encroaching from Utah.

Nearly the whole of the region, however, was still the reservation of the Utes, and white men were forbidden to enter it. The Indians saw them swarming about the edges, became alarmed, jealous and angry,

and war was imminent. This was averted by the usual plan. The Indian was forced to sell out his reservation and move away from his ancestral home to a remoter region in the north, which, as yet, is uncoveted by the whites. Then, with a rush, the Colorado people went in to possess the new land. In the summer of 1879 I was told that it would be a foolhardy waste of life to go down the river; in 1881 I went to the city of Gunnison in a Pullman car, and found the morning paper awaiting me with the news of the world. Two years more have passed and this railway has been continued on across the deserts to Ogden and so through to San Francisco; a second railway penetrates the upper valley, and the whole region is haunted by miners, farmers and cattle-growers, supporting half a dozen towns.

VI.

The largest town is Gunnison. It has six or seven thousand people, and proposes to be the Denver of Western Colorado. Two or three other railway towns profess the same ambition, and which will win remains to be seen. Up to this time Gunnison is far ahead. She stands in the middle of the little plain I have spoken of, where the

converging tributaries meet to make the single-minded Gunnison, and she has plenty of room to grow. Her streets, broad, straight, natural roadways in the gravelly soil, run at right angles to one another, and the blocks of buildings succeed each other in squares beautifully regular and—monotonous. Her business streets are built up



AN EARLY RANCH ON THE GUNNISON

largely in brick and handsome white stone; she has stately edifices for court-house, public schools, churches, a very lofty and showy hotel, an opera-house and not a few expensive and ornamental residences. Along the curbs in all her streets run the open ditches seen in all mountain towns, which nourish the roots of many miles of young shade-trees; while underneath are strung the mains for hydrant water brought from the cañon, and pipes for illuminating gas. She has various manufactories, large railway shops, banks, newspapers and clubs, and does an extensive wholesale business through all the mountain districts. As a railway centre, she has the Denver and Rio Grande, east and west; its branch line to Crested Butte and a promised line to Lake City. Here also is the terminus of the South Park railway. She has got out of the first rough stage, and in ten years will undoubtedly look solidified and town-like, even to the eye of an outsider who compares these settlements, not with each other (which would be greatly to Gunnison's advantage) but with the towns upon the Atlantic coast with which, of course, there is no proper comparison possible. On the whole, everybody must admit that Gunnison is as attractive as it could be made, where everything is perfectly new, flat, square, treeless and utterly lacking in sentiment or homelike suggestion.

Lesser towns are Lake City and Ouray, with about one thousand people each, in the mountains southward; Crested Butte, with six or seven hundred people, supplying a circle of mining camps northward; Montrose, 63; Delta, 85, and Grand Junction, 135 miles, respectively, farther west on the railway. The first three are in mining districts, and look pretty much alike; the rest stand in the midst of valley lands, and closely resemble each other and the earlier scenes in Gunnison.

The mountain towns are set in narrow quarters, and you go uphill along the principal street, which is formed by a double row of frame buildings, with battlemented fronts, in which are interspersed a few bigger structures of brick or stone, with more relics of last year in the shape of log cabins. A few side-streets show the cabins—now somewhat warped and shaky—more plainly,

and beyond, the houses of the citizens, plain little cottages, many of hewn logs or part frame and part logs, with perhaps a "doby" here and there. Among them are a few more pretentious, having bay-windows and a picket fence, with an attempt at a lawn, and plenty of flowers in the windows. It is plain that trees grew upon the town-site at first, but they have been nearly all cut down, and nothing interrupts the view straight up toward the rocky walls and closely crowding foothills, "spiked with firs," under which the grimy sheds of a disused smelter stand in ugly distinctness, and where a few mine entrances can be seen. The streets are filled with trains of *burros*, loaded with packs of provisions for the mountain camps, and at night the drowning cry of the cord-dealers and the yells of hilarious prospectors resound through the darkness, but do not worry respectable sleepers, who know it is "nothing but the boys having a little racket."

The valley towns are even simpler in their elements. They consist of rough little buildings, with here and there a conspicuously bigger or better one, set in even ranks right out on the glaring sage-brush flats, coated with summer dust, and surrounded by a thin forest of leafless poles and a maze of slender ditches, which show where shaded streets are intended to run as the town grows. But what palace, whose ornate architecture and lovely grounds now excite our admiration, ever looked well, when it was in the hands of the stonemason and before the gardner's spade had touched its parterres of flowers? Some of these towns will be as pleasant as Colorado Springs after they have had a little time for development.

Meanwhile they discount the future by pre-empting great titles, as ranchmen do quarter sections, trusting to the days that are to be to make good the hope, and doing all they can meanwhile to verify their vaunting predictions. Perhaps I have said this much before; but the same spirit recurs in new force whenever the restless humanity of the West reaches out and takes possession of a new district. This is the spirit which "booms" things, as they say here, and sometimes it takes queer forms of enterprise. For instance, the Town Site Com-



GORGE OF CAÑON CREEK, NEAR OURAY

pany of Grand Junction offered a prize of a silver communion service to the first religious society that would set up its Ebenezer there. The Methodists won it, and the service was duly engraved and delivered. Who shall say that New Colorado does not encourage the preaching of the Gospel?

The "Town Site Company," I ought to explain, for the benefit of some Eastern readers, is an association of men who make up their minds that a town should, would or could grow up at a certain point in a wild region whither civilization is tending, or whither a rush is expected, contingent

upon a certain event, like the discovery of precious metals or the completion of a railway. Under laws of the United States these men "take up" a certain area upon which to build their town, and proceed to put it into as presentable a shape as circumstances will admit, by surveying streets, indicating parks and reservations for public buildings—hospitals, churches, city hall, libraries and so on; by bringing water from the hills, planting shade-trees and perhaps building a big hotel. In many cases the railway is a partner and helps by concentrating operations at that point; indeed, the exigencies of railway construction and operation are

generally the most potent factors in deciding the locality.

The place plotted and the "company" on the ground, lively advertising begins. The floating frontier crowd rushes to the new spot, and a wild speculation in town-lots at once begins, prices being paid that have no relation to the intrinsic value of the property acquired, which, as yet, is worth next to nothing, but, like the wild-cat stocks of Wall Street, simply represent the amount a man is willing to stake on that particular card, or the rental he can afford for immediate use and opportunities.

Gunnison, as I have said, is away beyond this rough and critical stage; but when I was at Montrose and Grand Junction in the summer of 1883, they were only emerging from their first excitement. As I walked across the bare and baked level that stretched between the railway and the village—no matter which of the two—and passed along the busy streets, I felt sure I had been there before. Those small houses of logs, frame and canvas, of adobe and brick, drawn up in uneven ranks, mixed together big and little and equally devoid of fences, gardens or surroundings of any kind except the ubiquitous carpenter's chips, made a familiar picture. I had seen it not only in many places elsewhere in this State, but in New Mexico and in Texas, and all along the new Northern Pacific, from the Yellowstone to the Columbia. These new, *flat* towns are like awkward squads of raw recruits, before they are graded or uniformed or have settled into organization; but what drill and experience—trees and turf and cultivation, not to get too wide of my figure—will do for them in time, we had seen in Denver and Colorado Springs, and would be taught more markedly yet in Salt Lake City and the charming villages beside Lake Utah.

A day speedily comes when the tent is folded and put away in the garret of a neat new cottage, to be brought out again only

for fishing excursions to the trout haunted mountains; the mud-roofed log cabin, dark and dirty, is torn down and lights the fires in the bright home that replaces it; the "doby" crumbles unheeded, while the solid brick structure beside it rears enduring walls; the spaces along the business street fill up, and the proudest "blocks" of a year ago, are to-day thrown into the background and seem miserably small and inadequate. This is not a picture of what might, or ought to, occur, but the actual history of every frontier town that succeeds at all. There is a moral in the custom which in Colorado calls every new settlement a "camp," until, like Leadville, it has proved its right to be called a town.

These are the thoughts that occur to us as we saunter about the dusty streets, and point out to one another the queer make-shifts for home and housekeeping, the simple beginnings of business, setting appearances at naught and regarding no means too humble that help toward better results. No democracy equals that of these new towns. As yet the mansions have not risen on the hill, nor have hovels huddled in the hollow. Equality of humble circumstances reduces everybody to a level in outward appearance. If a man has money or education or fame above his fellows, it is not manifested in his home or his clothes. The sharp young lawyer, the studious physician, the skillful engineer, the acute man of business, all dwell in tents and cabins and shanties, with their wives keeping house in a back-room or overhead, not half so well lodged, perhaps as the liquor-sellers, gamblers and blacklegs of both sexes who follow in the wake of legitimate enterprise, and for a little while fatten on the restless tide of pioneers. It is not long, however, in such a town as Grand Junction—far more rapidly there than in a mining centre—before these pests of society, for whom ostentation is capital, are grubbed out and perish like the cactus and sage.

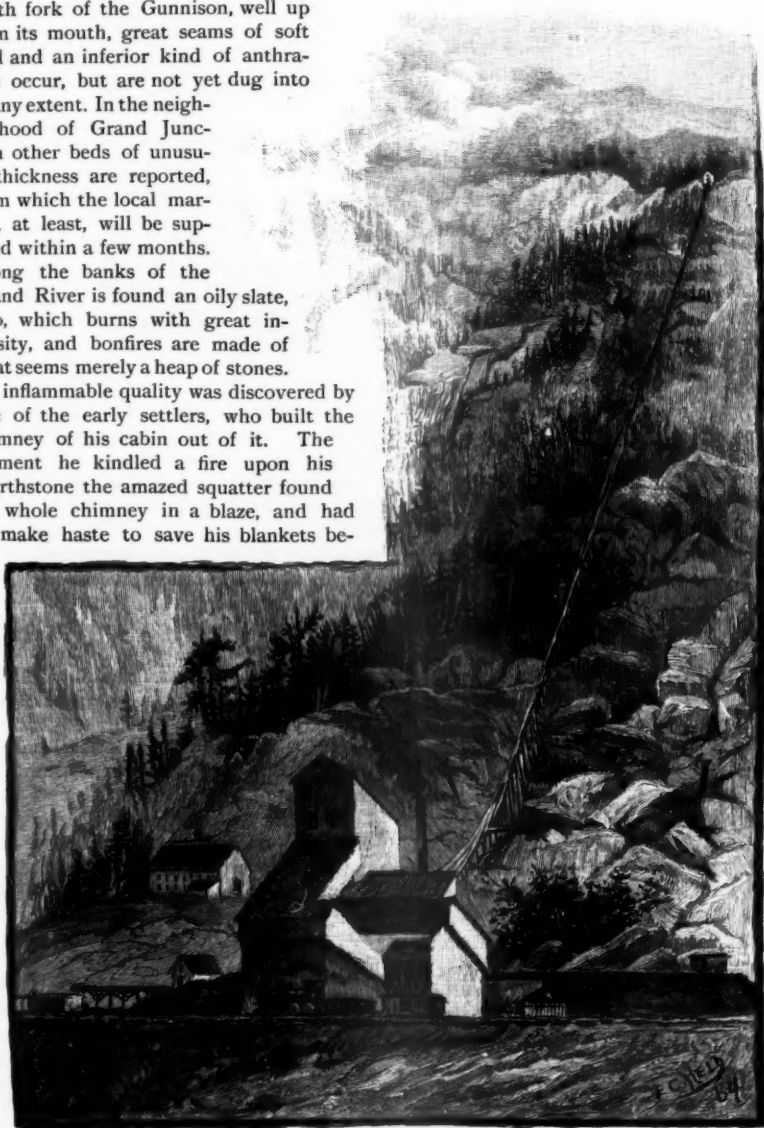
VII.

One resource of great consequence to all the townspeople of Western Colorado, and especially to those living at Gunnison, is the coal with which the region is so cop-

iously supplied. The chief point of production at present is at Crested Butte, twenty-eight miles north of Gunnison; but coal beds are scattered over the whole valley-

and are opened at various points. Near Cimarron are well-known deposits of soft coal. Montrose boasts beds of great thickness in two or three directions, and within a few miles of her, the best known being those of the Uncompahgre. On the north fork of the Gunnison, well up from its mouth, great seams of soft coal and an inferior kind of anthracite occur, but are not yet dug into to any extent. In the neighborhood of Grand Junction other beds of unusual thickness are reported, from which the local market, at least, will be supplied within a few months. Along the banks of the Grand River is found an oily slate, also, which burns with great intensity, and bonfires are made of what seems merely a heap of stones. Its inflammable quality was discovered by one of the early settlers, who built the chimney of his cabin out of it. The moment he kindled a fire upon his hearthstone the amazed squatter found his whole chimney in a blaze, and had to make haste to save his blankets be-

fore the cabin burned over his head. There was a house-warming for you! The people at once leaped to the conclusion, which elated them, that petroleum could be found by boring, as it has been at



ANTHRACITE BREAKER, NEAR CRESTED BUTTE, WITH MINE ON TOP OF THE HILL

Cañon City; but this has not yet been proved.

It is twenty-eight miles by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, from Gunnison, northward, to Crested Butte. The way lies up a river-gorge full of picturesqueness and a paradise for the angler. Splendid landscapes far in the southward open to view as you ascend. The eye spans with backward-pointing vision the verdant plain upon which the city is built, the rounded hills and square-cut mesas southward, and beholds, unknown miles beyond, a vast length of the ever magnificent Sierra San Juan. The peaks can be counted by dozens, but it would be rash to name with surety the separate points of the long serration. The heavens are clear, and the sun blazes down upon scores of miles of lofty snow-fields, the uniform purity of which, at this distance, seems broken only by the shadows the higher peaks throw upon their lowlier companions, and upon their own half-concealed sides. Gazing at them across the dim foreground of sage-plain, the middle scene of receding, intermingled, haze-obscured and bluish hills, their loveliness is laid away as a treasure of memory—as one of the most entrancing bits of landscape in Colorado.

Finally the narrow valley widens into a snug little basin among the hills which border upon the southern foot of the Elk range. Straight ahead, behind a green ridge a white conical mountain challenges admiration; and on the right a still nearer height—the Crested Butte—rises like a mighty pyramid of gray stone from a richly verdant base.

In this nook a pretty and substantial village stands "with peaky tops engrailed." There are mines in its neighborhood, but the *raison d'être* of the town is found in the coal-banks; and at night, when the blaze of the coke-ovens sheds a ruddy glare upon the overhanging woodlands and the snug town, one can appreciate the far-seeing expectations leading the people to say that they live in the Pittsburg of the West.

In the gorge of a creek south-west of the town five beds of coal have been cut through by the current. The lowest of these is ten feet in thickness, and the coal is bituminous, of the best quality for coking known in the United States. Its steam-

making power is also said to be very high. These mines are easily worked, and are the property of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, an immense corporation operating mines at El Moro, Cañon City and several other places in Colorado and Utah, and running the great steel furnaces and rolling mills at Pueblo. These mines are now prepared for an output of four to five hundred tons a day, and employ forty or fifty miners who live with their families in log-houses under the eaves of the spruce-clad hill. Nearly all the output is converted into coke and goes to Denver, Pueblo and Leadville for the use of smelters and iron works. At first it was made in open pits, but now a long series of stone ovens has been constructed, to which the coal is brought on a tramway protected by sheds against the winter snows, which are excessively heavy in this locality.

These coal-beds can be traced without difficulty up Slate River, and are found in the opposite hills. As it is followed upward, however, the deposit gradually changes from bituminous to decided anthracite, which is found in Mt. Carbon, four miles above and a thousand feet higher. Different conditions of heat and pressure have made the same strata anthracitic in one place and bituminous in another a short distance off.

Hiring saddle-horses, the writer one day joined a party to go up to the anthracite mine. The road crossed the sinuous Slate River and its rank meadows, and afterward skirted the base of a green ridge, where a herd of donkeys were up to their bellies in grass and "posies," each one wearing an expression of incredulous amazement at his luck. Then the road passed a pretty grove of spruces on a knoll, dropping beyond to the shore of a pond whose waters were as clear and blue as the sky overhead. Rushes, interspersed with lily-like plants, bordered this lakelet, and in shallow places its surface was white with the tiny blossoms of a submerged water-weed, looking as if they had been blown there, and refused to sink.

Then came the steep flower-gardens on the hillside between the river bottom and the groves of aspen above, the like of which I never saw before in Colorado. The whole slope of the hill—and this was only one

among hundreds of similar slopes—was filled with flowers and pretty foliage, and a great variety of graceful grasses. By the harmonious mingling of colors in small figures was suggested a rare carpet such as Oriental weavers love; or as though a horti-

wild parnsnip; yellow masses of mustard and of another large plant; gentians—violet, blue and rich purple—as tall as a walking-stick; flax in fiery ranks wherever the sod had been disturbed; and many and many another. But most splendid of all

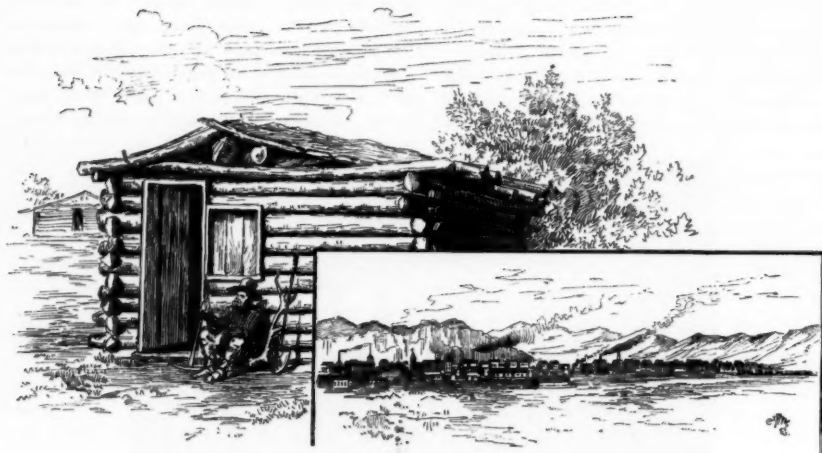


COKE OVENS AT CRESTED BUTTE

culturist had sown broadcast the remnants and scatterings of his seed-boxes, careless of how they might come up. Against the green and russet ground-tint of the thick grasses rose the fuzzy shakos of the mint surmounting dark-green pungent thickets. Beside these, perhaps, would stand two or three gaudy stems of the painter's brush or of the trembling Gillia, as though conscious that their scarlet was set off at an advantage. Here we saw the varnished yellow of ranunculus, there the proud crests of dandelions twice as big as any Eastern form—everywhere the sulphur petals of great yellow asters like small sunflowers. Purple asters—there are many representatives of this family in the Rocky Mountains—were in great numbers, too; and there was one diminutive variety whose petals had fallen for the most part, leaving seed-heads glowing like drops of liquid vermillion. Nearby stood a delicate blue blossom—scarcely more than a touch of color—which none of us knew; creamy white tufts of compositæ; and campanulus arching its bells over the scarlet runners of the wild strawberry. At a longer distance we could point out taller and more brilliant flowers; white umbrellas held by the dill, which grows here out of all proportion to the number of churches, and the grayish umbels of the

was that glory of the Alpine midsummer in the southern Rockies—the columbine, starring the dampened knolls under the edge of the grove's shade with purple, lilac, carmine-pink and pure white. Swaying and stooping beneath the breeze with the *spirituelle* charm of an angel, with texture so fine that gloves of gossamer would be too rough wherewith to handle its petals, all the range between fine and coarse, lovely and hateful, celestial and earthy, is expressed in the contrast between it and the sturdy sage-brush, springing from the same clod and fending from its delicate neighbor the too rude wind.

The mine was found on the precipitous side of a hill near the summit among great poplars, all bent uniformly outward by the weight of snow which had borne them down for more than half of each year while they were saplings. The coal-beds form strata clear across the hill, so that the miners can run their tunnels right out to daylight in any direction. The vein now worked is five feet thick at the entry, and increases to ten feet farther within. It is solid and pure, and is thrown down by blasting. The little cars in which it is drawn from the mine are dumped into larger cars at the brow of a hill, which travel on a tramway 1,600 feet long, and very cleverly built, down to the



OLD AND NEW GUNNISON CITY

breaker at the river-level. This breaker is the only one west of Pennsylvania, and is capable of transmitting 500 tons a day to the railway cars which run underneath its shutes.

The highest excellence is claimed for this anthracite coal by its owners, not only for domestic purposes but for the making of steam. In price, this company is able to

meet the Pennsylvanians at markets as far as the Missouri River, and to furnish all nearer points at a much lower rate than Eastern shippers can afford, while they hope to compete for the Californian business. The anthracite beds in this neighborhood are extensive, and undoubtedly other mines will be opened at an early day.

VIII.

Thirty miles below Gunnison City a range of granite hills stretches north and south from the San Juan to the Elk mountains. Through this barrier the Gunnison River finds its way in the bottom of one of the most striking—if not the first in rank—of all of Colorado's cañons. The railway follows the river from Gunnison, clinging close to its margin and pursuing all its sinuosities. Indeed, it has no alternative, for this country is the extremely rugged plateau-region overlooked by us when we were crossing to Lake City, as already described, and the traveler can rarely see farther from the car window than to the opposite side of the river. At the end of an hour's lively run the lofty, lava-terraced barrier through which the cañon has been cleft, comes into view ahead, and everyone betakes himself to the observation-car, which the railway

people attach here for the benefit of sight-seers.

The scene is wild and impressive. Massive and craggy hills are swiftly retreating from our view, borrowing the enchantment of distance. When we were winding among them they seemed sharp and hard. Every minute detail stared back with unpoetic distinctness. But now all those stony slopes and rectangular ledges are veiled in purple mist, woven through and through with golden threads of sunshine, made soft, tender and wholly charming. Above, those cliffs support green and rounded summits, some velvety with short grass, others showing a heather of bushes and briers, others billowy under the crowding heads of young aspens. Groups of spruces here and there rise above the tangled undergrowth, diversifying the mottled emerald

with pointed shadows of the richest indigo-green that reach far down the slope. On one great hillside nearly all is in red-brown shadow, but the advancing sunlight touches the outermost ledges, and they sparkle in silvery points and lines; while the new sunlight shimmers on the misty river beneath as though it were overspread with dewy gossamer.

All this records itself upon the retina in an instant. Another second and the far and tender landscape is shut out. We are hurling between close-shutting crags, that are the type of solidity, yet (because they rise so high above us) seem to waver as we gaze at their sharp cornices against the tremulous sky. Our ears are assailed by the crashing of iron upon iron; by steam, shrieking against the echoes, and the roar of tumultuous waters. The lyric sweetness of the hill-picture, caught as we entered the gates of the cañon, is gone; the poetry of this is in the stirring metre of a war-song. It tells of stupendous power—a power that some time rent asunder and pulled down the granite heart of the mountains, until the river formed a channel thirty miles long and many hundred—in one place nearly three thousand—feet in depth. This is not a valley with sloping sides slowly worn away. Here are vertical exposures that would fit into one another like mortise and tenon, facing cliffs that might be shut against their opposites so tightly that almost no crevice would remain.

But away with gloomy thoughts! The cliffs are founded in unknown depths, it is true; but their tops tower into the sunlight, and can be understood and admired. Straight from the liquid emerald frosted with foam that polishes their base—straight as plummet's line rise these gleaming walls of pink granite to their dizzy battlements. Here and there a promontory stands as a buttress; here and there a fallen fragment

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leaves a grand pilaster, or a protruding crag overhangs like a watch-tower on a castle-wall; anon you may fancy a monstrous profile graven in the angle of some cliff—a gigantic Hermes rudely fashioned. There are sheer smooth faces, where natural cleavage-surfaces have been exposed to be polished by the weather into glassy smoothness; broken files of ragged layers lying in huge scales, and many a spot where the strata have been snarled and tangled in the most wonderful manner by the agitations that overtook them while plastic with heat. One vast cone, called Curcancante Needle, stands nearly cut off from the general escarpment by deep ravines, and stands alone, a stately monolith of singular grandeur.

In the very centre of the cañon lives its greatest charm—Chipeta Falls. One cannot see whence nor how, but through a deep notch in the wall a strong stream flings itself out into the quiet air to be blown aside and made rainbows of, and then to fall with soft sibilancy into the river. The river itself is brave enough to do an equal feat if it had opportunity. Tearing along among the rocks that impede its impetuous current, and fretted by the ever-bending and relentless walls that confine and baffle its course, it hurls its plumes of foam high overhead in wrathful tumult, and with swift rush and ceaseless shooting forth of eddies under its green breast it bursts through or pours past obstacle after obstacle and sweeps on unconquered.



BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS

It has been my task to describe this wonderful cañon in a book to be called "The Crest of the Continent," the manuscript for which is now preparing, and I will quote in advance the comments I add to my detailed account.

"Thus," I say, "I have tried to give the reader some trifling indication of what he may expect to see during his hour in the heart of the 'Black Cañon,' which is not black at all, but the sunniest of places. I cannot understand how the name ever came to be applied to it. No kobolds delving in darkness would make it their home; but rather troops of Oreads darting down the swift green shutes of water between the spume-flecked boulders, dancing in the creamy eddies, struggling hand over hand up the lace-ladders of Chipeta Falls to tumble headlong down again, making the prismatic foam resound with the soft tinkle of their merry laughter. All the sprites of this cañon are beings of brightness and joy. The place is full of gaiety.

"This sense of color and light is perhaps the strongest impression that remains. Though it is quite as deep and precipitous as the Royal Gorge, it is not so gloomy and frowning; though the cataracts are greater than those at Toltec, they are not so fear-inspiring. In place of dark and impenetrable walls, here are varied façades of lofty and majestic design, yet each unlike its neighbor and all of the most

brilliant hue. The cliffs are architectural, suggestive of human kinship, and more than marvelous—they are interesting!

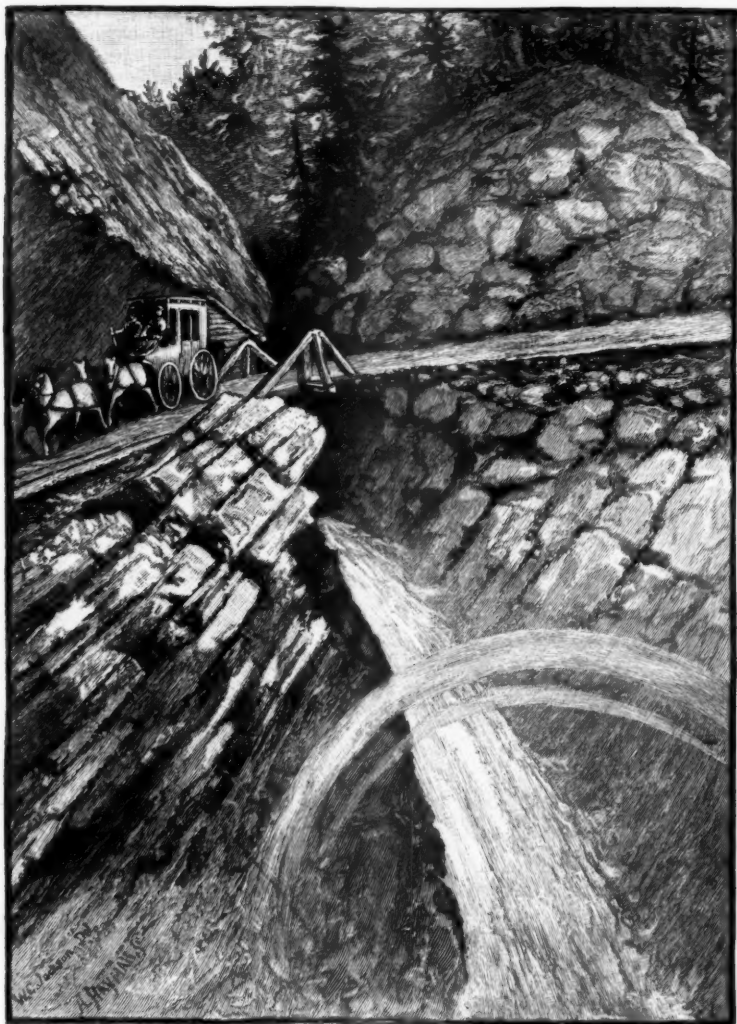
"Then there is the brilliant and resistless river. At Toltec it is only a murmuring cataract; in the Royal Gorge a stream you may often leap across; the Rio de las Animas is deep and quiet. But here rushes along its gigantic flume a great volume of hurried water, rolled over and over in headlong haste, hurled against solid abutments, to recoil in showers of spray or to sheer off in sliding masses of liquid emerald. Now some quiet nook gives momentary rest. The water is still and deep. Small rafts of suddy bubbles swing slowly around the edges, tardy to dissolve. The rippled sand can be seen in wavy lines far underneath, like the markings on a duck's breast. The surplus water curves like bent glass over the dam that rims the pool on its lower side, and beyond is a whirlpool of foam and the hissing tumult of shattered waves, amid which rise the crests of crimson boulders flounced with circles of foam.

"Alternating with the vast pillars and the slick faces of red rock are the nooks and ravines where trees grow, flowers bloom, and the eye can get a glimpse of a triangle of violet sky; while sometimes a silken skein of white water can be traced down the deepest recesses of the glen, and the gleam of swallow's wings flitting in colonies about their nests bracketed against the wall."

IX

Inasmuch as the mines are now to be considered an old story there, the boast of New Colorado is its agricultural resources. That is a point that has always been a tender one with Colorado, whose farming was necessarily in spots owing to the great elevation of the greater part of the State hitherto habitable. But in the valleys of the Gunnison and the Grand the river bottoms sink to only about 4,000 feet above sea-level; and the wide flat terraces or *mesas* lying between the bottoms and the foothills of the mountains are often only a few feet higher. The descent toward the west is rapid, as is shown by the exceedingly swift currents of all the rivers, so that

the Grand River region is the lowest, and there less harm is to be apprehended from bad weather than farther eastward. All valley or mesa land will prove productive under irrigation; and the two great obstacles to success, it may be said, generally, of the whole interior of the State, are drouth and the shortness of the season. The trouble is to overcome both these conditions at once; and because below the great cañon of the Gunnison they can do it, do the settlers hold high anticipations of success in farming. This success, too, is to be looked upon as clear profit, because already has Colorado raised grain enough to feed her own population.



BEAR CREEK FALLS—IN THE SIERRA SAN JUAN

The oldest farming district west of the main range—in fact, the only one hitherto cultivated within the district of the present article—is the park which lies in the Uncompahgre valley close to the foot of the San Miguel Mountains. This park is like a prairie, five or six miles square, and holds now about thirty ranches, where, half a dozen years ago, grew only wild pasture for

Indian ponies. The ranchmen were all poor men when they came here; now they have pleasant houses, well-fenced and irrigated farms, and equipments in abundance. I heard of one ranch sold lately for \$10,000, and was told of another where the owner cleared \$6,000 for his last season's profits. Everything is raised except Indian corn, but wheat is not cultivated so extensively as it

will be when milling facilities are better. Barley, oats, hay and vegetables are the principal crops, and potatoes probably offer the highest return of all. Prices have decreased to one-fifth the figures of five years ago, yet the ranchmen prosper and increase their acreage, putting surplus money into cattle which roam upon the adjacent uplands. The land is by no means all taken up, and improved property can be bought at reasonable prices.

This little nook, however, is now almost unnoticed in the agricultural forecast of the New Colorado. The farming region of which so much is promised, and whose discovery (as such) was only two years ago, may be said to begin at Montrose, and to extend northwestward twenty-five miles to Delta, with a large lateral extension up the Uncompahgre River. There is also the valley of the North Fork of the Gunnison and much territory along tributaries flowing from the northward. Below this point high lands inclose the river quite to its juncture with the Grand, on the northern side of which an area some thirty miles long, and in one place fifteen miles wide, can all be cultivated before the excessively dry and saline region bordering the Green River is reached. How many thousands of acres these combined districts measure has not been computed.

It is hoped that the reader will have a map of Colorado by him as he reads. He will then be reminded that the Grand River springs from the foot of Long's Peak, near the northern line of the State, and flows through an almost unending contest with mountains somewhat southwestwardly to the Utah line. Here it turns nearly south, and presently unites with the great Green River, whose head is in the edge of the Yellowstone Park, to make the Rio Colorado.

It is a pity our noblest streams cannot be made the monuments of noble achievements in their names, instead of bearing such trivial titles as Grand and Green, Red and Blue, North Fork and South Fork. Even when they have a good name, it is forgotten or perverted, as has happened to the Rio Bravo del Norte. This is done in many cases deliberately, though the speakers know better. Tomichi is generally called *Tomeetch*; Ouray

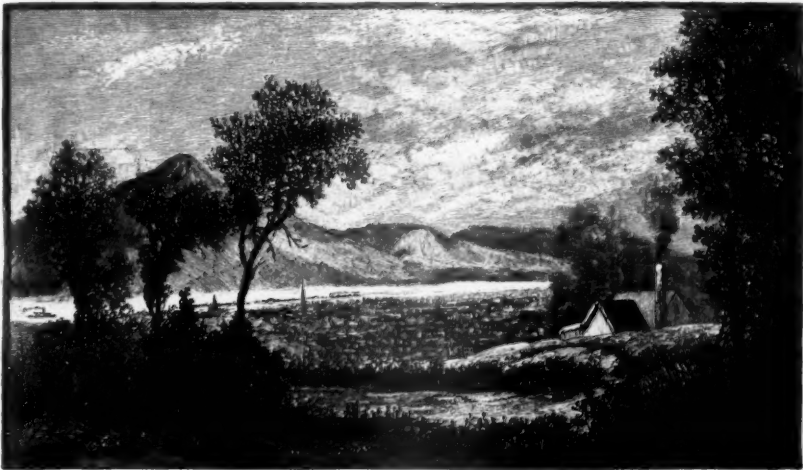
(Ooray) becomes Youray. It is wilful, too, and characteristic of the pig-headed ignorance and conceit which crops out so offensively in all frontier society. I had a man tell me the other day, that he mispronounced Spanish and Indian names purposely, because he hated Greasers and Red-skins, and thought it a shame that anything should be named after them or any memento be kept of their former presence. He talked Spanish as well as English, and more correctly, yet never failed to say "meesa" for *mesa*, and "Santa Fee" for *Santa Fe*, and Denver and "Ryo Grand" instead of *Reeo Grande*. Old Escalante, in 1776, gave names to many of these rivers; it would be a great gain if they could be restored.

All of these agricultural lands are outside the mountain-cores, and surrounded by plateaus of sedimentary rocks. They were cut down to their present level in those days following the melting of the great glaciers—whose marks can be plainly seen in all the mountain cañons—when huge torrents, turbid with their freight of silt, were ceaselessly excavating these broad basins and filling them with a heavy flood. Strata, many hundreds of feet thick, were cut through, and chasms whose jagged depths arouse our awe, were chiseled out of the hard mountain-flanks, before the slow change of the climate stopped the work. The rivers lost their power with the drying of the air, and sank into diminutive channels or ceased altogether. The lakes that filled the wide basins drained away, and sunken plains were left by the last slow process level as lawns, and coated with deep, rich mud. For into these old, quiet, expansions of the rivers—of which the valley where the Gunnison and Grand unite is an excellent example—had been poured the freight of soil brought down from the mountain sides, where the varied rocks were pulverized under glaciers and swept along by endless meltings. Thither was carried by the swift waters the mingled dust and pebbles of primeval granite, volcanic overflows and sedimentary sands, lime and clay. It was the latest mixture of all that before this had been handled again and again through the fires that upheaved the inner ranges, and the waters that laid down the rocky tables, thousands of feet in thickness, that surrounded the primeval

heights and partly survive in our plateaus. Into the river-lakes went all this mixture—a union of the best elements in all the composition of the western slope of the Rockies. In the whole world you could not find a soil made after a better recipe.

To make useful these river-bottoms there will be no lack of water. Competent observers say that the supply of the Grand alone is sufficient for half a million acres, so that the complicated and expensive law-suits which have plagued ranchmen in the eastern part of the State can hardly find an excuse to occur here. This abundance is a

therefore, until next year, but enough has been learned, even in the new Grand River region, to make it sure that when the peculiarities of this adobe soil and the looser mesa soil are understood, so that the farmers may know exactly how to apply their irrigation to the best advantage, the most plentiful crops of all the cereals can be produced. I was told that at Grand Junction already had been grown corn (maize) stalks eleven feet seven inches high; a bunch of wheat, having seventy-four stalks in one stool; barley, with seventy-six stalks in a stool; oats $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high; Egyptian millet



CRESTED BUTTE

matter of vital importance and inestimable advantage. "Water," writes an authority, "has a value above that of land anywhere in Colorado. Where land, in the valley of the Cache la Poudre, is valued at \$10 per acre, a water-right carries a valuation of \$15 per acre, and is more easily disposed of. The blessing attending the cultivation of the soil where the water supply exceeds the area of land can only be appreciated by those who have seen their crops wither for want of it."

It is only recently, however, that this water supply has become available through canals for any extended farming, outside of one or two small stations like Uncompahgre Park. Large crops cannot be expected,

giving 105 stalks from a single seed, and weighing thirty-six pounds; four cuttings of alfalfa; Irish potatoes, weighing from two to four pounds apiece; cabbages, five to twenty-three pounds apiece; beets, carrots and all other vegetables equally prodigious in dimensions. I did not measure and weigh these examples I have quoted; but from what I have seen, I incline to think the statements not untrue. There seems to be no question of the extraordinary productivity of the soil of this district.

Equally large anticipations are held in the lowlands along the two principal rivers that this will prove itself to be a fine fruit-growing district—something lacking as yet in Colorado, despite Cañon City's high

hopes. The abundance and excellence of the wild fruits along the streams and in the foothills, formed one of the attractions of the Reservation in the eyes of the Indians. The similarity in soil, climate and altitude to the fruit-growing region of Utah is adduced; and it is certain that peaches, apricots, nectarines, apples, pears, plums, grapes and all the "small fruits," will live and grow. The regularity and amount of the yield, the comparative flavor of the fruit, and the other matters that enter into the orchardist's success, remain to be demon-

strated. I myself believe the expectations are well founded, especially as regards the hardier kinds of fruit. Just below Ouray last year, 7,000 feet above the sea, a ranchman raised 7,000 quarts of strawberries for market. I saw watermelons and muskmelons growing finely over on Surface Creek, and everywhere you will see young fruit-trees uninjured by the three winters they have thus far experienced, one of which is credited with being an extraordinarily hard season.

• ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE MORNING SONG.

Rejoice, O world, rejoice!
 Some magic among the trees
 Is touching a thousand musical keys,
 And the morning has found a voice.

The robins are come again
 With tender, melodious note,
 The bluebird trills from his delicate throat
 A music like summer rain.

From the field by the river's brink,
 Where violets hide his nest,
 Soars high with a canticle of the blest,
 The jubilant bobolink.

And the golden oriole,
 In the snowy apple boughs,
 Pours his rich note, and singing, glows
 Like a flower that has found a soul!

Swallow and sparrow are glad;
 The very skies of May
 Are thrilling with sound at break of day—
 And the young year music-mad,

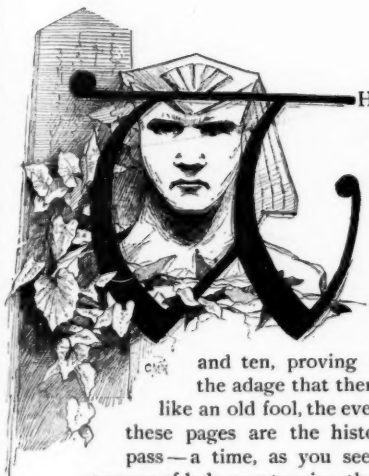
In flowers his tribute pays,
 Purple and white and rose,
 While forth from the beautiful bird-choir flows
 The rapture of nature's praise.

FRANCES L. MACE.

TRAJAN.*

CHAPTER I.

VIA DOLOROSA.



WHEN this century, from which—bearing in mind its experience—better things were expected, was at three-score and ten, proving the truth of the adage that there is no fool like an old fool, the events of which these pages are the history came to pass—a time, as you see, within the memory of lads now turning their teens and maids still deep in the plot of that old, old story, always sweetly new! The time was the twelve months between May, 1870, and May, 1871; the place Paris; the personages whose fortunes you are to follow, Americans. The event that linked their destinies—coincident with the prologue of a momentous drama, during whose action the world held its breath. It was mid-afternoon on such a May day as is seen only under Parisian skies. But the invitation of the sky could not alone account for the multitudes thronging the leafy park, the blooming parterres of the gardens and the broad ways of the Champs Élysées. The Court was about to set out for St. Cloud, and the pleasure-loving Parisians were to be treated to a spectacle. Gorgeous lines of soldiery formed in statuesque ranks along the pebbly walks and hot asphalt ways facing the palace. Save for the waving plumes, the glistening wall rested immobile and silent as the granite sphinxes whose solemn eyes blinked sleepily under the ardent sunshine. There was just the perception of a movement in the shining cuirasses as the swelling notes

of a cavalry bugle echoed and re-echoed in sonorous blasts through the crowded aisles of the park and died away far over the turrets of the palace. The refrain was caught up and prolonged by the orchestras shaded in the vernal *allées* of the gardens. The Imperial Guards, flaming in scarlet and glittering casques, formed in serried ranks from the Rivoli gates and the Place du Carrousel to the borders of the Seine. Outriders in the magenta and gold of the line dashed in excited movement along the graveled roadways, adjusting the obstacles for the Imperial advent. Squadrons of the guards formed on each side of the wide way through which the procession was to pass to the Champs Élysées. On a signal from the trumpets, they divided, facing their horses inward and waited immovable as the Egyptian figures at the golden gates. A thin column of smoke curled upward from the Arch of the Carrousel; a loud crackling detonation of artillery announced that Majesty was about to leave the palace; another that Majesty was in the vestibule, and the long line of fire made by the red-breeched troopers moved as with one impulse into an attitude of respectful attention.

From the middle vestibule of the Tuileries, as the guards came to a salute, a short, stout figure, clad in a gentleman's walking dress, appeared, and slowly descended the velvet-carpeted steps. To the salutations of the soldiers and populace he slightly raised his hat, and came downward with a painful and halting step. The crowd in the rear broke into a shout, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Halting as the lackies held the door of the landau open, the Emperor half turned. A lady, tall, slight and graceful, appeared in the group at the doorway. She was speaking with animation to the chamberlain, with her face to the multitude. Her eyes were

bright, large and of a purplish-gray color full of life and vivacity. Her hair, coiled in great masses over a shapely head, shone like burnished copper as the sunbeams fell with coruscating effect upon it. The mouth, long and partly open, displayed glistening white teeth, and lips, perhaps, a trifle too vermillion—for the lady's age. The heavy droop of the eyelids gave a languorous cast to the otherwise energetic physiognomy. She tripped lightly down the broad steps, a sunshade in her right hand serving as a walking-cane, while in her left she upheld with charming daintiness a robe of silver-gray color. As the outlines of her figure become distinct on the crimson carpet, a tumultuous cry, "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" resounded far back in the shrubberies of the garden. The lady bowed with gracious recognition, and giving a hand to the Emperor, stepped into the landau.

At the same moment a graceful lad of fourteen or fifteen years, mounted on a jet-black pony, shot out from the entrance to the Carrousel, and riding close to the carriage, reined in suddenly, and taking off his hat, brought it down to the saddle as he bowed to the occupants. The mother smiled fondly as her eye rested on the boy, whose face was a striking counterpart of her own. "*Vive le Prince Impérial!*" acclaimed the crowd, and the Emperor, Empress and Prince gravely bent in response. The trumpets broke into another long blast: the postilions touched their horses—Majesty was *en route*; the prince riding beside the Imperial carriage, the troopers falling into groups of fours.

As the carriage emerged from the palace garden on the banks of the Seine, you would have sworn the inscrutable person lolling jadedly on the cushions was in some subtle way akin to the solemn figures of the sphinxes, whose eyes seemed to open wide as the master of France drove by. Had they been asked, perhaps they would have solved the riddle many men were pondering even then in what seemed the apogee of Cæsarism. Would they have told Cæsar that he should never again pass those fateful portals in state?

The Parisians afterward recalled the event as the Romans apotheosized the sin-

ister journey of the great Julius from the tearful pleadings of Calpurnia to the base of Pompey's statue. But there was nothing of the Ides of March in the Emperor's reception. The huzzahs of the multitude were spontaneous and hearty. All hats flew off when the benignant smiles of the Empress supplemented the gracious inclinations of Napoleon. As Eugénie carelessly examined the acclaiming groups, her radiant smile changed unaccountably, as though something incongruous had been obtruded upon her sight. She leaned over to the Emperor, shading both faces with the long lace fringe of the parasol, and whispered in his ear. With a gesture almost impatient, Napoleon pushed the lace from before him and followed the direction of the Empress's gaze. Those nearest the carriage turned also. What they saw I cannot tell, but what they might have seen was this: A young man leaning negligently against one of the gay pagodas at the end of the bridge of the Holy Fathers, presenting a curious contrast with the fervid enthusiasm of his fellows. The effect of his pose and the expression of his face was something sinister, without being malevolent. His eyes, dark with a changing blackness, were fixed on the imperial couple. A sneer, which was more pitying than disdainful, marred the admirable lines of the countenance. He was evidently conscious that the imperial eye was upon him; his pale cheeks flushed and his eyes darkened, while the lines of his mouth deepened with a shade of the malign; but the eyes glittered unshrinkingly under the ordeal. In another moment the equipage had passed beyond him, and the retinue closed the group from his sight. The movement of the crowd dislodged him from his leaning posture. He started impatiently, took off his hat, debated inwardly, and then glanced around him in a perplexed, irresolute way. Presently the wide street was empty. He crossed the roadway and leaning on the pedestal of one of the sphinxes, studied it attentively; then, with a half-suppressed, mocking laugh, said aloud:

"You at least do not add hypocrisy to servile baseness. You do not shout for Cæsar."

This outspoken apostrophe in the English



"Trajan's head fell over on his breast, his two hands covered his eyes, and Elliot saw tears trickling through the long thin fingers." (See page 436.)

tongue aroused the attention of a neighboring gendarme on duty, who laudably suspicious of such familiarity with the imperial works of art, or, perhaps, convinced of some ulterior design against the state, came over and, touching the young man on the shoulder, said with insinuating politeness:

"Monsieur is a stranger in Paris? May I have the pleasure of inscribing his name and address in my *carnet*. Monsieur has excited the curiosity of his majesty's officer of the day."

The young man's lips curled somewhat disdainfully, and apparently misunderstanding the official's zeal, answered without embarrassment:

"Trajan Gray, painter, Rue Dragon, 29."

"*Merci bien*, monsieur, Paris likes to keep track of its guests and warn them when they seem to be making false steps."

The gendarme bowed gravely and gave the young man a significant look.

Trajan Gray, thus addressed, was about to reply; then, thinking better of it, saluted his monitor politely and set out toward the

bridge. As the humorous suggestion of the gendarme's motive flashed on his mind, he laughed outright. Resting on the balustrade of the bridge, where the panorama of the Seine spread before him as far as the base of the Trocadero, he began idly to contemplate the varied monuments of palatial grandeur and picturesque industry lining its banks and covering its surface. He seemed only vaguely conscious of the grotesque contrast the river afforded, as it winds its way through the heart of the city. He diverted himself in following the surprising commerce its shallow current supports, performing the most unexpected functions. He counted mechanically the garishly dismayed ships which serve as bath and wash houses lining every rood of the banks; then set himself to studying the tranquil groups who day in and day out, many months in the year, extract from the shallow waters the fish that supplies the humbler tables of the city. His face grew more troubled as he contrasted these semi-aquatic industries, comparing the sordid thrift of the river toilers with the affluent

indolence of the crowds on the banks. The Parisian is fond of defining himself as a citizen of the world, born to a heritage of such universal knowledge that nothing surprises him or unduly stimulates his curiosity. A Turk or a Mohawk may pass on the Boulevard in all his aboriginal bravery, and the genuine Parisian would no more turn his head to look than the city fathers who confounded the Goths in the Roman Capitol. But as Trajan Gray stood on the bridge of the Holy Fathers, his body bent over the parapet, many a passer looked at him a second time with something of questioning in the curious glance. The women particularly studied the shapely outlines of the figure with an interest somewhat piqued by the young man's obvious oblivion and easily discerned indifference. Some of them ejaculated pityingly as they turned again to look at the figure:

"*Tiens!* another for the morgue to-night. It's a pity, too. That's the sort that should live."

For the Seine suggests death or traffic only to the Parisians who seek the boulevards and the populous places for loitering or pleasure. To them there is a tragic significance in such an attitude as Trajan's that lovely May afternoon. Even the gendarme

repented of his suspicion, and though of a taciturn and undemonstrative habit, as a race, approached the young man with an evident desire to placate. But Trajan was oblivious of his presence and heedless of his kindly scrutiny. Not that there was anything obtrusively woe-begone or theatrically tragic in the young man's demeanor to challenge attention, save when the face could be seen at the full. Then the student of character might have read the outlines of a story vivid and suggestive. It was a face that told much, but yet what it told was not conclusive. It indicated a life not unacquainted with joyous seasons, pain and defeated hopes. At the present moment, a page eloquent of anguish and some strong but covert purpose; a face that had the lines that guilt or sorrow may leave on young faces; traces of inward combat that mark the human lineaments as vaguely as storm and time surfaces exposed to their havoc. For it is in the prime of youth that guilt, or sorrow, or shame, or the dominant passions leave their most permanent tokens. In the middle-aged or the elderly, the natural forces of decay mingle their traces so congenially with the marks of suffering that it is not easy to say whether years or griefs have wrought the ravages.

CHAPTER II.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

Meanwhile, Trajan, unconscious of the crowd and its speculations, continued abstractedly studying the bustling scene beneath him. Lumbering omnibuses, their roofs laden with noisy afternoon tourists, clattered by, the long, circling coil of the driver's whip swinging through the air close to the young man's ears. The granite roadway shook under the passing vehicles, as the big Norman horses were with difficulty reined in to the regulation pace. Squads of students from the neighboring schools of Medicine, Law, Divinity and the Beaux Arts, passed in gay, chattering companies, retailing the freaks of the class-rooms, the atelier and the clinics. Faded models, their scant draperies hastily readjusted, dragged themselves wearily along, stopping now and then to look down at the fleets of bustling little steamers shooting up and down the Seine,

their many-colored smokestacks puffing hot blasts of flame in the faces of the unwary gazers. With these came the incessant train of slow-moving *fiacres*, laden with matronly shoppers, burdened with the spoil of the *Bon Marché*. Here and there a wondering foreigner stopped the throng, ejaculating indignant protest against the drivers whose whips and wheels maliciously endangered the inattentive pedestrian; while the more observant stopped, recognizing the Paris bridge as the point of vantage from which may best be seen the human comedy set on its most circumscribed stage; where the by-play takes the same tone and volume as the main narrative; where the red vest and tall glazed hat of the *cocher* replaces the paint and patches of the clown, and the world is both the player and personage.

The sun passed lower and lower over the

elms of the Tuileries to the west, until the crystal panes of the vast façades of the Medicean palace glowed like a colossal oriflamme—a signal to the city to be joyful in the pride of Caesar passing in state through the ranks of his loyal Parisians yonder. The “swallows” and “flies” of the Seine increased in number as the afternoon waned, rushing swiftly under the bridge, deep in the water with pleasure parties from the river resorts from Bercy to St. Cloud. Long lines of fishers, of both sexes, took their places gravely on the pebbly edge of the water in the shadow of the high bank. The washerwomen in the bathing-boats scrubbed and sang more energetically as the grateful shadows reached them. Life took on its most careless and most joyous note, labor itself turning into a sort of a jocund travesty of the idle gaiety. From the Tuileries garden the music of the imperial bands filled the air with delicious harmony. As the afternoon grew older, the traffic on the bridge became so dense that Trajan, lost in dreams or intent on the wonderful life unrolled about and beneath him, found himself jostled and almost crushed. The river was as dense with life, over every wave of its surface, as the bridge and the banks. The eye of the young man lingered on these details, though they seemed of little significance to him. There was a look of yearning as he scanned the waters and the shores, as if uncertain whether to make egress through the crowd or end the struggle in his mind by leaping over the balustrade. An old man far below him, who had sat patiently dangling a line in the glistening wavelets, every now and then looked up irritably, and at last, holding the pole over his head with a squirming bait, half-eaten, shouted:

“I say, young fellow, can't you move on to some other point? You've put ill-luck on my line, with your staring eyes and 'hungry look.'”

Trajan started, and a slight flush of color came to his face. He dropped his arms, turned and looked vaguely at the flaming line of the Tuileries, whose lurid glow seemed to threaten him, hesitated for a moment, as if to go toward the music, then clasping his hand over his face, turned his back on the Seine and its obtrusive

and tumultuous life, and elbowing his way with difficulty, started toward the Latin quarter. At the end of the bridge he stopped, and began to turn over the volumes of a book-stall.

“Be off, you troublesome *canaille*.”

Trajan turned and saw a little boy cowering before the keeper of the book-stall.

“I am hungry,” answered the child; “give me a sou to buy bread?”

“I have no sou for you,” said the man; “be off!”

“Stay,” said Trajan; “here is a sou.”

The little fellow clutched it eagerly with a volley of thanks.

“You're only wasting your money,” said the bookman, shrugging his shoulders; “he comes here every day.”

“There can only be waste where there's no want,” said Trajan, looking at the man.

“He needs the sou, and I don't.”

Trajan resumed his course toward the Palais Mazarin. He stopped with curious deliberation and scrutinized the placard in the wire cages, under the groined arches of the palace, which made known to the passing world that the seat in the company of the “Forty Immortals,” made vacant by the death of Lamartine, had been filled by the choice of Napoleon's prime minister, who was to be formally received the month following. The brooding cast of the youth's face changed into a look of angry scorn as his eye caught the context.

“Faugh!” he muttered. “The eagles of Richelieu transformed into eyeless owls and bats—immortals only in sycophancy and infidelity to their country.” Then, with a shrug of impatience, he turned on his heel and passed out from under the gloomy crypt into the daylight of the Rue de Seine. In the quaint *cul-de-sac* of this old street, with the swarming life of the Quai Voltaire on his right, and the silent and tortuous causeway like Rue de Mazarine on the left, he hesitated in uncertainty, as if in doubt which of the three ways to take, then continued up the Rue de Seine. As his eye caught the colors of a print-shop, directly in front of him, he halted before the window, studying abstractedly the engravings, but with his mind evidently far away. A pretty girl, seated demurely with some sort of light work in her hand, the pensive

mistress of this æsthetic domain, caught sight of the pale face. She studied it a moment coquettishly, and then, with an outbreak of sudden industry, caught up a picture from the counter and came with it to the door, where she stood on tiptoe attempting to hang it upon a hook just above her reach, but the young man did not seem to understand the mute appeal she cast over her shoulder as the work of art hung suspended. Turning pettishly, as the dreamer remained unconscious of her manœuvre, she made bold to suggest, with faintly-disguised pique:

"If the gentleman wishes to examine, we have large collections on the floor above."

Trajan roused from his reverie started confusedly, and shaking his head, turned away. The discomfited maiden retired with her picture, muttering, "There is another of them disappointed in love. He's very handsome, all the same, and might make himself more amusing than wandering about in that imbecile way."

Trajan continued up the narrow street, studying with apparent interest the rare old prints and the endless curiosities which have adorned these mediæval fronts since the Latin quarter became the haunt of the scholastic population of Paris. In his long residence in the city he had seen every shop in the quarter scores of times. He was familiar with every atom of *bric-a-brac* and *objet d'art* exposed to the critical nomads of the quarter. He knew their history and genealogy as well as their owners, but to-day he dawdled before each bazaar as though he had never set eyes on them before, or, perhaps, had come to bid them hail and farewell. The slanting rays of the sun were long since cut off by the high-gabled roofs and the narrow street curved upward like an open tunnel until lost in the dim outlines of the Church of St. Sulpice. He quickened his pace, though still going aimlessly as he arrived at the corner of the Rue de Seine and the Rue Jacob, where stands a little *crêmerie* very dear to the memory of many an honest prodigal who studied art and mischief in Paris during the last half century.

Ah! kind Madame Bonjean, where are the *ragouts* and *pâtés* now that were wont to bring the lads of the university in hun-

gry hordes to your honest door? Where that excellent wine of Beaune that on rare days regaled the reckless young devotees of the divine art? You have passed away, kindly soul, and the secret of your toothsome dishes is gone with you, nor has your successor found the key of the caves of the delicious nectar that warmed the tissues of the merry company that made your hospitable board their home. In this demure and kindly inn Trajan had broken the bread of peace and tasted the salt of contentment many a time. Most of the joys of his Paris life were associated with its modest but dainty board. He stopped irresolutely before the familiar windows. Sounds of disputation, jokes and laughter came from within. He turned suddenly, as if by an impulse stronger than his purpose and passed over the threshold.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Trajan;" and Madame Bonjean turned with *impressement* as she sat enthroned in her *comptoir*. "You are still in good time; your friends have just sat down, and the *pot au crût* is just coming."

Before the young man could answer, a voice at the other end of the room broke out in friendly excitement:

"*Sapristi!* it's Trajan. Where have you been, old man, since the calends?"

These hearty salutations seemed to discomfit and distress their object. He flushed, waved his hand with constraint and muttering something about returning again later, turned precipitately and fled as if he feared that the company might, by force, impel him to make one at the jolly feast. He was almost purple and out of breath when his flight ended before the stately front of the Palace of the Luxembourg. Entering the gate he continued at a rapid pace through the court, the blooming flower-beds and clustering foliage, and never slackened his step till arriving at the Queen's *allée*, he sank heavily into one of the empty *banquettes*. From this point of the graveled esplanade could be seen under and through the trees the charming open-air life of Paris in every attitude of vivacious movement. The terraces were thronged with people of every age, rank and condition engaged in eager enjoyment. Trajan's pale face reflected something like sympathetic animation as he realized the

spirit about him. The gambols of the children especially and the solicitude of their *bonnes* aroused his interest. Beves of little ones were sailing toy-boats on the rippling waters of the basin into which the plashing streams from the tall fountain fell with a tranquillizing cadence; others were trundling hoops, flying kites, or improvising athletic games of divers sorts. It was a world of infantile merry-makers, disporting with the thousand and one wonders that the ingenuity of the Paris toy-man fashions with the fecund invention of the fairy godmothers. A gayer scene or one more in disaccord with the melancholy cast of Trajan's thought would be impossible to conjure. Exuberant, unrestrainable enjoyment of health, sun, air and sound limb on one side—on the other, listless brooding, anguish and unmistakable despair. Yet there was something in the face that showed that this state of mind was not the abandonment of moral weakness, but rather the bewilderment of some swift and stunning blow. The face was a face we are apt to associate with the dreamy, poetic temperament, the eye large, dark, of that luminous blackness noticed in children of northern climes without the mellow and lambent glow that comes into the eye of the southern. At first sight it was an eye surprisingly without expression,—opaque globes of ebon darkness, the pupils contracting and enlarging in a fashion to make a man recoil and distrust. The texture of the skin was so fine and delicate that Trajan might have passed his years in some sunless abode where the color-giving air and blood-creating sunshine had never the chance of reaching him. The face, however, was in no sense effeminate. The lines of the mouth were strong and firm, the nose, a long, irregular aquiline; the nostrils distended into a perfectly symmetrical curve; the brow, broad and jutting squarely over the well-sunken eyes. It was an *ensemble* which gave Trajan immediate consideration; but though it gained this, his manners repulsed the friendliness his striking face and figure evoked, for the comment was often heard among the painters in the Beaux Arts that Gray was more unapproachable than the masters, that a flash from his eye was as intolerable as the severest reprimand from authority. Crouched limply, rather than sitting in the penumbra of the

shadow of Marie Stuart., it would have been difficult to tell the cast of the young man's thought; to divine whether his dejection was brooding every-day care or irresolution before some meditated purpose. Whether uncertainty or determination was the secret of the misery the face revealed. A small urchin trundling his hoop against the legs of the sitting figure, drew back in ludicrous affright as the large eyes fixed themselves absently upon the intruder. The nursemaids, trim and *débonnaire*, gathering in the vicinity lingered to scrutinize the young man.

"What beautiful eyes!" said one, a pink-cheeked, laughing gossip; "he must be a young prince."

"A curate or a prince," amended her neighbor.

"Oh, no," responded pink-cheeks, sagely; "he would not be seated here."

"Perhaps the Prince of Evil," whispered the first, crossing herself piously: "were ever such eyes as these seen in a human head before!"

"I will forget the eyes for the hands," said pink-cheeks, admiringly.

In fact, the hands, though that isn't the thing to be said of a man, were of exquisite shape and fine texture. Not the beauty of effeminacy, for they were plainly hands that knew toil, though the work had not effaced their original shapeliness. At that moment those hands signified a great deal, for they were clasped in eloquent irresolution. The eyes were fixed on the gravel straight before the young man so intently that the curious maids, following the gaze, stared in affright, as if half expecting to see an uncanny spirit responding to their potent signal. They saw nothing, however, but a small urchin, painfully rearing a fabric of pebbles and blocks. Trajan's eyes followed the movements of the little one as his edifice reached a pyramidal form. Over-ambition to render it perfect toppled the whole mass into wreck, amid the shrieks of laughter of the small spectators, and a dismal outcry of impatience from the architect himself. The shouts of the children, the babble of the confused tongues, the hurry-scurry of the ball-players, the crunching of heels on the light gravel, the hurly-burly of the merry-go-

round, the scolding of Punchinello as he whacked the head of his sweetheart, and all the manifold jocund follies that make up an afternoon in a Paris park were drowned suddenly in the harmonious crash of an orchestra playing from the centre of the grounds, under the spreading chestnuts a few yards away. With a flash of impatience, Trajan arose. The soft strains of the music seemed to irritate him. It was one of the fragile melodies in vogue in the last days of the Empire, an echo from the *bouffe* operas. The young man seemed to resent its intrusive lightness. He passed aimlessly away from the sound, regarding with an interest almost comic the marble figures of the queens of France, which give the name, Queen's Walk, to this part of the Luxembourg Gardens. He came to a full stop before the majestic figure of the Medici, studied the pose attentively, seeming, however, lost in the twenty generations of French history embodied in the composition and the handiwork of the sculptor. As he continued from one to the other of these marble dames, from the warrior Anne of Bretagne to the hapless Antoinette of Austria, his face assumed a look of listless interest, or rather he made an effort to feel it. Turning backward he passed down the marble steps that led from the

esplanade to the fountain, halted a moment among the infants skurrying along the granite brim of the basin, solicitous for their tiny argosies launched on the smooth bosom of the water. Resuming his course he continued on until he reached the shaded thicket on the right hand of the palace. Here he seated himself before one of the blooming patches of greensward where matronly Parisians and good-natured *rentiers* lounge of an afternoon, feeding those friendly little gourmands, the sparrows.

Every animal but the horse has a friend in the Frenchman, and it sometimes happens to the human to envy the fortune of those fluttering little creatures to whom every Frenchman is a friend, for that thrifty and economical race, which cannot understand the art of giving, or aiding, or devising, or doing any manner of thing in an Anglo-Saxon way to alleviate the misery of the human, has a heart brimming with sympathy and understanding for everything but the horse in the animal kingdom. The duchess in the street, heedlessly ignoring the mendicant, whose beseeching eyes implore enough to stay hunger, will descend from her equipage to feed and caress a cat, cur, or what not.

CHAPTER III.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

As Trajan left the jarring jocundity of the scene behind him and entered the tranquil atmosphere of the little amphitheatre, its herbage and figures looming up like the objects of a mirage in the misty radiance of the afternoon sun, he grew restless under a subtle pervading influence he could not define. His inscrutable face lighted for a moment with animation as he dropped into a vacant seat. Directly opposite him sat a young man—a unique contrast in every belonging. Trajan, though not shabby, was in that state betwixt genteel poverty and well-to-do ease which is the most deceptive of the ambiguities of the human animal. From his dress you couldn't tell whether he was the well-to-do darling of a doting household or the struggling student living on painfully gathered dole, whereas the

young man sitting opposite was the picture of easy conditions. Garments not gay nor rich gave you an impression of a youth whose only care for his outer covering was the selection of the costume he should assume for the day. There was an inexpressible charm, frankness, loyalty, ingenuous good-nature and winning gaiety in his attitude and movement. Even the birds seized his engaging qualities, for they swirled and flocked about his head, ate from his hand and even audaciously pecked at the crust in his mouth.

Trajan watched the picture and became unconsciously interested. He reflected with something like self-reproach upon his own morose indifference to the simple joys which gave such evident pleasure to the happy and appreciative nature of the other.

Insensibly the engaging humor of the bird-feeder penetrated the gloom of his own thoughts, and for the first time all that was sinister in the expression first seen in his face, as his gloomy eye fell upon the Empress, disappeared. The one touch of the simple nature before him acted more potently than the gorgeous and varied panorama of life in which he had taken part during the afternoon. Meanwhile the youth's stores are consumed. The birds still hover over him in clamoring clouds. He laughs softly and makes toward the gate, the more resolute of the feathered brood circling over his head as if conscious that he was going to replenish the coveted store. He stops at the pagoda of *La Marchande*, as the lollypop woman that presides over the small mountain of loaflets, dirty gingerbread and dubious confectionery is pompously called. She beams benignantly and fills the paper bag with the little loaves that form her principal staple and holds them out to her client, who shakes his head good-humoredly.

"No; that's too many. The little beggars have been feeding all the afternoon and can't eat much more."

"But Monsieur Arden can give the rest to the ducks; they are sadly neglected."

Arden resigns himself to this specious humanitarianism and returns with his spoil. Trajan watches him with real interest—an interest that has fairly transformed the melancholy cast of his countenance, leaving something of sadness, but nothing of the anguish before depicted in every line. As the young man comes toward him his heart leaps for a moment with the hope that he may take the vacant half of the bench beside him. He feels an almost uncontrollable impulse to speak to the stranger. He is disappointed in his hope. Arden resumes his old place, almost buried under the beves of sparrows fluttering about him. His posture is full of a winning grace. His absorption in his feathered friends is so real that he has no eye for the other envious feeders unable to attract more than sporadic groups. Trajan's face almost breaks into a smile as he watches the contrast and notes that, notwithstanding the seductive assiduities of the worldlings, and their insinuating efforts to tempt the little

philosophers to their abundantly laden hands by chirpings and cooings, the awkward ducks alone waddling about respond to these attentions. The Luxembourg sparrow knows his real friend, and refuses to receive largess from the casual comer who feeds him with divided mind.

Why do I linger on these trifling details? Why outline the physiognomy of the young man's surroundings? Why interpret the thought of the crowd, the intent of the by-play that fell under Trajan's eye that May day? Because every incident, detail and outline wrought its effect upon the young man's mind. He saw a larger meaning in the contrasts that beset him during that fateful afternoon than he had ever dreamed in his daily familiar intercourse with them. Subtle voices pleaded with him, covert forms assumed meaning and force they had never possessed before. For in his rash and half-mad helplessness, Trajan was in that episodic state of clairvoyance when the brain comprehends occult meanings, shrouded from the healthier mood, when life is a joy and death a remote phantom. He was in the state of men who are sinking in deep waters or confronting a certain death. It is to make comprehensible what precedes and what follows that I detain the reader with the photographic reproduction of what Trajan Gray saw on that May afternoon, and because all these things produced an effect upon the young man, turned his mind from a wild and wicked purpose, brought about by the most grievous blow that can fall upon the sensitive and undisciplined heart.

Trajan watches this pastoral play with continually-growing conviction. He has lost, in a measure, the burden of his woe, and speculates vaguely on the qualities and antecedents of his neighbor. As the sun lowers, the northern front of the granite pile of the Luxembourg is effaced in deep shadows, while the light pouring over the western side throws a soft yellow haze on the intensified green of the shrubs that cover the lawn. The gentle plash of the fountain mingles its music with the chirping of the sparrows and the distant strains of the orchestra, deadened into tremulous echoes by the intervening shrubberies and walls. The voice of a girl singing on a neighboring balcony comes like a nightin-

gale's song when the moon is at the full and the land is buried in shadow. The atmosphere is heavy with the odors of summer flowers in the blooming parterres. The thick columns of spray fall like showers of silver from an unseen cloud. The children are leaving their play. On the margin of the great circular basin groups of little ones are gathering in their fleets from the glistening bosom of the water. Children of larger growth stand and busy themselves in drawing in the tiny barks to shore, throwing pebbles behind them as they come careening homeward. A soft summer wind—the whispering echo of a breeze—stirs the air. The distant orchestra breaks into the last air of the afternoon, "*La donna è mobile*." Arrested for a moment by the strains of this libertine air, Arden pauses with a small pyramid of bread in his hand. He stands irresolute, as if debating the propriety of flinging it on the ground; then, as the birds continue in undiminished numbers, he seats himself again, as if reluctant to quit his place and leave his feathered friends to struggle with the domineering ducks. But in a few moments the capricious ingrates, either gorged or attracted elsewhere, cease their clamors and dispersed. The ducks had the field to themselves. The rest of the bird-feeders, one by one, departed. The sun sank lower and lower. The music ceased. Long files of nurses with their little broods passed out of the golden gates, chattering and laughing. Presently, in the little green amphitheatre, Trajan and Arden were left alone. The latter took out his watch, looked around reflectively, and, seeing no more mouths to feed, gathered the remnants of his store and tossed them under the lilac bushes behind him.

"You're ungrateful little beggars," he said, half aloud, watching the rear-guard of the sparrows fluttering off toward the bushes, chattering and chirping in a bedlam of musical discord. "You will go to the first shabby Frenchman who invites you when I am gone and feed from his hand, just as you do from mine. But as for that," he added, "we're all of the same *trempe*—men, birds and beasts are alike in thanks, if nothing else." As he spoke a sparrow fluttered painfully from under a

clump of geraniums. One wing hung limp and broken. The little creature had been concealed while the more lusty groups held the ground. The cripple dragged itself almost to the young man's feet, where fragments of the bread still covered the grass. It hopped about, keeping a constant eye alert as if dreading the attack of some intruding tormentor. Arden eyed it a moment, then putting out his hands filled with crumbs, coaxed it to feed as its companions had done; but the wounded creature, evidently reminded of some previous treason, skurried back under the leaves, its broken wing impeding its flight pitifully.

"Humph!" said Arden, "I shall modify my axiom; but as one swallow doesn't make a summer, one sparrow can't change the force of a great truth."

The impulse of Trajan to accost the stranger drove everything else from his mind. He arose from his seat with the words formed on his lips—but sank back in dread. On what pretext? What would the other think? Repulse him probably with disdain. He had created the attributes of the young man in his mind. A generous, sympathetic, unsuspecting nature—but even such a nature would hardly seek strangers in the street for confidence and companionship! Arden turned meditatively toward Trajan. His eye rested on the shrinking figure carelessly, and as he passed, Trajan could have arrested him by stretching forth his arm. If his arm had been chained, it would not have been more impossible. Arden passed on, happy serenity in every movement, humming softly an air from "*Mignon*." But as if the overruling power that had wrought the change in Trajan still held the door ajar, the young man stopped as he turned in the circular walk. He stooped over a bed of odorous heliotrope, and as he put out his hand to pluck a spray he glanced toward the figure in the seat.

His hand fell to his side as he stood up and his face flushed crimson. Trajan had risen from his bench and had taken the seat occupied by Arden. By what impulse he was not conscious, but once there, he hurriedly thrust his hand under the foliage and drew forth one of the small loaves left from the birds' banquet. There was no

overmastering craving to eat, hardly a pang of hunger, for the young man had fasted so long that the desire for food was suspended or deadened. But with the bread in his hand came the impulse to eat. He broke the crust with a trembling, feverish haste and devoured the pieces, wondering to himself at his own action. He was impelled by an instinct rather than a purpose and was not in a condition to analyze either the act or its motive. It was a simple, if you like, a very commonplace act, but its effect was as decisive on his future and that of Arden as the most controlling action of long-studied premeditation.

This was the sight that caught Arden's eye as he bent to pluck the blossom in the transparent twilight. The effect was electrical and instant. A great yearning and tenderness came upon him. He was very young; the years of his life had known no bitterness. Protection and love had hovered over him from the cradle to manhood, and instead of making him selfish, they had bred gentleness and compassionate sympathy with every form of suffering. Impulsive and chivalrous generosity marked every act of his life. It was a saying of the young man's sister, that Abu Ben Adhem's name in the angel's book of gold was more impressive to her brother than that of the greatest poet or hero in the scrolls of Time. Hunger and poverty are not rare sights in a great city, but hunger and want, in such form as he now saw them, had never come to his eye before. He was strangely stirred by the pathetic misery Trajan's attitude suggested. He saw the young man's face distinctly and read refinement and sensibility there. He was dimly conscious that profligacy or improvidence had no share in the distress outlined in the marks of the troubled countenance. He instantly resolved to proffer his good offices to the stranger, feeling a sort of guilty responsibility in the other's distress. But how, under what pretext? To boldly offer his purse he felt would be a cruel mortification, for it was plainly not vulgar want that afflicted the object of his good intentions. To even make known that he had seen the unfortunate satisfying his hunger with the crusts flung carelessly under the lilacs would reprobate and humiliate him, while to be the

resource he meditated it was essential to soothe and win confidence. These thoughts flashed through his mind as he retraced his steps, scrutinizing Trajan keenly. His own inexperience helped him in the crisis, for, putting himself in Trajan's place, he argued that he would not take it amiss, if in the same misery he received the proffer of interest and friendliness.

"He looks like an American," he said to himself; "and a man with such a face cannot be an adventurer. He must be in the university, and if he be, I have a comrade's claim and a countryman's right to come to his aid." Then, with characteristic decision, as he quickened his pace, "I'll be hanged if I don't speak to him." But in spite of the robust romance that inspired his impulse, he grew less confident as the determination grew more decided, and would even then have drawn back had his approach not committed him to intervention. He reached the bench where Trajan had sunk into a sort of collapse, his head resting on his arm thrown over the back of the seat.

"Pardon me," said Arden, his voice a little tremulous, "I beg you won't think me intrusive, or my motive curiosity, but I think I owe you a good turn, if only in the Arab creed that we are bound in friendly bonds to whomsoever has shared our bread." He hesitated, out of breath, then continued in a tone he strove to make natural and frank: "I saw you a moment since—and—and—if I were in such a plight, I should think pretty poorly of the man who could pass by without a sign, or the proffer of a helping hand."

Trajan had seen Arden turn to come toward him. He knew that some such words would be spoken, because he knew that were the case reversed he would have done the same thing. But though he had longed to speak to the young man before, he was lost in an overmastering humiliation. The horror and shame of his sudden impulse to eat the bread rose before him as a barrier to everything like equality with the other. He was powerless to turn and look his interlocutor in the face. The voice, cordial, frank, melodious, thrilled him as the music of the mass thrills the shriven sinner at the altar. There was in it a subtle suggestion

of a comprehension of his hideous resolution and absolution of it, the touching of a chord that human agencies reach only in the vital crises of life when the heartstrings are charged with agony and their vibrations open the fountain of tears. He raised his head and fixed his dark eyes, dazed and heavy, upon the face of the embarrassed Samaritan—but his lips remained sealed.

The impulsive philanthropist was more perplexed than ever. He was prepared for almost any other form of wounded susceptibility than this. "Come," he said to himself, "I have broken the bark and I will get to the fibre now. My name," he broke out, "is Elliot Arden; I am of the Law School of the Sorbonne, and by the laws of its *camaraderie* I have a right to be your friend, if you are, as I think, also of the university!"

He waited for a response. Certainly he thought this unreserve must win his confidence. He couldn't imagine what else to say. As Trajan remained speechless, Elliot stood confused and alarmed. He began to repent his impulsive advances. He thought the man an ingrate to subject him to such an ordeal. The dark eyes continued fixed upon his face. Then Trajan's head fell over on his breast, his two hands covered his eyes and Elliot saw tears trickling through the long thin fingers. Overcome by this spectacle, the unhappy philanthropist dropped into the seat beside this extraordinary victim of over-susceptibility. He waited patiently for the man beside him to reject or accept his kind intentions. The sun had disappeared. The silver circle of the crescent moon hung far away over the golden dome of the Invalides. The plash of the fountains in the still air sounded like the rush of the river. The chattering of the sparrows sunk into intermittent chirpings. Far away where the round turret of the observatory rose in the clear twilight above the branches the plaintive opening note of a nightingale soothed the ear. The gravel walks of the garden echoed only to an occasional step. Paris was at dinner, and the interval was the quietest of the day, for the open-air life that closes with the dinner begins again so soon as that feast is finished.

Suddenly Trajan, removing his hands, turned to Elliot and found voice:

"You must think me an ingrate or an im-

becile. But if you knew what I cannot tell you, there would be ample excuse for my perverseness. It's only fair to tell you that you have misjudged me somewhat. I am not suffering from penury, though it is true that it is more than twenty-four hours since I have eaten anything. Such interest as you have shown in me deserves fuller confidence; but I beg that its refusal may not make you repent your action, for you will some time learn that you have already done for me more than it is often given for one man to do for another in this life. I owe it to you to say that the state you see me in is brought about by no fault of my own. Unless," he added quickly, "a man's infirmity be his own fault. I recognize the kindly code you mention, and if you will hold me to it, or rather permit me to fulfil its terms, you will find that your crust has not been wasted, nor your kind solicitude thrown away."

Elliot made a deprecatory gesture.

"This incident to you," continued Trajan, with a melancholy smile, "has the novelty of the unreal and romantic. But for me it has a meaning that I shall never misconstrue during the years of my life. What that meaning is you may some day learn; what its significance is to me I shall take good care you shall never forget. Will you confirm the sincerity of your impulse by giving me your hand?"

"On condition that you accept me as a friend, somewhat more penetrating than you give me credit for being, and a little vain of his knowledge of judging men; at first moved by sudden impulse, but not caprice, and never so happy as when enabled to share the undeserved gifts of his life with others. But mind, I do not presume to speak of being necessary to you. I mean that I have the desire to do by you as I should expect a man of your nature to do by me, if despondency, treason or what-not had overcome my natural forces of resistance and combat."

While Elliot uttered the last words, two figures approached the bench where the young men were seated.

"Messieurs," said one of them, as the two halted, "you have been seen despoiling the herbage. It is against the law to touch the plants in the public gardens. I sum-

mon you to answer before the commissaire."

The men were gendarmes, and had either seen or had been informed of Elliot's plucking the heliotrope—for under the Empire an official eye and ear was everywhere. Explanation was useless. The young men were instantly forced to accompany the gendarmes to the neighboring station, near the Odéon Théâtre, a stone's-throw from the palace gates. Before the commissaire a book was opened, and the names and addresses of the culprits written down.

"Students, are you, messieurs?" said the official, scrutinizing Trajan closely. The young men displayed their university cards.

"But you, Monsieur Gray, are a member of the *Treize-Treize* Club, that meets at the Café Procope?"

"I am," said Trajan tranquilly. "What has that to do with the affair?"

Disregarding the question, the official continued:

"You took part in the demonstration Victor Noir, and made an incendiary address in the Rue du Temple last month. Is it you or Monsieur Arden that broke the law in the garden?"

"Neither Monsieur Arden nor myself broke any law in the garden," answered Trajan simply.

"One of you, the gendarme could not distinguish which, bent down and plucked a flower. Was it you, Monsieur Gray?" continued the official, as though Trajan had not spoken.

Elliot explained that he had bent over the heliotrope with the intention of picking a bunch, unconscious of the law, but had been diverted. He colored and stammered as he saw Trajan turn his face, and then resolved to spare the unhappy man the pain of alluding to the crust, he continued:

"I saw my friend reaching through the seat to get something I had left behind me—but he touched no flower nor shrub—in the meaning of the law."

"Is this true?" said the commissaire, turning to the gendarme who had spoken to the young men. The man explained that he was standing at some distance and had remarked the figure stooping and putting out his hand, but could not see in the twilight what followed.

"*Très bien*," said the official, nodding; then pushing a sheet of paper with some printed forms on it, and filled up in writing toward Trajan, directed him to sign. The young man read it to Arden. It was a charge of violating public property, with the answers of the alleged criminals. The young men signed and the official added:

"You are under surveillance, messieurs, and until it is withdrawn you must deposit a 'surety' of 250 francs each, or wait the determination of the affair before the Correctional Police."

"But we haven't so much money with us," said Elliot, indignantly.

"Persons who give themselves up to creating revolutions rarely have," responded the official dryly.

Trajan said in English:

"I will explain the meaning of this outrage to you when we get out of the scrape. You are only guilty of being in my company." Then in French he asked: "Will you take our watches as security?"

"Certainly not; this is an imperial bureau not a pawnshop!"

"Will you take a check on the American bankers?" asked Elliot, regaining his wits.

"For the whole sum, or for your part alone?" asked the official, with a significant gleam in his dull, fishy eye.

"For the whole sum, of course," replied Elliot promptly.

"No; I cannot do that."

"Very well," said Elliot, "I will send for the money. Can you oblige me with a messenger and means to write a note?"

When this was written and dispatched, the young men were shown into another room in the rear of the semi-judicial chamber in which this summary justice was dispensed. A gendarme stood obtrusively in the doorway to remind the young men that they were under the eye of the law.

"Is this a customary thing in Paris?" asked Elliot, as they seated themselves.

"Yes, under the present *régime*. The motive in this business is to intimidate me. I belong to one of the students' republican clubs, and the police are constantly watching to compromise the members in order to justify expulsion from the city. If they could fasten the slightest misdemeanor on me, I should be ordered to quit Paris at

once. You, as a student, are open to the suspicion of sympathizing with the enemies of the Empire, even if your name does not figure among the rolls of the clubs."

"I have heard a great deal about the petty tyrannies of the Empire, but I never would have believed this. I own to a strong admiration for Napoleon and preference for his government above all the makeshifts that have tried to rule France since 1815."

"If you could make Dogberry out there believe that," said Trajan, laughing, "you would be liberated in a moment."

"But I am beginning to think better of that impression," now rejoined Elliot, humorously.

"Just as every honest man does when he begins to see into the methods by which this generous and splendid people are misgoverned. This, however, is a dangerous theme for such a place. In every bureau of the police there are men who understand English and other tongues. Let us, therefore, be prudent."

Through the single narrow window of the room the *détenu*s could look out on the open square before the gardens.

The crowds had dwindled to a few aimless loiterers, or work-folk hurrying homeward. The delicate gray atmosphere that envelops Paris of an evening, like a vaporous reflex of the discolored white of its buildings, was filled with the quality that makes the mirage, in transparent regions of mountain or lowlands, by the sea. *Crépuscule*, the French call it, but not the twilight known and loved in Saxon lands. A season of expansion; when the noise of the great city is suddenly hushed and you hear your own voice clearly for the first time since early morning, with much the sensation that follows emerging from a plunge in the sea. Something of a recognition of this seemed to be in the minds of the two strangely-met young men, not less than a realization of the strange relations in which they came together. Constant and obtrusive as are the contrasts in life, you would go far before meeting a more marked one than the caprice of fate had thus thrown together. All that was in Elliot Arden you felt sure you could read in his face. Frankness, good-nature, impulsiveness which might even go to recklessness. In the other, a reserve which

could never be reticence—rather the shrinking of a creature unacquainted with his kind.

The two young men stood at the window gazing in silence over the graceful minarets of the churches and palaces spectral and dim in the transparent air.

"You have sent to a friend for the money?" asked Trajan suddenly. "Is there any chance of failure?"

"I have sent to my cousin—as I didn't care to frighten my mother and sister—who couldn't understand the matter. It may take some time to find him, but we shall have the better appetite for dinner. You will be charmed with my cousin—a sage, philosopher and friend worth knowing and having. He pretends to be a cynic—but is anything else."

Trajan, with a sudden irresistible burst of feeling, seized his companion's hand and, pressing it with both his own, articulated rapidly: "You are a wonderfully kind fellow. Though," he added faltering, "praise from me might not be construed as in the best form at this moment. It is not every man that can give a crust, and I am afraid it is not every man that can accept one. But your voice, and what I may call your magnanimity, in venturing to recall me to myself, have done a good deal more than you suspect." Then musingly, as he walked the floor and looked through the gathering shadows, "The potent resolutions in life are taken suddenly. The most permanent conditions are established by mental compacts made in a moment. I am neither mercurial nor giddy, and yet, I hope, I don't talk like the impossible heroes in the boulevard theatres, when I say that the thing you have done and the way you have done it have made an ineffaceable impression in whatever of mind I have left. You have made me forget the horror of living; you have made me dread what I looked forward to as the peace of dying. You—but never mind—I am afraid if I talk I shall talk like a fool. Half my life I have been trying to teach myself how to be silent"—then, with an air of engaging levity—"but I have been either a poor pupil or a bad teacher. If the lawyer who pleads his own cause has a fool for a client, the philosopher who tries to follow his own doctrine has an imbecile for a student. When I am on the high road to my

most cherished ends, my tongue gets the better of me and delivers me over to my enemies. Almost unconscious of the things I have said, or uttering them from intuition rather than reflection, I have made enemies of the bitterest sort by a phrase, the very form of which was forgotten so soon as spoken."

During this rather inconsequent monologue, on what was obviously only a superficial phase of his nature, Elliot studied his companion furtively. He felt a sense of triumphant joy in the vindication of his act

in the garden, in obtruding himself between the young man and his dimly discerned purpose, though the strength of that purpose he was even now far from realizing. He felt a comic embarrassment as to the manner in which he should sustain his rôle. He feared to allude to the past and distrusted the ordinary commonplaces of life, likely to grate upon a mind so recently all ajar. The bells of St. Sulpice were sounding eight o'clock when a cab stopped before the door of the building in which the friends were detained.

(To be Continued.)

THE SECRETS OF THE SPRING.

Come out and hear the robins sing,
And hear the bluebirds' tale of spring,
And see the swallows on the wing.

Come out and listen, listen low
And hear the grasses as they grow,
And list the little winds that blow,

And learn to read their secret well—
The secret that they softly tell
To bird and bee in drowsy dell,

Of bloomy banks that are to be,
Of fragrant field and leafy tree,
And all the summer mystery

Of bud and blossom, flower and fruit
That quickens now in sap and root,
And now in tender springing shoot.

Come out, come out, the days are long
But Nature sings her secret song
In secret ways—the days are long,

But swift as sweet from day to day,
From hour to hour, the tuneful lay
Runs headlong on a changeful way.

Come out, then, in the early glow
Of early springtime's bud and blow,
Come out and hear the grasses grow,

And all the secrets of the spring
That melt and murmur, speak and sing,
To ears attuned to listening.

NORA PERRY.

SPRING IN HELLAS.

I.

I thrummed upon the sasa when we carried round the swallow,
And sang the little song of spring, The vines are budding now,
They flush with pink the hill and dale, the purple grapes will follow,
And in the dusky foliage the golden orange glow.

II.

The young lark sings in Delphos, and the thrushes on Parnassus
Pipe to the dancing daffodils that flame across the lea,
The violet coyly hides its head among the lispings grasses,
And tenderly the light breeze stirs the pale anemone.

III.

The twin-crests of Hymettus are abloom with purple glory,
The glad bees hum the choral song of the young joyous year,
And on a thousand pastured hills renowned in ancient story,
The kids and lambs are bleating and the fig-trees lean to hear.

IV.

The young birds hymn their marriage joy among the fragrant branches,
The young flowers kiss along the lea with tendrils intertwined,
And down the breezy slope of heaven in silver avalanches
The fleecy clouds are driven at the bidding of the wind.

V.

Pipe to thy love, O shepherd lad ! thy dark love, who is feeding
The swarming silk-worms, pattering like rain among the leaves,
For she has read thine eyes, with tender trouble in the reading ;
Pipe to thy love O shepherd lad ! and cheer her if she grieves.

VI.

Pipe to thy love, O shepherd lad ! the golden sequins glancing
Among her raven coils are not the measure of her worth.
The dryads hide their jealous heads whenever she is dancing,
And flowers spring the fresher, where her feet have touched the earth.

VII.

Pipe to thy love, O shepherd lad ! the sheeny doves are cooing
Among the laughing olive trees that clap their hands with glee,
And where the laurels glint and gloom, the linnets all are wooing,
And gulls, white breasted, chatter love, in fissures by the sea.

VIII.

'Twas thus we sang, and ever doors flew open in our presence,
And welcome smiled in every face and beamed in every eye.
And cooing children clapped their hands in very daze of pleasure,
And pelted us with flowers as we wandered singing by.

WALDO MESSAROS.

WHOSE SONNETS?

IN the February MANHATTAN, Mr. Junius Henri Browne presents an extremely able and competent statement of Mr. Massey's theory of the Shakespearean Sonnets. Of this Massey hypothesis Mr. Furnivall once remarked that the only thing it lacked was some evidence in its favor. I, for my part, go farther than Mr. Furnivall and say: first, that it is highly improbable, if not impossible, that William Shakespeare wrote those sonnets; and second, that if the Massey-Browne translation of them were correct, this improbability or impossibility would be increased to an indefinite extent. Of course, these propositions, at a distance of three hundred years from their substantive, cannot be proved like a demonstration in Euclid. But that they can be so nearly established from circumstantial and critical—that is to say, external and internal—evidence, as to satisfy most reasonable people, I think may be shown.

In a paper in the *Galaxy Magazine* for January, 1877, Mr. Richard Grant White points out certain passages in Macbeth, which, in his opinion, William Shakespeare never wrote. Says Mr. White: "The person who wrote these un-Shakespearean passages was probably Middleton. Shakespeare, writing the tragedy in haste for an occasion, received a little help, according to the fashion of the time, from another playwright; and the latter, having imitated the supernatural parts of this play in one of his own, the players or managers afterward introduced, from that play, songs by him—music and a song, 'Come Away, Come Away,' iii. 5.; and music and a song, 'Black Spirits,' etc., iv. 1. This was done to please the inferior part of the audience."

Only those who have attentively followed the course of modern and external or circumstantial Shakespearean study, know how the proofs of Shakespeare's having very often been "in haste for an occasion," and very often "having received a little help" have accumulated. Indeed, the industrious gentlemen of the new Shake-

spearean Society have unearthed so many different styles and methods in the plays, that, to keep Shakespeare at all, they have been forced to suppose "periods" and "groups" in his workmanship; while Dowden and other æsthetic critics, not satisfied with these, have gone so far as to show mental changes in Shakespeare himself; that he wrote certain plays when despondent, others when joyous, others when in deep perplexity with the problem of the future, etc., etc. The real truth is, of course, as Mr. White puts it. Plays are written, always have been and are to-day, under very different conditions from novels, histories or poems. Managers or playwrights are often pressed for time. There is an audience on the way, and something local or timely has occurred to which a reference will win their applause. Or, a change of programme is rendered necessary at the last moment; or news received has been contradicted by later advices. In short, there are a hundred contingencies. And, even when composed at leisure, a play is rarely the entire work of a single workman. One writes the plot—or selects it, as all of Shakespeare's were selected—in some old romance or story-book, or from some historical episode. Another hand may frame the dialogue. Still another supply the speeches, put in the localisms necessary and introduce relieving parts. Then, at the first reading, suggestions are made and something added or taken away. It is cut or augmented at every rehearsal. Perhaps some actor has tempered the public taste; found just where in his "length" he can bring down the house, and noted it in the margin. Such has been the history of each individual play, ever since such things as theatres existed, so that when printed from the actor's copies or "lengths"—as the Shakespeare plays all were—he would be a bold man indeed who should assert—from evidence that a set of plays had been the property of this or that theatrical proprietor—that they were the verbatim monographs

of stage manager or playwright; and he would be a very artless critic who should announce anybody as their author, except under the usual theatrical conditions and stage exigencies, which are apt to be about the same in every age. The fact is that, not because we know so little but because we know so much of William Shakespeare, his theatre and his times, we have long since ceased to imagine him as actually penning all the plays so properly labeled with his honored name. It has come to be pretty generally understood that if, in those busy years of his London enterprises—into which he embarked penniless and from which he retired with an annual income of \$25,000—he edited or "set" them all for the stage, it is probably the utmost he had to do with them. Who wrote the bulk of them we do not at present know. Even if Bacon were the playwright Mrs. Pott claims him to have been, the reasons given above would forbid our assigning them entirely to Bacon. As all sources of information seem to have been exhausted, we shall probably be obliged to remain contented with the conclusion of the new Shakespeare Society, that very many hands were employed in them. At any rate, just as one may logically disbelieve in one of Mr. Wiggins's storms without being able to supply another in its place, so we may be permitted to say that Shakespeare did not, without being obliged to predicate who did, write the always immortal Plays.

But when we come to the sonnets and poems called Shakespeare's, while there still remain the outset doubt and mystery, at least they stand by themselves. All minor difficulties have been cleared away. There is nothing composite in the authorship here, and we evidently have only one man to hunt for. It is proposed in this paper to do a little hunting in the neighborhood of the poems and sonnets. If nothing is developed, the mystery is no greater than before. If anything is revealed, it can be largely used in identification of the contributors to the plays, for, whoever wrote these metrical productions had large agency in the drama we call Shakespeare; must, indeed, have been author of almost all of the majestic poetry we indicate by the adjective "Shakespearean." The metrical end, I think, is the end to start from in any

search for the author of Shakespeare. At present, however, we are going to explore no farther than at that end itself.

Let us first glance briefly at the history of the poems and sonnets called Shakespeare's. In 1593 "Venus and Adonis" appears in print with a dedication to Lord Southampton, signed "William Shakespeare." In 1594 appears another poem, "Lucrece," also with a dedication to Lord Southampton, signed by William Shakespeare. In 1598 Francis Meres publishes a work called "Palladis Tamia," probably as fair an example of what literary criticism was in Tudor English days, as has come down to us. In this book he says that William Shakespeare was accounted for comedy and tragedy as equal at least to Plautus and Seneca, by reason of certain plays, viz.: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labours Lost," "Love's Labours Won," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," "Titus Andronicus," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Henry V." and "King John." Meres adds that Shakespeare was further credited with "the sweet wittie soul of Ovid" for "his sugred sonnets among his private friends."

In 1609 a printer named Jaggard (the same who afterward, with his partner, published the first folio of the Shakespearean plays in 1623) issued a volume of collected verses under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim." In 1609 appears a volume with the following title-page:

SHAKE-SPEARE'S

SONNETS.

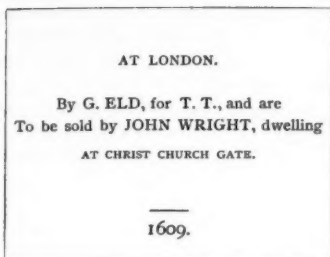
Never before Imprinted.

AT LONDON.

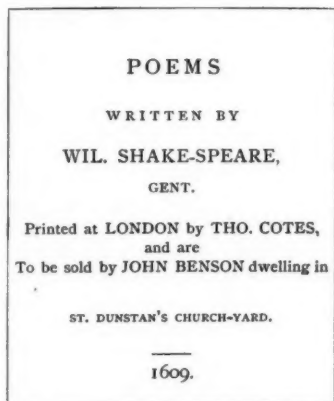
By G. ELD for T. T., and are
to be sold by WILLIAM ASPLEY.

1609.

In other copies the imprint is—



and in 1640 another, whose title-page reads—



Now every one of these five publications, viz., the "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," "Passionate Pilgrim," and the "T. T." and Tho. Cote's "Sonnets" are said, prominently on their title-pages, to be "By William Shakespeare." But the name of an author printed on a title-page in those times was no guarantee of authorship whatever, since members of the Stationers' Company were protected by law in printing what they pleased, and since nothing except what they pleased to print could be issued at all. That there was no copyright in anybody but printers, and no such thing as authors' rights conceived of, and that there was no practice by which an author could prevent wrongful use of his name by injunction, has been demonstrated so often by Elizabethans, from Hallam to Grant White, that reference only is here needed to the fact. The monopoly printers were in the habit of selecting a name that would best sell their

books, and the most popular books they printed were books of "Songs and Sonnets," such as Slender speaks of when he catches the eye of pretty Anne Page: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here." To tack Shakespeare's names to their productions was to market them under the most favorable conditions; for William Shakespeare was the most popular caterer to the public amusement in London; his name was in everybody's mouth, and, as we shall see farther on, was particularly valuable on title-pages of "Books of Songs and Sonnets," because for eleven years it had been rumored, as reported by Meres, that there were certain sonnets of his in existence in private hands.

I. "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." Reasons for believing that William Shakespeare's name upon these splendid poems does not prove him to have been their author, other than the fact that popular names were always borrowed by printers, are: 1. William Shakespeare's history from his birth in 1564 to their date. 2. His business occupations in London from about 1586 to such date, and 3, his mental and scholastic equipment for writing them.

No. 1 the world has by heart. No. 2. In 1598 William Shakespeare had been in London about twelve years. He had quit-
ted Stratford in or about 1586, in poverty, leaving his wife and children to the care of his father, who was, if possible, poorer still. "Removed prematurely from school," says Mr. Halliwell Phillipps in his "Outlines," "residing with illiterate relatives in a bookless neighborhood—thrown into the midst of occupations adverse to scholastic progress—it is difficult to believe that, when he first left Stratford, he was not all but destitute of polished accomplishments." In those twelve years he has, however, been earning money rapidly. So rapidly, indeed, that in 1589, only three years after his penniless arrival, his father, John Shakespeare, has not only been able to pay his debts and come out of his house without fear of arrest, but to institute the first of the chancery suits against John Lambert for recovery of the Wilmecote estate, which he had been compelled in his poverty to hy-

pothecate.* (He brought the second suit against Lambert, respecting the Ashbies estate, in 1598). In other words, in the years when William Shakespeare is popularly supposed to have been scribbling verses in London, the record is that he was earning money and paying off the family mortgages. That is the record. But, of course, nobody is obliged to look at it unless he chooses.

No. 3. As to the equipment: There was a grammar school in Stratford; but the idea of anybody being taught English grammar in an English grammar school—let alone the English language in those days—is utterly inconceivable. There was no such branch and mighty little of anything in its place, except birchen rods, the Church catechism, the Criss Cross Row and a few superfluous Latin declensions out of Lily's *Accidence*. Nor did Shakespeare hear the limp urban English of the poems and sonnets at home or in Stratford streets. For there everybody talked Warwickshire dialect, some idea of which we may draw from the broad specimens contained in the doggerel verses ascribed by Stratford tradition to William Shakespeare himself. And to what sort of a London did young Shakespeare come, on leaving this precious school? Members of Parliament could not understand each other's rustic *patois*, says Mr. White. Even the soldiers in Elizabeth's army could not comprehend the word of command unless given by officers of their own county or shire town. London was a huge caravanserie. Only in the court was there uniformity of speech. William Shakespeare was hardly admitted at court yet. But, uncouth rustic that he was, he writes, as the "first heir of his invention," the most elegant, sumptuous and sensuous verses that English literature possesses today. Where, then, did our rustic poet get—not his genius, but his equipment? No Stratford record nor Stratford tradition makes Shakespeare to have attended the Stratford grammar school. But he may yet have been a faithful student there. Admitting that he was, let us look in on

its sessions. Thomas Hunt, the head-master is hearing little Will Shakespeare his lesson. The recitation is reported by an eye witness, and is verbatim:

MASTER.—Come hither, William, hold up your head. Come, William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILLIAM.—Two.

M.—What is fair, William?

W.—Pulcher.

M.—What is lapis, William?

W.—A stone.

M.—And what is a stone?

W.—A pebble.

M.—No, it is lapis. I pray you remember in your prain.

W.—Lapis.

M.—That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

W.—Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: Singulariter nominativo. hic, hæc, hoc.

M.—Nominativo hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark, genitivo hugus. Well, what is your accusative case?

W.—Accusativo, hinc.

M.—I pray you have your remembrance, child. Accusativo: hing, hang, hog. What is the vocative case, William?

W.—O; vocative, o.

M.—Remember, William, focative is *caret*. What is your genitive case plural, William?

W.—Genitive case?

M.—Ay.

W.—Genitive: horum, harum, horum.

M.—Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

W.—Forsooth, I have forgot.

M.—It is qui, quæ, quod; if you forget your quis and your quæs and your quods, you must be preeches.*

But, lest it may be imagined that this is mere stage travesty and burlesque, let us look a little farther. There is no exactly contemporary testimony; but in 1634 the author of the "Complate Gentleman" says that a country school teacher "by no entreaty would teach any scholar farther than his (the scholar's) father had learned before him. His reason was that they would otherwise prove saucy rogues and control their fathers." Nay, in 1771, when Shakespeare had been dead a century and a half, John Britton, who had attended a provincial grammar school in Wilts, says that the pedagogue was wont to teach the "Criss Cross Row," or alphabet, as follows:

TEACHER.—Commether, Billy Chubb, an' breng the horren book. Ge ma the vester in tha wendow, you, Pat Came. Wha! be a sleepid! I'll waken ye! Now, Billy, there's a good bwoy,

* The Bill in Equity, Coram Rege Rolls, Mich. Term 31-32 Eliz., is printed by Mr. Halliwell Phillips in his "Outlines," 3d. ed., p. 663. The papers in the second case are printed Ib. p. 668.

* "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act iv., Scene 1.

ston still there, an' min whan I da point na!
Criss cross girta little A B C. That is right,
Billy. You'll soon learn criss cross row; you'll
soon avergit Bobby Jiffy! You'll soon be a
schollard! A's a purty chubby bwoy. Lord
love en!

It could not have been much better in William Shakespeare's boyhood days than in 1634 and 1771. Says Mr. Goadby: "It is evident that much schooling was impossible, for the necessary books did not exist. The horn-book, for teaching the alphabet, would almost exhaust the resources of any common day school that might exist in the towns and villages. The first English grammar was not published until 1586*." Says Mr. Furnivall: "I think you would be safe in conceding that at such a school as Stratford, about 1570, there would be taught (1) an A B C book, for which a pupil teacher or ABCdarius is sometimes mentioned as having a salary; (2) a catechism in English and Latin, probably Nowell's; (3) the authorized Latin grammar, *i. e.*, Lily's, put out with a proclamation adapted to each king's reign; (4) some easy Latin construing book, such as Erasmus's 'Colloquies,' Corderius's 'Colloquies, or Baptista Mantuanus,' and the familiar 'Cato,' or 'Disticha de Moribus.'"† Says Halliwell Phillips: "Unless the system of instruction (in Stratford grammar school) differed essentially from that pursued in other establishments of a similar character, his (Shakespeare's) knowledge of Latin was derived from two well known books of the time—the 'Accidence' and the 'Sententiæ Pueriles,' . . . a little manual 'containing a large collection of brief sentences, collected from a variety of authors, with a distinct selection of moral and religious paragraphs, the latter intended for the use of boys on saints' days. . . . Exclusive of bibles, church services, psalters, etc., there were certainly not more than two or three dozen books, if as many, in the whole town (Stratford-on-Avon). The copy of the black letter English history, so often depicted as well thumbed by Shakespeare in his father's parlor, never existed out of the imagination."‡

But, even had there been books, it seems

there were no schoolmasters in the days when young William went to school, who could have taught him what was necessary. Ascham, who came a little earlier than Shakespeare, said such as were to be had amounted to nothing, and "for the most so behave themselves that their very name is hateful to the scholar, who trembleth at their coming, rejoiceth at their absence, and looketh him returned as a deadly enemy."* Milton says their teaching was "mere babblement and notions."†

"Whereas they make one scholar they mar ten," says Peacham, who describes one country specimen as whipping his boys on a cold winter morning "for no other purpose than to get himself into a heat."‡ In fact the birch-rod seems to have been from the days of Ascham, at least to the days when Sergeant Ballantyne and Anthony Trollope went to school, the principal agent of youthful instruction and instructors in England. Peter Mason, a pupil of Nicholas Udal, master of Eton, says he used to receive fifty-three lashes in the course of one Latin exercise. Sergeant Ballantyne (whose schooling must have been somewhere *circa* 1810-1820) said that his teachers were cold-blooded, unsympathetic tyrants, who "flogged continuously" and taught nothing in particular.§ And Anthony Trollope's experience, as related in his autobiography, is directly to the same effect. The conclusion being that a maximum of caning and a minimum of parrot-work on desultory Latin paradigms which, whether wrong or right, were of no consequence whatever to anybody, was the village idea of a boy's education in England for long centuries, easily inclusive of the years within which William Shakespeare lived and died. The great scholars of those centuries either educated themselves, or by learned parents were guided to the sources of human intelligence and experience. At any rate they drew nothing out of the country grammar schools.

But self-training requires, if not leisure, at least a sufficient lapse of time. And

* "England of Shakespeare," p. 101.

† "Int. to Leopold Shakespeare," p. 11.

‡ "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," 3d ed., pp. 55-57.

* Works. Bennet's Ed., p. 212.

† Works. Symond's Ed., London. Bentley, 1806. Vol. III., p. 348.

‡ "Goadby's England of Shakespeare," p. 100.

§ "Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life," p. 6.

in the case of William Shakespeare we can find neither, between his graduation—if so it be—at the temple of learning in Stratford-on-Avon, and the authorship of the two great poems, the one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and the plays assigned to him by Francis Meres in 1598. I do not allude to the dedications of these poems to Henry Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, which were signed "William Shakespeare," because whoever wrote the poems could have written the dedications, and because dedications were not always signed by the authors of the books dedicated, as will appear presently, when we come to look at the dedicatory inscriptions under which the sonnets were first printed. Whoever wrote the poems, it was quite natural that, being printed in 1594 and 1599, they should have been dedicated to Southampton. Indeed it would have been matter of surprise if they had not been so dedicated. Southampton was the standing patron of all the poets and dramatists of those days. Chapman calls him, in his *Iliad* "The choice of all our country's noblest spirits." Nash says "Incomprehensible is the height of his spirit, both in heroic resolution and matters of conceit." "Who lives on England's stage and knows him not?" asks Beaumont. Gervinus says that all the poets and writers of that day "vied with each other in dedicating their works to him."*

II. THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.—It is not remarkable, perhaps, that we find no copyright entries on the Stationers' books in the name of Jonson, Marlowe, or other of the contemporary poets and dramatists, for these were continually in straitened circumstances. But William Shakespeare being an exceedingly wealthy and independent gentleman (if besides, one of the largest owners of literary property of his time), it is remarkable that the only legal method of securing literary matter, and putting it in shape to alienate, was never taken by him, or in his name. The silence of his will as to any literary property whatever, is explained by the commentators by supposing that Shakespeare sold all his Plays to the Globe or other theatre on retiring, and that the Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire. If so, let it be shown from the only place where

the legal transfer could have been made—the books of the Stationers' Company, which were not destroyed by fire but are still extant. Other commentators—equally oblivious of such trifling obstacles as the laws of England—urge that, being unmentioned in the will, the Plays went by course of probate to Dr. Hall, the executor. But even more, in that case, certain entries and transfers at Stationers' Hall would have been necessary. Moreover, the copyright being not by statute, was perpetual, and could not have lapsed. In the preface to their first folio Heminges and Condell announced that all other copies of Shakespeare Plays are "stolen and surreptitious." But on consulting the Stationers' books, it appears that the quarto editions were mostly regularly copyrighted according to law, whereas the first folio was not. Nor were the Plays already copyrighted ever transferred to Heminges and Condell or to their publishers. What legal rights in England ever centred in this great first folio, except as to the Plays which appeared therein for the first time (which Blount and Jaggard did copyright), must always remain a mystery. If "stolen and surreptitious copies" existed, therefore, they were the folio, not the quarto copies.

But facts themselves are more welcome than even conclusions of fact. The state of affairs under which title-pages meant every thing or nothing, according to the printer's whim, is not only deducible from the situation, but is capably illustrated by the circumstances under which the next "Book of Songs and Sonnets"—purporting to be by William Shakespeare—saw the light. "The Passionate Pilgrim" was a collection of amorous rhymes, by various known and unknown authors, in lyric, ballad and sonnet form. Among known authors, it contained fragments of verse by Heywood, Longueville, Marlowe, Barnefield, and Griffin; and snatches, too, of songs from the Shakespeare Plays. Neither Marlowe, Longueville, Barnefield nor Griffin, nor their representatives, appear to have raised any protest at the fraud. And certainly Shakespeare, whose verses they were not, raised none. He was alive, actively concerned in his London affairs, and could not have been ignorant of the publication. Moreover, he was rich and important, and what he could not

*"Shakespeare Commentaries," p. 446.

have done by law, he might have done by influence — procure removal of his name. What he did not see fit to do, Dr. Heywood, an author of some repute, but not of as much social account as Shakespeare, did. He publicly printed his protest and compelled Jaggard to take the name "William Shakespeare" from the title-page. It has been restored, however. The contents, moreover, have been largely augmented by a further poem or threnos, "The Phoenix and the Turtle" (found in a book—"Love's Martyr; or Rosalind's Complaint," said to be by one Robert Chester, printed in 1660—reprinted by the new Shakespeare Society in 1878) and another called "A Lover's Complaint" (which turned up from somewhere in 1640, but concerning whose discovery commentators are discreetly silent). But they all — of diverse and sundry authorship, and, as Swinburne says, cognate only by reason of the porcine quality of prurience—go in together, and nobody doubts to-day that William Shakespeare wrote the whole *ollapodrida* known as "The Passionate Pilgrim," and every word, line and parcel thereof. "No explanation of this proceeding" (at the time of the first edition) "on Shakespeare's part is known to exist," says Mr. Richard Grant White, referring to Heywood's detection of the cheat. When we remember that not only this publication, but fifteen plays, which even commentators admit that William Shakespeare did not write (and which they coyly print as "doubtful," now and then), no less than the poems and sonnets we are now considering, traveled under Shakespeare's name during his lifetime, we may be pretty sure that Mr. White knows of no "explanation," because none exists or ever did exist anywhere or at any time.

Nor was this a solitary instance of Shakespeare's tacit consent to covinous use of his name. Says Mr. Halliwell Phillips: "A far more remarkable operation in the same kind of knavery was perpetrated in the latter part of the following year by the publisher of the 'First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle,' 1600, a play mostly concerned with the romantic adventures of Lord Cobham. Although this drama is known not only to have been composed by other dramatists, but also to have belonged

to a theatrical company with which Shakespeare had then no manner of connection, it was unblushingly announced as his work by the publisher, Thomas Pavier, a shiftY bookseller, residing at the grotesque sign of the 'Cat and Parrot,' near the Royal Exchange." *

This time there was no concealment of motive. The first edition did not sell. But when Shakespeare's name was attached, the second had a wide and considerable circulation. But Mr. Phillips, while indignant at Pavier, has no word of censure for the silent beneficiary of the fraud.

III. THE SONNETS.—That William Shakespeare took no part in the publication of these in 1609 is apparent from their dedication. Whether he refrained by reason of no interest in the material, or because quite as indifferent in their case as in the case of the fraudulent plays or poems, is, of course, matter for anybody's conjecture. This dedication has been so tortured and twisted and worried by commentators desiring to connect them with Lord Southampton as "dedicatee," and William Shakespeare as dedicatör, that the only safety is to print it as it originally stood.

TO • THE • ONLIE • BEGETTER • OF
THESE • INSVING • SONNETS •
M • W. H. ALL HAPINESSE •
AND • THAT • ETERNETIE •
PROMISED • BY •
OVR • EVER-LIVING • POET •
WISHETH •
THE • WELL • WISHING •
ADVENTVRER • IN
SETTING •
FORTH.

Now, without wasting as many words as commentators have written volumes to prove the identity of "Mr. W. H.," it is quite apparent that—whoever he was—he was not Henry Wriothesley, Earl Southampton, who never was "Mr. W. H.," and never could have been in the nature of things. And to anybody with a mind not

* "Outlines," 3rd ed., p. 162. In a postscript to his "Garden of Cyrus" Sir Thomas Browne complains that his name was being used to float books that he never wrote. See Bohn's Edition of Browne's Works, vol. II, p. 564.

already made up, it is equally impossible that these initials stand for William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Principally, of course, because, when simple Mr. William Herbert, the future earl was not in any historical or geographical vicinity to anybody who wrote sonnets or dedicated other people's sonnets to patrons. Nor was the boy at school as yet anybody's patron. But—exiling William Himself, William Hewes, William Hall, William Hart, and all the other Williams—this dedication, for a composition written in the turgid and tiresome prose of the 'day—albeit there is nothing therein to suggest a pen that ever wrote a line incorporated in a Shakespearean play—is singularly intelligible. Any publication in those times was properly styled "a venture," and the person launching a venture is naturally an "adventurer." "In setting forth," then, the adventurer, "T. T.," that is, the well-known printer, Mr. Thomas Thorpe, wishes some friend of his "W. H." all happiness and a long life. He is issuing a book of poetry, and expresses himself somewhat poetically. He describes the long life bespoken for his friend as "that eternity promised by our ever-living poet." And he alludes to Mr. W. H. as "the only begetter of these sonnets." All poets are by courtesy immortal, *i. e.*, "ever-living," and every poet promises eternity to somebody. But what is a "begetter?"—clearly one who gets or procures. "I have some cousin-germans at court," says Dekker in "Satriomastix," "shall beget you the reversion of the master of the king's revels." The procurer of these Sonnets then, feels himself at liberty to dedicate them to whom he will. Precisely, perhaps, as William Shakespeare dedicated the "Venus and Adonis," and the "Lucrece" to Southampton, as their "begetter," seeing that the probabilities are something against his having been their author, so T. T. dedicates to his friend, Mr. W. H. Had W. H. been a noble lord, humble printer as T. T. was, the dedication by other than the noble lord's proper title would have been an insult rather than a compliment, and would have been just as insulting coming from William Shakespeare as coming from T. T. But, however read, it proves that the dedicator of a book needed not in those days to be its author.

But perhaps the sonnets printed as above were not the same as those which Meres says Shakespeare circulated among Shakespeare's private friends. In 1840 Mr. Hallam added a note to his mention of the Sonnets to the effect that he had come to doubt whether these were the sonnets mentioned by Meres.* Mr. Hallam does not state his reasons. But they were probably something as follows. The Sonnets are no sonnets but a continuous poem. If Shakespeare wrote this poem, how could he have passed the separate stanzas around among his private friends as "Sonnets?" And how could he have consented to see them eleven years afterward printed as one hundred and fifty-four isolated "Sonnets?" A precisely parallel case would be to suppose that Baron Tennyson would silently suffer the Trübnern or the Longmans, or any Victorian publishing house, to take his "May Queen" or "Princess," and, numbering the verses consecutively, print them as "Rhymes" or Quatrains or Madrigals or what not, "by Alfred Tennyson!" But, says Mr. Massey, this poem is not the poem of William Shakespeare's, but of Earl Southampton's, private love-life! If so, why was it written by William Shakespeare? And if William Shakespeare was only hired by Southampton to write it, why was it not circulated among Southampton's rather than among Shakespeare's private friends? In other words, among noblemen rather than actors, among the court rather than the *coulisse*? Their friends were not the same by any manner of means. In the perspective of ages events are foreshortened and gaps of years and castes disappear. It is not strange, then, that we come to forget, in the incessant coupling of the names of Southampton and Shakespeare, the great social gulf between the noble earl and the Stratford boy who ran the Globe Theatre. Admitting that the earl patronized all the actors and poets of his day, and among them Shakespeare, we must not draw from that an incredible proposition that the rigid social rules of Tudor days were relaxed; or, if practically relaxed within the precincts of the theatre, that they were so interchangeably relaxed in courtly circles that the peer and the peasant were inseparable everywhere. One may

* "Literature of Europe," vol. iii., p. 300.

be a very valuable patron without becoming *alter ego* of the patronized. And even if Southampton had been the Rothschild of his time, and able to make Shakespeare a present of £1,000 (which equaled at least \$25,000 to-day; Mr. White puts it at \$30,000, and Mr. Halliwell Phillipps as high as \$60,000), instead of the poor peer he was, even that would not make them yoke-fellows. But if Southampton knew Shakespeare or Shakespeare Southampton, let it be demonstrated autobiographically or biographically, from some source other than the material called "biographies" of William Shakespeare. Let us find it in some of Southampton's papers, or in the archives of some of his family, descendants, contemporaries or acquaintances. If Damon and Pythias are friends, let Damon have an opportunity, as well as Pythias, of testifying to their comity. Microscopical search for three hundred years has failed to unearth a trace of it. But, all the same, no account of William Shakespeare is ever printed of which a description of the Southampton-Shakespeare friendship is not a feature. The \$25,000 story is fast disappearing from Shakespearean biography. The Southampton friendship must be bolstered up historically or else follow it.

But, admitting that these Sonnets were the same as mentioned by Meres, his list of Shakespearean works must either stand or fall in its integrity. Obviously we cannot, at this date, sort his testimony into what we wish and what we do not wish to believe. It will be remembered, that at the same time that Meres mentions the "Sugred Sonnets" (and in the same connection), he also enumerates certain dramatic works as by this same theatrical gentleman and impresario, William Shakespeare. But it is startling to discover that, while accepting the Meres mention as proof of the authorship of these Sonnets, all commentators, living and dead, incontinently reject the Meres list of plays. There is no such play as "Love's Labour Won," and John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, says that the Shakespeare play, founded on Plauture's *Menæchmi*, was called "Twelfth Night," in 1602. Mr. Fleay finds in the "Romeo and Juliet" traces of Peele and Daniel. He agrees with Ritson that there are

grave doubts as to Shakespeare's hand in the "Comedy of Errors." Upton, Hanmer, and most modern commentators, including Rolfe, doubt if the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" could possibly be written by the author of "Hamlet," even allowing for "periods" and "groups" and eras of "stopped" and "unstopped" endings, "run on" lines and all other marvelous triangulations of the text. "Titus Andronicus" is everywhere scouted as none of Shakespeare's. So long ago as 1687 Ravenscroft claimed information that William Shakespeare only "touched it up." But modern commentators disbelieve even this agency. "'Titus Andronicus' I do not consider," says Furnivall. "The play declares, as plainly as play can speak, 'I am not Shakespeare's; my repulsive subject; my blood and horrors are not and never were his.'" From Theobald down to White, Hudson, Dowden and Rolfe, Shakespeareans are unanimous in relegating this play to the shades, and in insisting that Meres must have been a most unreliable chronicler whatever his status as a critic, in mentioning it as Shakespeare's. And, of course, from their unanimous verdict there can be no appeal. Meres's excuse may be that he was deceived by the theatrical conditions. For Shakespeare's claim to these plays is solid enough on proprietary grounds. But no such loophole of excuse or *pis aller* obtains as to these "Sonnets among his private friends," Shakespeare's name on a title-page being not only no proof of, but—since his detection in the "Passionate Pilgrim" affair—actually a presumption against, his authorship. (A further evidence of this is that the 1640, or Cotes edition of the "Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare, gent.," was a bunching of one hundred and forty-seven of these Sonnets, scraps of the Heywood nugæ; "Lover's Complaint," sundry translations from Ovid and other rhymes which have entirely disappeared from modern editions). And there is no stage-right in non-theatrical verse which William Shakespeare could have purchased.

That the one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets actually form a connected poem was unknown until about 1836, when Mr. Charles Armitage Brown (who shares with Coleridge

the honor of having been their first reader) discovered their connection. Until then, while there were dozens of editions, the editors do not seem to have considered it necessary to read before editing—any more than Meres had thought it necessary to read before reviewing—them. (George Stevens declared that nothing but an act of parliament would make *him* read them, and he lived and died deprived of some of the most exquisite poetry in the language in consequence.) Nothing is more evident, therefore, than that these unread Sonnets were kept alive in their Elizabethan days, as thereafter, simply by the popularity of Shakespeare's name—much as the mere rumor of that name attached to a bit of anonymous doggerel has kept his bones alike from inspection of the curious and the canonization of worshipers.

Now, William Shakespeare, loved and loving gentleman as he was, is understood to have been very shrewd in money matters. None knew the meaning of poverty better than he. Had he not been so, and rightly so, his father would never have stirred outside the door; the Lambert mortgages would have remained unpaid; nor would the Quineys have swarmed around for their kinsman's crumbs, and nudged each other to look up good things where he could place the wealth they saw him hoarding. Is it not, therefore, impossible to suppose him ignorant of or indifferent to the cash value of his own name? Is it not quite as impossible, again, to believe that, if printed at his own instance, he allowed his publisher to dedicate the book to a friend; that if dedicated to either of his own patrons, Pembroke or Southampton, he (Shakespeare) was unable to write his own dedication; or, writing it, asked his publisher to sign it? If the escape from these difficulties is not by way of assumption that Shakespeare sold the use of his name to the printers of anonymous poetry precisely as he is known to have sold it to the printers of anonymous plays, then those difficulties are hopeless indeed! The plays, on the ground of stage-right or of copyright might be Shakespeare's, even if not composed by him. But the Sonnets, if his, he must either have written or not written. He could not have done both.

To recapitulate. Either these "Sonnets" are those mentioned as circulating among Shakespeare's private friends prior to 1598, or they are not. If they are, they are as doubtfully his as is the rest of the list of literary matter given by Meres, so far as we know. If they are not, then they have no claim to be called Shakespeare's except from the fact that his name was put on the title-pages of three books of verses among which verses they appeared, at one time only four of them, at another more of them, and at another less; and the value of the title-page evidenced to authorship of Tudor literature, we are able to very adequately estimate. In the one case Meres, not reading the literary matter he eulogizes as "sugred," supposed it to consist of "Sonnets;" and so to the support of the Shakespearean authorship has only hearsay testimony to offer. But, inadmissible as this sort of evidence is anyway, what becomes of it when Mr. Massey and Mr. Browne dispose of what little probability of the Shakespearean authorship is left over from Meres, by testifying that Shakespeare's Sonnets have nothing to do with Shakespeare, but are a record of Southampton's private amours? And, in the other case, William Shakespeare must base his claim to literary matter hereafter on something stronger than a legend on a title-page.

Nobody can refuse to William Shakespeare personal love, admiration and gratitude. But what he never claimed let us not supply to him. The tendency to enlarge the attributes of those we worship is as laudable as is the effort of a good judge—according to Littleton—to amplify his jurisdiction. But the tendency may be produced, not only to absurdity, but to disastrous moral ruin. The boy Ireland was disgraced by making what was only legitimate literary parody over into a hateful lie. And what sadder sight has this generation seen than John Payne Collier, a scholar, who for fifty years enriched English Archaeology and Letters, dying in almost unnoticed obscurity, shipwrecked by a temptation to discover what was undiscoverable?

A late writer on the legalisms of Shakespeare takes for his legend Hamlet's question, "Why should not this be the skull of

a lawyer?" It seems by no means sure that there is any skull at all in that grave under the chancel in Stratford Church? There is no name on the slab that covers it. The mural tablet says distinctly that the remains of William Shakespeare lie "within this monument;" and the grave of Mrs. Shakespeare and her husband are not pointed out as one and the same, though we are told that she did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with the body of her departed liege. It seems the world is never to know what is in that grave. For the Shakespeareans are still scared from opening it to see, by a witch's curse three hundred years old (albeit it is only against "moving," and says nothing about *looking at* certain bones); and if anybody but a Shakespearean attempts to touch things, the Stratford beadle proposes to pitch him into the Avon forthwith. But supposing mortal remains of William Shakespeare to lie in that grave, who and what was he when living? It is demonstrated that he was no attorney's clerk, as Lord Campbell believed, but a ripe, learned and profound lawyer; so saturated with precedents that at once in his sublimest and sweetest flights he colors everything with legal dyes, sounding every depth and shoal of poetry in only the juridical key. And, moreover, he was a constitutional aristocrat, who believed in the established order of things, and wasted not a word of all his splendid eulogy upon any human right, not in his day already guaranteed by charters or by thrones. But while the rolls at Westminster and the Inns of Court contain no allusion to William Shakespeare the barrister, the records of the British stage show that, just at the time the text makes him out the lawyer, he is managing two great theatres in London. Other documents exhibit him as a large speculator in real estate, enjoying an income of \$25,000 per annum, at about the date when Messrs. Massey and Browne believe him to have been a poet scribbling sonnets to Lord Southampton, sonnets which, on perusal, turn out to be not sonnets, but together a sort of rhymed diary of Southampton's own private love-affairs (at

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least they coincide with those affairs by a little squeezing, according to Massey, Browne and others). Add to all these that William Shakespeare was at once a butcher's apprentice and a student of the Stratford Grammar School; that the curriculum at that grammar school consisted entirely of a venerable birch-rod, Lily's Latin paradigms, the "Criss-Cross Row" and the Church catechism; that the graduate of this grammar school (for if, as the Baconians allege, he did not attend that temple of learning, it is an eternal verity that he went to no other educational institution) wrote the "Venus and Adonis" as the very first "heir of his invention," etc., etc.; and no wonder our brains reel when we try to ask ourselves, Who was this immortal, anyhow, and who wrote the divine page called his? Was this the William Shakespeare who in silence repeatedly allowed his own name to be credited with the works of other men, and who encouraged the attributing of whatever was splendid or successful in literature to himself? A man who in these days could permit himself to become beneficiary of so fraudulent a transaction as was the "Passionate Pilgrim" affair of 1609, could not have long survived the moral effect of his act. Was the Tudor sense more callous?

But, whatever the name, and whoever the author—plays, poems, sonnets, we have them all! All bound in one mighty book, that age cannot wither nor custom stale; perennial in our hearts, and households forever. If a word is better than the truth; if the name "William Shakespeare" is of more value than historical identification of the magnificent and matchless literature which the world worships as Shakespearean; if—as pipes a bard of recent gush—

"Though modern science claims, 'tis very plain,
Memories are written in the folded brain;
We feel them in our hearts—and feeling knows
Profounder wisdom than our science shows—
The spiritual, fanciful ideal!"

then by all means let traditionists hug the name! But be the substance ours,—the Book!

APPLETON MORGAN.

RIMINI AND THE MALATESTAS.

THOUGH Rimini, by virtue of hapless Francesca's story, is a word familiar all over the wide sympathetic world, yet Rimini itself, the maritime city of the Exarchate, Rimini by the Adriatic, where the Marecchia weds the sea, is comparatively a world unknown to the modern seeker after the beautiful and interesting. There one is actually in *bella Italia*, and, will it be believed, you are not jostled off the footway by the terrible tourist, nor do you stumble over the camp-stools of nicotia-perfumed artists at every step! Nay, so rare is the visiting stranger there, that, when one does light upon the place, he is the unhappy cause of a commotion among the sleepy population, who, shaking themselves free, for a moment, of the fascination of the warm pavement, gather round him and follow him about with manners which they must have inherited from the days of the *Condottieri*, and with tongues on which the spell of Dante surely lingers, such pure and mellifluous Italian do they chatter. Indeed, Rimini, for an Italian town, seems, by force of contrast with near neighbors, as much off the noisy world's beaten track as if it were one of the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee. Its barges and boats, every line of which is a line of beauty, with their orange-and-chocolate-and-crimson-hued sails—flames of color—glide by for the behoof of its own fisher-folk. The prodigious magnificence of Sigismondo Malatesta's famous "Temple," keeps itself on view for eyes that are weary of it, and on a hundred nooks made for the canvas the dust of neglect is falling, as if they were articles laid on the shelf.

Yet how rich in romantic, historic and artistic interest is Rimini! Rimini of the Malatestas! Rimini of Francesca and Isotta! Rimini which has architecture of Alberti, and curious sculpture of Duccio and Matteo da Pastis and of Donatello himself, and an arch and bridge built in the time of Augustus Caesar.

Both arch and bridge are two of the best preserved monuments of old Roman times

now existing in the world. The latter is almost intact and shows no signs of being nineteen centuries old. It is a thoroughfare between Rimini and its suburb of San Giuliano, of which some of the picturesque old houses climbing over it add to the effect. The stream which the bridge crosses is the Marecchia, and groups of women washing in it make a delightful foreground for the artist. It was to commemorate the restoration of its highways that the town erected the arch, called the Porta Romana, at the other extremity of the principal street. This structure still retains some of its ornamentations, though the top is of later date. Everything else worth seeing in the town is of the time of the Malatestas.

Not, however, that the everyday inquirer could readily discover these riches of Rimini. Nor, indeed, could the most diligent inquirer make out much of them until a few short months ago—until, in fact, Yriarte enriched art and history with his three beautiful volumes. With M. Yriarte's books we enter Rimini by a new light. His "*Françoise de Rimini dans la Legende et dans l'Histoire*" (Paris, 1883); his "*Un Condottiere au XV^e Siècle*" (Paris, 1882), and his "*Florence*" (Paris and London, 1883), make a whole page of Italian history luminous, that had been obscured before, and especially leads into the light the chequered records of Rimini. Like every municipality and province and even every petty court in Italy, Rimini is rich in archives; but, like the rest, the Rimini archives until recently have remained unexplored. What a rich field for the romancer, as well as the historian, all these Italian records are, M. Yriarte's researches among the *Archivio Notariale* of the Romagna towns strikingly shows. The facts about the story of Italy from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, a period when life was lived at its highest pressure, amid superb magnificence and the glories of art fostered by wealth, when a life that was ennobled by episodes of love and heroism was made dark and tragic by all the

crimes of riotous and ambitious passion—the actual facts of this period of Italian history surpass anything that imagination has tried to conceive about them. Whoever next wants to write an historical novel in which human nature will be exhibited in its utmost phases of grandeur and degradation, will find teeming materials here in the archives of the Italian peninsula. Some such thought must impress everyone who sits down to sketch Sigismondo's queer "Tempio" at Rimini, or the palace of the Malatestas, its haughty feudal grace asserting itself in spite of the disfiguring barracks that modern vandalism has attached to its walls.

Though for six centuries the episode of Francesca di Rimini has been familiar to the heart-thrilled world through Dante's immortal passage, yet there have been very few, until M. Yriarte came to the rescue, who were acquainted with the details of Francesca's true story. How few necessarily there are, indeed, who know with exactness who Francesca was, or who Paolo was, or who were "the old mastiff of Verucchio and the young," or who the many notables of the Romagna mentioned by the poet!

It was Ravenna,

— "situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams,"

that gave Francesca birth. Her father was Guido di Lamberto di Polenta, styled *il Minore*. He was lord of Ravenna, and filled the offices of consul, rector, and podestà of that territory. He was a strong adherent, as was all his race, of the Guelph party and the Papacy; and the favor of

Pope Gregory placed him at the head of his territory, when, by the battle of Tren-tola, in 1275, he had subdued the factions of Ravenna. In this battle Guido was aided by the eldest son of Malatesta da Verucchio of Rimini, and to this warrior, as the reward of his assistance, Guido gave his beautiful daughter, Francesca, in marriage.

He who was to become the husband of Francesca was son of the lord of Rimini, Malatesta, whose family founded a dynasty there, holding for nearly three centuries the title of "Vicars of the Church." Giovanni, the son, or Gianciotto, as he was familiarly called, was nicknamed Sciancato, because he was a cripple, one leg being shorter than the other. But, in spite of this deformity, he was a man of remarkable courage, audacity and military prowess, and he eventually became podestà of the three Romagna cities, Forlì, Faenza, and Pesaro.

Francesca di Polenta never saw her deformed bridegroom until the day of her marriage. She was betrothed by proxy, Gianciotto, the cripple, being represented on the occasion by his younger brother Paolo, who was surnamed *il Bello* and who was one of the handsomest of the young nobility of Italy. Poor Francesca, thinking this was her intended husband, fell madly in love with him at first sight. How cruel the disillusion when, too late to thwart it, the trick was discovered! Francesca lived with her husband ten years, and bore him a daughter. But the flame lit in her young heart by Paolo, her brother-in-law, never died out. It was but fanned, and their intimacy was favored by the fatal op-



THE HARBOR OF RIMINI



PORTA ROMANA OR ARCH OF AUGUSTUS

portunities of their close relationship. While Francesca's husband was absent at Pesaro on his duties as podestà, Francesca remained at Rimini, where Paolo often, at such times, used to visit her. During one of these absences a confidential servant denounced the lovers to the husband, who returned secretly to Rimini. Gianciotto found the door of his wife's apartment closed, and Paolo inside. He endeavored to force the door, but Paolo rushed through a side entrance, while Francesca admitted the infuriated husband. Paolo's cloak, unfortunately for him, caught on an iron hook as he fled through the passage. Gianciotto rushed upon him, sword in hand. With a scream, Francesca flung herself between the brothers, and the blade that was intended for her lover's drank the blood of her own heart. Thereupon, Gianciotto, frantic with grief, struck his brother, and slew him, too. Thus was a sin avenged by a fratricidal murder. The people of Rimini seem to

have regarded the punishment as exceeding the offense, for, amid the lamentations of the city, the lovers on the morrow were buried in the same grave. Dante, too, pronounces the doom of the fratricide, for he makes Francesca say—

"Caina waits
The soul who spilt our life."

Such is the story of Francesca, as accurately as the archives give it—if not quite in such detail—which M. Yriarte finds to tally with the version of Boccaccio. It tallies also with the version which Dante's "half-told tale," of course, only suggests; and Dante had a much better opportunity of knowing the truth about the tragedy than any other writer of the time. For Dante, who was twenty years old when the tragedy occurred (in 1285), and who wrote the fifth canto of the "Inferno" only fifteen years later, had personal friends at Forlì, at Pesaro (the cities of which Francesca's husband was podestà), and at Ravenna; and, when later in his life he was driven into exile, he found a

refuge in the very house in which Francesca was born, at the court of Guido Novella da Polenta in Ravenna, who was the grandson of Guido il Minore, Francesca's father. It was while under the protection of this Lord of Ravenna, by the way, that Dante died; and it was at his hands he was buried with such pomp and honor, the noblest citizens in Ravenna bearing him to his grave in the church of San Pietro Maggiore,* where, in the next century, the monument that now adorns his tomb was raised by Cardinal Bembo.

The period in which the house of Malatesta rose to its greatest power and eminence was essentially the period of the *Condottieri*. Italy was torn by all sorts of internal dissensions. The feud of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines had practically ended in the defeat of the Ghibelline attempt to restore the imperial party. But a worse species of civil warfare followed.

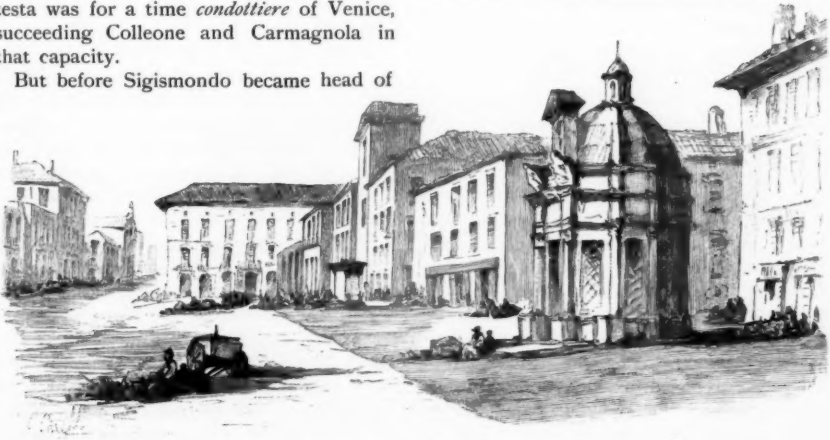
* Afterward San Francesco.

The two great parties broke up into innumerable factions, and these made ruthless war upon each other. In the towns an internecine struggle was kept up among the democracies; while in the territories each feudal noble gathered round himself an army of murderous mercenaries and waged a perpetual war of depredation and rapine on his neighbors and rivals. In the fifteenth century the Italian cities, whose citizens were unwilling to fight their own battles, engaged these fearful chiefs, or *condottieri*, as in this capacity they were called, to protect them. Each of the *condottieri* thus became leader of a mercenary army, whose size was in proportion to the sum the city protected by it was willing to pay for its maintenance. All historians unite in saying that these mercenary armies were the curse of Italy. They ravaged the country, demoralized the nation and destroyed its patriotism. Some of the names of those *condottieri* (especially of those who protected Venice) are very famous. I may mention two of these, Colleone and Gattamelata, the superb equestrian statue in Venice of the former of whom is one of the finest in the world. In no part of Italy did this warfare among petty princes rage more fiercely than in the Romagna, and one of the most conspicuous and representative types of the *condottieri* was a member of the house of Malatesta, Sigismondo Pandolfo, lord of Rimini. This Sigismondo Malatesta was for a time *condottiere* of Venice, succeeding Colleone and Carmagnola in that capacity.

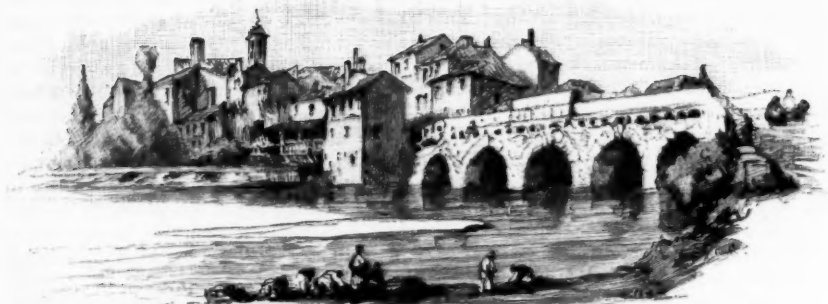
But before Sigismondo became head of

the house other Malatestas reigned in Rimini. There was Malatesta the One-eyed, third brother of Gianciotto and Paolo (Francesca's husband and lover), a ruler to whom some atrocious crimes are attributed. And there was Pandolfo, his brother and successor, who caused his nephew, Count Alberto, to be assassinated at a banquet because he suspected him of intending to avenge the murder of his father, Paolo, and to claim the principality of Rimini as its rightful heir by virtue of being descended from an elder brother.

The most illustrious predecessor of Sigismondo was Carlo Malatesta, a prince whose reign, which extended from 1364 to 1429, was in every sense a contrast to the *régime* of the predatory *condottieri*. Carlo, while a brave soldier and himself a *condottiere* in his early years, was distinguished for his piety and learning and for the brilliant progress made in the arts of peace while he held the lordship of Rimini. He patronized art and letters, being the first Malatesta who displayed a genuine taste in this direction. He practised munificent hospitality, introduced the spirit of good order in government and established manufactures. The states of Rimini flourished and became illustrious under this good prince's sway. They became celebrated for their fine woollens, and the art of weaving which was introduced by the semi-religious community, the "Umiliati." The fruits, wine and fisheries of



PIAZZA OF JULIUS CÆSAR



BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS WITH SUBURB OF SAN JULIANO

Rimini were known all over Italy. Of the many young artists who were attached to Carlo's court, and who were engaged on the frescoes of his palace, the Gatolo of Rimini, one was Lorenzo di Cione Ghiberti, who went direct from Carlo's court to take part in the competition for the gates of the Baptistery at Florence, and who became the illustrious sculptor of those exquisite marvels of art. Carlo was greatly encouraged and aided in his noble work by the Papacy, in whose behalf he contended at the Council of Constance. One Pope, Martin IV., gave him his niece in marriage; another, Pope Eugenius IV., sent him the Golden Rose.

The most extraordinary representative of the house of Malatesta, however, was the Sigismondo before mentioned, who, in 1429 succeeded Carlo Malatesta, and who was a natural son of Carlo's brother, Pandolfo. Sigismondo's personality dominates in the fame of the Malatestas. Indeed, in some respects, Sigismondo Malatesta is one of the most remarkable figures in history. He was the embodiment of the spirit of that age in Italy. He was a fierce *condottiere*, surpassing his ancestor, Gianciotto, Francesca's husband, in daring, cruelty and unscrupulousness, and going as far beyond him in his lusts and ambition as he towered above him in genius. Yet, at the same time, this truculent bandit was a man of refined taste, a patron of the arts and letters, and he cherished a singularly devoted attachment to a woman of high intellect, whom he in the end made his wife. His energy was marvelous. Called to his inheritance at the age of twelve, he, from the beginning, displayed

precocious powers. He quelled a rebellion at thirteen; and he was but fifteen when, at the head of his army, he defeated the Duke of Urbino in battle. He was a strange compound—a man of atrocious deeds and of lofty aspirations. It is useless to speculate what he might have been, had his character been more evenly balanced and less criminal. In all his qualities he was a man far beyond the ordinary standards. He maintained a magnificent court; he wrote poetry and conversed eloquently; he discovered Alberti, patronized Pietro della Francesca and was the friend of Donatello. His enemy, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterward Pope Pius II., wrote of him that "he knew all antiquity, was well acquainted with philosophy, and seemed born to accomplish whatever he undertook." While he was being burned in effigy at Rome, as "the prince of traitors and oath-breakers, the enemy of God and man," he was corresponding with Lorenzo de' Medicis about the decoration of his temple of San Francesco. His soldiers adored him. In person he was tall, thin, hooked-nosed, with a piercing eye and thick-hair matted on his forehead beneath his helmet.

This singular personage was, early in his turbulent career, Captain-General of the pontifical forces, and in this capacity he fought and conquered the Duke of Milan. During all his life he never ceased to make war on the ancient rivals of his house—the Montefeltros, the neighboring Dukes of Urbino, between whose family and the Malatestas, strange to say, there was a fourfold intermarital bond. He was credited with

having been the inventor of bomb-shells; and for the defense of his own capital—Rimini—he built the most perfect fortress that had been constructed since the art of defense was revolutionized by the introduction of artillery.

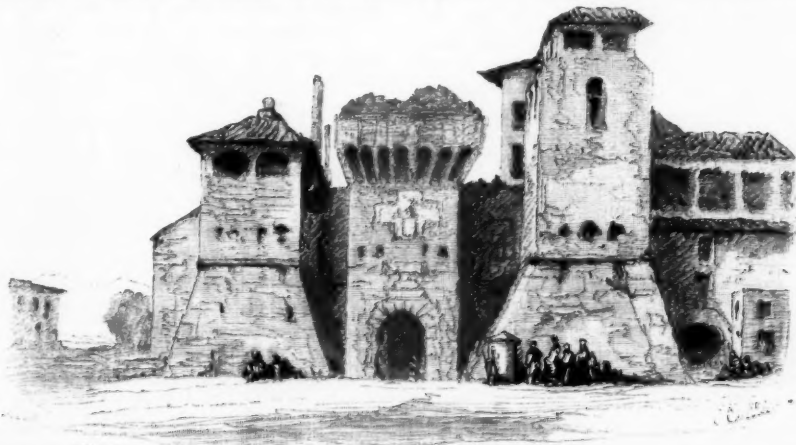
It was not long before Sigismondo got into hot water with the Papacy. After the capture of Constantinople by the Turks had thrown all Italy into a panic, Malatesta's enemies, the Duke of Urbino and the Duke of Milan, arraigned him before the tribunal of the Vatican on the charge that he had treasonably contributed to bring the Grand Turk into Italy. He was also charged with "rapine, carnage, arson, rape, adultery, incest, parricide, sacrilege, felony and heresy." He was declared guilty by the Vatican tribunal, over which Cardinal San Pietro in Vincolo (afterwards Pope Julian II.) presided, and was condemned to be burned. As he did not volunteer to assist in person at the execution of this sentence, and as he was a powerful warrior, the authorities were forced to be content with going through the formality—which they did with great pomp in front of the Basilica—of burning the heretical and traitorous Malatesta in effigy. Later on, his old enemy, the Duke of Urbino, with the aid of a papal army, defeated him in a series of battles and sieges; and, as the result, the proud Malatesta found himself suing for mercy at the foot of the pontifical throne, on which was seated his whilom

enemy, Æneas Sylvius. Before he died, however, having fought against the Turks in Morea, and a change of pontiffs having taken place in the Holy See, he was restored to favor at Rome and was even publicly honored there as a crusader who had warred against the Mohammedan infidel.

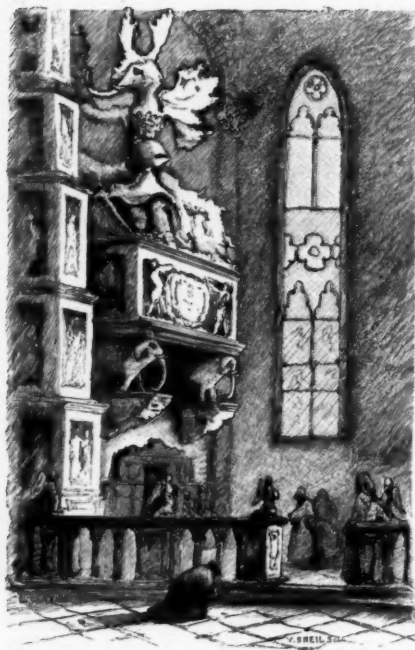
But the work with which Sigismondo's memory will be most peculiarly associated, the work to accomplish which was one of the main cherished objects of his life, was the erection in Rimini of the great temple of the Malatestas, of which we give some drawings. He erected this temple with two intentions; it was his high desire to raise a temple to God as a thanksgiving for his victories, and he wished to interweave in the purpose of that edifice a record of his passionate devotion to Isotta da Rimini, a woman as remarkable in her own way as he was in his, and who has been well described as "the pole-star of his agitated life." But this temple became a heathen pantheon, with no trace of Christian inspiration in its conception or details.

It is certainly a beautiful as well as a singular pile. No less an architect than Leo Battista Alberti designed it, and it is no less a work than Alberti's masterpiece.

Sigismond's idea was to build his temple over the old church of San Francesca without destroying the old church. It is thus that the pointed arch of the thirteenth century comes to be retained in the interior.



CASTLE OF THE MALATESTAS



TOMB OF ISOTTA IN THE CATHEDRAL

For the lower part of the façade Alberti borrowed his design from the arch of Augustus, which still stands in Rimini where the Flaminian Way used to end.

Nowhere over this extraordinary edifice, reared professedly to the glory of God, but in reality reared to the glory of the Malatestas, is there a sign that it is a house of the God of the Christians. Everywhere it is marked by the characteristics of that pagan sentiment which seems oddly to have moved its founder. In place of the emblems of Christianity there are in all directions the cipher of Sigismondo's mistress intertwined with his own, mythological allegories representing the perfections and talents of this same Isotta, and the sarcophagi of certain forgotten personages, which Sigismondo intended to be the nucleus of a pantheon in which the most illustrious corpses of Italy would repose in a circle around himself. St. Michael crushing the dragon wears the face of Isotta under his helmet on one bas-relief; on another Sigismondo himself appears in a triumphal car

as a pagan divinity; the goddess Diana leads her train over the altar of a chapel of the Holy Sacrament; while the signs of the zodiac, the Seven Planets and their divinities, and Force, Prudence, Science, Music, Astronomy, and even Grammar, are allegorically represented, Sigismondo having composed a poem in early life in honor of Isotta, in which he invoked all the heathen gods and goddesses, the planets, the zodiac, the heroes of antiquity, all living things, down to the very beasts of the field, to plead his cause and win her to yield to his passion, and desiring thus to perpetuate in marble and terra cotta the prevailing sentiment of that poem.

Notwithstanding their oddity and their occasional gross want of feeling, many of these bas-reliefs are exquisitely executed. Some are believed to be from the hand of Donatello himself. They are cut in soft stone and are relieved upon a blue ground.

The whole of one side of the temple along a now deserted street is made up of the seven large niches, which contain the sarcophagi and remains of these personages whose fame Sigismondo thus desired to perpetuate in connection with his own.

In the Chapel of the Archangel Michael, Isotta da Rimini herself is honored with an elaborate sarcophagus, the peculiarity about which, as M. Yriarte points out, is that it was erected while yet Isotta was alive, and while Sigismondo's lawful wife was also alive, and while Isotta was consequently still but Sigismondo's mistress. Of this tomb, which is a very singular one, and which is probably the work of Cuiffagni, we give a drawing.*

I shall conclude what I have to say of the "Tempio dei Malatesta" by quoting the following inscription, which appears in Greek on one of the columns of the façade—an inscription that was probably placed there by Sigismondo himself:

"SIGISMONDO PANDOLFO MALATESTA, son of Pandolfo, having come safely out of the many and great dangers that threatened him in the wars of Italy, in which he

*The reader will do well to notice in our drawing the elephant and the rose, so curiously adorning this tomb. The elephant and rose were the arms of the Malatestas—the elephant symbolizing strength and clemency; the rose, let us suppose, sweetness. On one of the estates of Malatesta were found the fossil bones of some of Hannibal's elephants, and to this circumstance is probably due these strange armorial bearings.

took part with equal valor and success, made a vow, amidst these conflicts, to erect a temple to Almighty God, in the city of Rimini. He built it with generous munificence, and left behind him a renowned and holy memory."

Among the curious creations that Sigismondo's eccentric vanity and love of antiquity prompted him to raise, is a monument in the piazza called after Julius Cæsar, intended to commemorate the Roman emperor's crossing of the Rubicon; for it was at Rimini that Cæsar, after this event, harangued his troops before marching on Rome. This monument was adorned with the inscription—

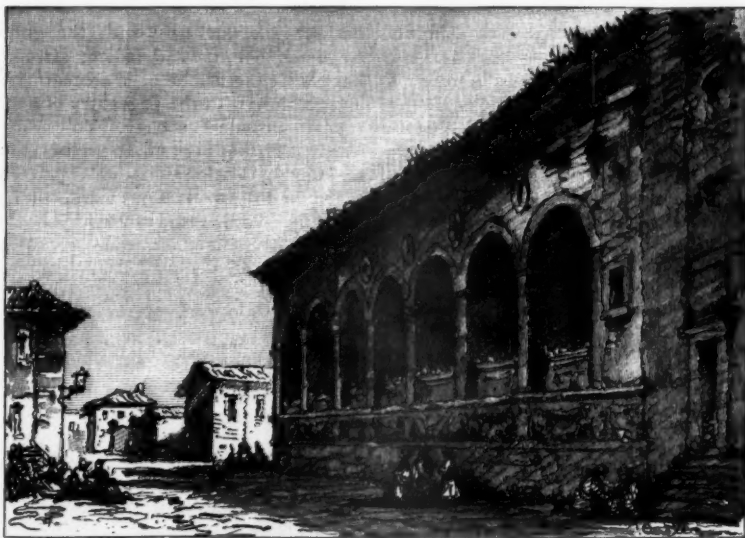
"C. CÆSAR, DICT. RUBICONE SUPERATO CIVILI BEL. COM-
MIT. SUOS HIC IN FORO AR. ADLOCUT."

I wish I had by me that supposed portrait of Isotta, by Piero della Francesca, which is in the thirteenth room of the National Gallery, in London. Not that I believe any more than M. Yriarte does, that it is an authentic portrait, for it is too sinister and unlovely, the portrait of a woman without heart or taste, of a woman altogether unlike the character that M. Yriarte's invaluable research has shown Isotta to have probably been. But, then, even a pretended portrait of such a woman has some interest. And, surely, Isotta is one of the

most remarkable women in history. To have been adored from his youth to his old age by a lover like Sigismondo Malatesta, who erects a sarcophagus and a temple to the honor of her, his mistress, before her death; to have swayed the mind and heart of this, the most truculent of the *condottieri*, as she had done—this was indeed to have been a woman *hors de ligne*.

Isotta belonged to a rich and noble family of Rimini. She was daughter of Francesco di Atti whose residence was the Palazzo del Cimiero. She appears to have been a woman of extreme culture, even for that period, and to have early been noted for her literary and musical accomplishments and for her ardent love for historical and philosophical lore. To these she added a charm of manner and temper which undoubtedly fascinated all who knew her and a political tact and insight in whose infallibility Sigismondo Malatesta held an abiding faith.

Fancy, now, Sigismondo Malatesta writing sonnets, youthful, pure love-sick sonnets, to this woman. The tender Sigismondo is accused, with good reason, of having poisoned his first wife, Ginevra d'Este, daughter of the Marquis of Ferrara and the



TEMPLE OF THE MALATESTAS OR CATHEDRAL OF RIMINI

unfortunate Parisina, to whom he was married at the age of seventeen and who died when he was nineteen. His second wife, Policena Sforza, daughter of the Duke of Milan, he is charged with having strangled. It was soon after his first marriage that he is said to have fallen in love with Isotta. At first, and for some years, the sonnets that, following the fashion of Petrarch, he addressed to her, appealed to an unresponsive heart. But at length Isotta yielded, to the great indignation of her family, and was proclaimed and acknowledged as the mistress of the Prince of Rimini in 1446, Policena, Sigismondo's wife being then living. She was paid every compliment that flattery could devise. Medals were struck in her honor and her praises were celebrated throughout Italy by the poets and chroniclers. She seems to have cherished one object steadfastly—to be lawfully married to Sigismondo after the death of his wife. This wish was gratified; and when allowance is made for the manners, morals and climate of the country and the period in which those events took place, Isotta, whether as the wife of Sigismondo or the mother of his children, seems to have merited the strange devotion he consistently manifested towards her. When Sigismondo went to the Morea to fight the Turks he left Isotta the Regency of Rimini; and when he died before her, he left to her the guardianship of his heirs (who were his children by her) and the task of completing the Temple of Rimini, both of which trusts M. Yriarte says she discharged with rare ability and energy while she lived.

The end of the career of the house of Malatesta has a sort of poetical fitness about it. On the death of Sigismondo, in 1468, the inevitable dissensions arose among his three

families of children. Roberto il Magnifico, his only legitimate son, succeeded in wresting the principality from the children of Isotta. He caused two of his half-brothers to be assassinated and finally poisoned Isotta herself. On Roberto the Magnificent's death, in 1482, he was succeeded by his son Pandolfo, a child of seven years of age. Before this child grew to full manhood the armies of France swept over Italy, and Cæsar Borgia, at the head of the French and Spanish troops, invaded the cities of the Romagna. Young Pandolfo fled to the Venetians for protection, to whom he ceded his territories, or what Borgia left of them, in exchange for an estate near Padua. Pope Julius II. succeeded in wresting back the state from Venice. But a Malatesta sat upon its throne no more. Pandolfo, the last ruler of the race, of a dynasty that had lasted 250 years, after failing in a vain attempt to regain his principality, was reduced in the end literally to beg his bread from the reigning duke. To Rome he fled, having had to borrow a doublet, on his way, from his kinsman the Duke of Milan, and in Rome he died in 1583, where Pope Julius II. ordered him a handsome funeral.

What a contrast between the Rimini of those days and the Rimini of to-day! Then—bustle, excitement; streets thronged with busy crowds, and gay with the gorgeous costumes of lords and ladies; streets brilliant with the armor of mercenary troops, and dazzling with the pageantry of a chivalrous if turbulent society. To-day—a few sleepy lazzaroni bask on their backs in the gateway of Carlo Malatesta's palace and Sigismondo's preposterous mausoleum gapes vacantly on a deserted street.

ALFRED ASHTON.

AFTERGLOW.

'Twas a blossom low in the grass,
Under a low'ring, cloud-cast sky,
But a rift in the cloud let the sunlight pass
And it fell on the blossom so small and shy,
Turning it all to a blaze of gold.
Then gloomy and heavy the clouds drift by,
Till over the sun-lighted rift they've rolled,
And o'erhead there is naught but a leaden mass;
Yet still shines the sun from the happy eye
Of the blossom low in the grass.

WILLIAM HOWARD CARPENTER.

THE SEVEN CONVERSATIONS OF DEAR JONES AND BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER.

I.

THE FIRST CONVERSATION.

TUESDAY, February 14, 1882.

THE band was invisible, but, unfortunately, not inaudible. It was in the butler's pantry, playing Waldteufel's latest waltz, "Süssen Veilchen." The English butler, who resented the intrusion of the German leader, was introducing an *obligato* unforeseen by the composer. This was the second of Mrs. Martin's charming Tuesdays in February. Mrs. Martin herself, fondly and familiarly known as the "Duchess of Washington Square," stopped a young man as he was making a desperate rush for his overcoat, then reposing under three strata of late comers' outer garments in the second-floor back, and said to him:

"O Dear Jones"—the Duchess always called him Dear Jones—"I want to introduce you to Baby Van Renssellaer—Phyllis Van Renssellaer, you know—they always called her Baby Van Renssellaer, though I'm sure I don't know why—Phyllis is such a lovely name—don't you think so?—and your grandfathers were such friends." [Dear Jones executed an *ex post facto* condemnation upon his ancestor and hers.] "You

know Major Van Renssellaer was your grandfather's partner until that unfortunate affair of the embezzlement—O Baby, dear—there you are, are you? I was wondering where you were all this time. This is Mr. Jones, dear, one of your grandfather's most intimate friends.—Oh, I don't mean that, of course—you know what I mean—and I do so want you two to know each other."

DEAR JONES: What in the name of the Prophet does the Duchess mean by introducing me to More Girls?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: I do wish the Duchess wouldn't insist on tiring me out with slim young men; I never can tell one from the other.

These remarks were not uttered. They remained in the privacy of the inner consciousness. What they really said was:

DEAR JONES [*inarticulately*]: Miss Van Renssellaer. . . .

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*inattentively*]: Yes, it is rather warm. . . .

And they drifted apart in the crowd.

II.

THE SECOND CONVERSATION.

THURSDAY, April 13, 1882.

Of course, Dear Jones was the last to arrive of the favored children of the world who had been invited to dine at Judge Gillespie's to meet "The Lord Bishop of Barset," just imported from England per steamer "Servia." In the hall, the butler, whose appearance was even more dignified and clerical than the Bishop's, handed Dear Jones a sealed communication.

DEAR JONES [*examining the contents*]: Who in Heligoland is Miss Van Renssellaer?

As Dear Jones entered, Mrs. Sutton—the

Judge's daughter, you know—married Charley Sutton, who came from San Francisco—Mrs. Sutton gave a little sigh of relief, nodded to the butler, and said in perfunctory answer to the apologies Dear Jones had not made: "Oh, no; you're not a bit late—we haven't been waiting for you at all—the Bishop has only just come"—(confidentially in his ear) "I've given you a charming girl. [Dear Jones shuddered: he knew what that generally meant.] "You know Baby Van Renssellaer? Of course—there she is—now, go—and do be bright and clever." And after thus handicapping an inoffensive young man, she took the Bish-

op's arm in the middle of his anteprendial anecdote.

DEAR JONES [*marching to his fate*]: It's the Duchess's girl again, by Jove! It's lucky Uncle Larry is going to take me off at ten sharp.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Why, it's *that* Mr. Jones!

These remarks were not uttered. They remained in the privacy of the inner consciousness. What they really said was:

DEAR JONES [*with audacious hypocrisy*]: Of course, *you* don't remember me, Miss Van Renssellaer. . . .

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*trumping his card unabashed*]: I really don't quite. . . .

DEAR JONES [*offering his arm*]: Er . . . don't you remember the Duch—Mrs. Martin's—that hideously rainy afternoon, just before Lent?

Here there was a gap in the conversation as the procession took up its line of march, and moved through a narrow passage into the dining-room.

DEAR JONES [*making a brave dash at the "bright and clever"*]: Well, in my house, the door into the dining-room shall be eighteen feet wide.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*literal, stern and cold*]: Are you building a house, Mr. Jones?

DEAR JONES [*calmly*]: I am at present, Miss Van Renssellaer, building—let me see—four—five—seven houses.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*coldly and suspecting flippancy*]: Ah, indeed—are you a billionaire?

DEAR JONES: No; I'm an architect.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*in confusion*]: Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon—

DEAR JONES: You needn't. I shouldn't be at all ashamed to be a billionaire.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Oh, of course not—I didn't mean *that*—

DEAR JONES [*unguardedly*]: Well, if it comes to that; I'm not ashamed of my architecture either.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*calmly*]: Indeed? I have never seen any of it.

DEAR JONES: You sit here, I think. This is your card with the little lady in the powdered wig—a cherubic Madame de Staël!

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: And this is

yours with a cupid in a basket—a nineteenth century Moses!

DEAR JONES [*taking his seat beside her*]: Talking about dinner cards—and billionaires, you heard of that dinner old Creasers gave to fifty-two of his friends of the new dispensation. I believe there *was* one poor fellow there whose wife had only half a peck of diamonds. He assembled his hordes in the picture-gallery, as the dining-room wasn't large enough—you see, I didn't build *his* house. And to carry out the novelty of the thing, his dinner cards were—

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Playing-cards?

DEAR JONES: Just so—but they were painted, "hand-painted" on satin.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: And what did he take for himself—the king of diamonds?

DEAR JONES: For the only time in his life he forgot himself—and he had to put up with the Joker.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: What sort of people were there?

DEAR JONES: Very good sort, indeed. There was a M. Meissonnier and M. Gérôme and a M. Corot—besides the man who sold them to him.

Everybody knows how a conversation runs on at dinner, when it does run on. On this occasion it ran on for seventy minutes and six courses. Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer discussed the usual topics and the usual bill-of-fare. Then, as the butler served the *bombe glacée à la Demidoff*—

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Oh, I'm so glad you liked her. We were at school together, you know, and she was with us when we went up the Saguenay last August.

DEAR JONES: Why, I went up the Saguenay last August.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*earnestly*]: And we didn't meet? How miserably absurd!

DEAR JONES: I'll tell you whom I did meet—your father's partner, Mr. Hitchcock. He had his daughter with him, too—a very bright girl. You know her, of course.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*coldly*]: I have heard she is quite clever. [A pause.] The Hitchcocks—I believe—go more in the—

New England set. I have met her brother, though—Mr. Mather Hitchcock. . . .

DEAR JONES: Mat Hitchcock! that little cad?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Is he a little cad? I thought he was rather—bright.

After this, conversation was desultory; and soon the male guests were left to their untrammelled selves, tobacco and the Bishop. At eleven minutes past ten, in the vestibule of Judge Gillespie's house, a young man and a man not so young were buttoning their overcoats and lighting their cigarettes. In the parlor behind them a

soft contralto voice was lingering on the rich, deep notes of "Der Asra," the sweetest song of Jewish inspiration, the song of Heine and of Rubinstein. They paused a moment as the voice died away in

"Und mein Stamm sind jene Asra,
Welche sterben wenn sie lieben!"

The man not so young said: "Well, come along. What are you waiting for?"

DEAR JONES: What the devil are you in such a hurry for, Uncle Larry? It looked abominably rude to leave those people in that way!"

III.

THE THIRD CONVERSATION.

TUESDAY, May 30, 1882.

As the first band of the Decoration-day procession struck up "Marching through Georgia" and marched past Uncle Larry's house, a cheerfully expectant party filed out of the parlor windows upon the broad stone balcony, draped with the flag which had floated over the building for the four long years the day commemorated. Uncle Larry had secured the Duchess to matronize the annual gathering of young friends, the final friendly meeting before the flight out of town; and many of those who accepted him as the universal uncle had accepted also this invitation. Dear Jones and Baby Van Renssellaer were seated in the corner of the balcony that caught the southern sun, Baby Van Renssellaer, in Uncle Larry's own study chair, while Dear Jones was comfortably and gracefully perched on the broad brown-stone railing of the balcony.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Now, *doesn't* that music make your heart leap?

DEAR JONES: M'—yes.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: You know I haven't the least bit of sympathy with that affected talk about not being moved by these things, and thinking it vulgar and all that. I'm proud to say I love my country, and I do love to see my country's soldiers. Don't you?

DEAR JONES: M'—yes.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Of course, I can't really remember anything about the war, but I try to pretend to myself that I do remember when I was held up at the

window to see the troops marching back from the grand review at Washington. (*Rather more softly.*) Mamma told me about it often before she died. And "Marching through Georgia" always makes the tears come into my eyes; don't it yours?

DEAR JONES: M'—yes.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: "Yes!" How queerly you say that!

DEAR JONES (*grimly*): I'm rather more inclined to cry when the band makes

"Stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with 'Dixie.'"

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER (*coldly*): I'm afraid, Mr. Jones, I do not understand you. And you appear to have a very peculiar feeling about these things.

DEAR JONES [*rather absently*]: Well, yes, it is rather a matter of feeling with me. Weak, I suppose—but the fact is, Miss Van Renssellaer, it just breaks me up to see all this. You know, the war hit me pretty hard. I lost my brother in hospital after Seven Pines—and then I lost my father, the best friend I ever had, at Gettysburg, on the hill, you know, when he was leading his regiment, and his men couldn't make him stay back. So, you see, I wouldn't have come here at all to-day if—if—

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Oh, Mr. Jones. I'm *so* sorry.

DEAR JONES [*surprised*]: Sorry! Why?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: I didn't quite understand you—but I do now. Why,

you're taking off your hat. What is it? Oh, the battle-flags!

DEAR JONES: My father's regiment.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*to herself*]: I wonder if that is the regiment I saw coming back from Washington?

IV.

THE FOURTH CONVERSATION.

TUESDAY, August 22, 1882.

The train rattled hotly along on its sultry journey from one end of Long Island to the other, a journey the half of which it had nearly accomplished with much fuss and fret. Leaving his impediments of travel in the smoker, Dear Jones entered the forward end of the parlor car in search of an uncontaminated glass of water. As he set down the glass he glanced along the car, and his manner changed at once. He opened the door for an instant and threw on the down track his half-smoked cigarette; and then, smiling pleasantly, he walked firmly down the car, past a rustic bridal couple, and took a vacant seat just in front of Baby Van Renssellaer.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Why, Mr. Jones!

DEAR JONES: Why, Miss Van Renssellaer!

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Who would have thought of seeing you here in this hot weather?

DEAR JONES: Can I have this seat or is it that I *mané* at the *convenances*—as the French say?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: It's Uncle Larry's chair—he's gone back to talk to one of his vestrymen—he's taking me to Shelter Island.

DEAR JONES: Shelter Island! How long are you going to stay there?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: And where are you going?

DEAR JONES: I'm going to Sag Harbor to build a house for one of my billionaires.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Sag Harbor? What an extraordinary place for a house.

DEAR JONES: Oh, that's nothing. Last year I had to build a house up in Chemung county.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Chemung?

DEAR JONES [*spelling it*]: C-h-e-m-u-n-g'—accent on the mung. You probably call it Cheémung, but it is really Sh'mung.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Where is it? and how do you get there?

DEAR JONES: By the *Chemung de fer*, of course.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Oh, Mr. Jones!

DEAR JONES: You see my mind is relaxed by the effort to build a house on the model of the one occupied by the old woman who lived in a shoe—and that variety of early English architecture is very wearing on the taste. What sort of a house is it you are going to at Shelter Island? And how long are you going to stay there?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Oh, it's a stupid, old-fashioned place [*pause*]. Do you think that bride is pretty? I have been watching them ever since we left New York. They have been to town on their wedding-trip.

DEAR JONES: She is ratherish pretty. And he's a shrewd fellow and likely to get on. I shouldn't wonder if he was the chief wire-puller of his "deestrick."

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: A village Hampden?

DEAR JONES: Some day he'll withstand the little tyrant of the fields and lead a revolt against the garden-sass monopoly, and so sail into the legislature. I fear the bride is destined to ruin her digestion in an Albany boarding-house, while the groom gives his days and nights to affairs of state.

Here the train slackened its speed as it approached a small station from which shrill notes of music arose.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Look! the bride is going to leave us.

DEAR JONES: He lives here, and the local fife-and-drum corps have come to welcome him home. Dinna ye hear that strident—"Hail to the Chief," they have just executed?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: How proudly she looks up at him! I think the band ought to play something for her—but they are men, and they'll never think of it.

DEAR JONES: You cannot expect much tact from two fifes and a bass drum, but unless my ears deceive me they have greet-

ed the bride with a well-meant attempt at
"Home, Sweet Home."

BABY VAN RENSELLAER:

"And each responsive soul has heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply 'Home, Sweet Home' has stirred
The hidden founts of feeling."

DEAR JONES [*surprised*]: Why—how did
you know that poem?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: Oh, I heard
somebody quote it last Decoration day—I
don't know who—it struck me as very
pretty and I looked it up.

DEAR JONES [*pleased*]: Oh, I remember.
It has always been a favorite of mine.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER [*coldly*]: In-
deed?

DEAR JONES [*as the train starts again*]:
Bride and groom, fife and drum, fade away
from sight and hearing. I wonder if we
shall ever think of them again?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: I shall, I'm
sure. She was so pretty. And, besides,
the music was lively. I shan't have any-
thing half as amusing as that at Shelter
Island.

DEAR JONES: Don't you like it, then?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: Oh, dear, no!
I shall be glad to get away to my aunt's
place at Watch Hill. It's very poky indeed
at Shelter Island (*sighs*). And to think that
I shall have to spend just two weeks of
primness and propriety there.

DEAR JONES: Just two weeks? Ah!

V.

THE FIFTH CONVERSATION.

TUESDAY, September 5, 1882. (Afternoon.)

Although it is difficult to tell the length
from the breadth of the small steamer that
plies between Sag Harbor and New Lon-
don, it is safe to assume that it was the bow
that was pointing away from the Shelter
Island dock as Baby Van Rensselaer step-
ped out of the cabin and Dear Jones walked
up to her, lifting his hat with an expression
of surprise on his face that might have been
better, considering that he had rehearsed it
a number of times since he left Sag Harbor.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: Why, Mr.
Jones!

DEAR JONES [*forgetting his lines, and im-
provising*]: How—how—odd we should
meet again just here. Funny, isn't it?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: It is exceed-
ingly humorous.

DEAR JONES: I did not tell you, did
I—when I saw you on the train, you
know—that I had to go to New London,
after I'd finished my work at Sag Harbor?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER [*unconpromis-
ingly*]: I don't think you said anything
about New London at all.

DEAR JONES: I probably said the Pequot
House. It's the same thing, you know. I
have to go to New London to inspect the
Race Rock lighthouse—you've heard of
the famous lighthouse at Race Rock, of
course?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: I don't think
its fame has reached me.

DEAR JONES: It's a very curious struc-
ture, indeed. And, the fact is, one of my—
my billionaires—wants a lighthouse. He
has an extraordinary notion of building
a lighthouse near his place on the sea-
shore—a lighthouse of his own. Odd idea,
isn't it?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: It is a very
odd proceeding altogether, I should say.

DEAR JONES: I suppose you mean that I
am a very odd proceeding. Well, I will
confess, and throw myself on your mercy.
I *did* hope to meet you—and the Duch-
Mrs. Martin. After two weeks of the so-
ciety of billionaires, I think I'm excusa-
ble. . . . [*A painful pause.*] And I *had*
to go to Race Rock; so I got off a day ear-
lier than I had meant to, by cutting one
of the turrets out of my original plan—he
didn't mind—there are eleven left—and—
and—will you forgive me?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: Really, I have
nothing to forgive, Mr. Jones. I've no
doubt my aunt will be very glad to see you.

DEAR JONES: Ah—how *is* Mrs. Martin?

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: She is in the
cabin. She is quite well at present; but she
is always very nervous about sea-sickness,
and she prefers to lie down. I must go in
and sit with her.

DEAR JONES [*quickly*]: Indeed—I didn't
know Mrs. Martin suffered from sea-sick-
ness. She's crossed the ocean so many
times, you know. How many is it?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Six, I think.

DEAR JONES: No; eight, isn't it? I'm almost sure it's eight.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Very possibly. But she is a great sufferer. I must go and see how she is.

DEAR JONES: Yes, we'll go. I want to see Mrs. Martin. One of the disadvantages of the summer season is that one can't see the Duchess at regular intervals to exchange gossip.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Well, if you have any confidential gossip for the Duchess, I will wait here until you come out. I want to get all the fresh air possible, if I have to sit in the cabin for the rest of the trip.

DEAR JONES [*asserting himself*]: Very well. I have the contents of four letters from Newport to pour into the Duchess's ear. You know I was staying at the Hitchcocks' for a fortnight, before I went to Sag Harbor.

He went into the stuffy little cabin, where the Duchess was lying on a bench, in a wilderness of shawls. Baby Van Renssellaer waited a good half-hour, but heard no sound of returning footsteps from that gloomy cave. Finally she went in to investigate, and was told by the Duchess that "Dear Jones has gone after, or whatever you call it, to smoke a cigar." Baby Van Renssellaer made up her mind that under those circumstances she would go forward and read her book. She also made up her mind that Mr. Jones was extremely rude. His rudeness, she found, as she sat reading at the bow of the boat, really spoiled her book. She knew that she ought not to let such little things annoy her; but then, it was a very stupid chapter, and the fresh sea-breeze blew the pages back and forward, and her veil would not stay over her hair, and she always had hated traveling, and it was so disagreeable to have people behave in that way—especially people—well, any people. Just here she turned her head, and saw Dear Jones advancing from the cabin with a bright and smiling face.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*about to rise*]: My aunt wants me, I suppose.

DEAR JONES: Not at all—not in the least—at present. I just came through the cabin—on tiptoe—and she was fast asleep. In

fact, not to speak it profanely, she was—she was audible.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Oh!

DEAR JONES: I'm glad to see you're getting the benefit of the fresh air.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: I was afraid of waking my aunt with the rustling of the leaves of my book, so I came out here.

DEAR JONES: I'm glad you did. It would be a shame for you to have to sit in that close cabin. That's the reason I didn't come back to you when I left Mrs. Martin. I played a pious fraud on you for the benefit of your health.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: You were very considerate.

DEAR JONES [*enthusiastically*]: Oh, not at all.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*calmly*]: And if you'll excuse me, I'll finish my book. I can't read in the cabin.

Baby Van Renssellaer resumed her reading and found the book improved a little. After a while she looked up and saw Dear Jones sitting on the rail, meekly twirling his thumbs.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*after an effort at silence*]: Don't be so ridiculously absurd. What are you doing there?

DEAR JONES: I'm waiting to be spoken to.

Baby Van Renssellaer smiled. The boat had just swung out of the jaws of the bay. Overhead was the full glory of a sky which made one believe that there never was such a thing as a cloud. And they sped along over the sea of water in a sea of light. Just then there came from the depths under the cabin the rise and fall of a measured, mocking melody, high and clear as the notes of a lark.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Why, that must be a bird whistling—only birds don't whistle "Amaryllis."

DEAR JONES: Tisn't a bird—it's an engineer.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: An engineer?

DEAR JONES: A grimy engineer. Quite a pathetic story, too. Some of the Sag Harbor people took him up as a boy. He had a wonderful ear and an extraordinary tenor voice. They were going to make a Mario of him. They paid for his education in

New York and then sent him over to Paris to the Conservatoire to be finished off. And he hadn't been there six weeks before he caught the regular Paris pleurisy—it's an *article de Paris*, you know—and lost his voice utterly and hopelessly.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: Oh!

DEAR JONES: And so he had to come back and engineer for his living.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: How very sad. Now I can scarcely bear to hear him whistle.

DEAR JONES [*to himself*]: Well, I didn't mean to produce that effect. [*To her.*] Oh, he doesn't mind it a bit. Hear him now.

The engineer was executing a series of brilliant variations on the "Air du Roi Louis XIII.," melting by ingenious gradations into "The Babies on our Block."

DEAR JONES [*hastily*]: Race Rock lies over that way. You can't see it yet—but you will after a while.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: Oh, then there is a Race Rock?

DEAR JONES: Why, certainly. . . .

With this starter, it may readily be understood that a man of Dear Jones's fecundity of intellect and fine imaginative powers was able to fill the greater part of the afternoon with fluent conversation. Two or three times Baby Van Rensselaer made futile attempts to go into the cabin to see how the Duchess was sleeping; but as many times she forgot her errand. There was a fair breeze blowing from the north-east, but the sea was smooth, and the little boat scarcely rocked on the long, low waves. It was getting toward four o'clock when there was a sudden stoppage of machinery, as well as of the engineer's whistling. Baby Van Rensselaer sent Dear Jones back to inquire into the cause, for they were alone

on the broad sea, with only a tantalizing glimpse of New London harbor stretching out welcoming arms of green, with the Groton monument stuck like a huge clothes-pin on the left arm. Dear Jones came back, trying hard to look decently perturbed and gloomy, but with a barbarian joy lighting up his bronzed features.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: What is it?

DEAR JONES: The machinery is on a dead centre. And the whistling engineer says that he'll have to wait until he can get into port and hitch a horse to the crank to start her off again.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: But how are we to get into port?

DEAR JONES: The whistling engineer further says that we are now drifting toward Watch Hill.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: That's just where we want to go.

DEAR JONES: Yes. [*An unholy toot from the steam-whistle.*] And there he is signaling that yacht to take us off!

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: I must go to my aunt now.

DEAR JONES: Why—there's no hurry.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: No, but she'll be so frightened—she'll think it's going to blow up or something.

Baby Van Rensselaer disappeared in the depths of the cabin. Dear Jones disconsolately walked the deck in solitary silence for five minutes. When Baby Van Rensselaer reappeared, his spirits rose.

BABY VAN RENSELLAER: My aunt is afraid you may have difficulty in reaching New London to-night. She wants me to ask you if you won't stay over-night at her place at Watch Hill?

DEAR JONES: Won't I? Well, I will—have much pleasure in accepting your aunt's invitation.

VI.

THE SIXTH CONVERSATION.

TUESDAY, September 5, 1882. (Evening.)

A row of Japanese lanterns shed a Cathayan light along the little path leading from the Duchess's house on a rocky promontory to the little beach which nestled under its shoulder. The moon softly and judiciously lit up the baby breakers which

in Long Island Sound imitate the surf of the outer sea. It threw eerie shadows behind the bath-houses and fell with gentle radiance upon two dripping but shapely figures emerging from the water, where the other bathers were unwisely lingering.

DEAR JONES: I think this is simply de-

lightful. I really never got the perfect enjoyment of an evening swim before.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: I am glad you enjoyed it.

DEAR JONES: There is something so charming in this aristocratic seclusion, with the shouts and laughter of the vulgar herd just far enough off to be picturesque—if you can call a noise picturesque.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*coldly*]: I think this beach might be a little more private—it's shared in common by these three cottages.

DEAR JONES: But they seem to be very nice people here. And they all swim so well, it quite puts me on my mettle. You are really a splendid swimmer, do you know it? And that girl I towed out to the buoy, who is she?

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER [*explosively*]: Mr. Jones, this is positively insulting!

DEAR JONES: Wh—what—wh—why? I don't understand you.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: To pretend that you don't know that Hitchcock woman!

DEAR JONES [*innocently*]: Was that Miss Hitchcock? I didn't recognize her.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: If this is your idea of humor, Mr. Jones, it is simply offensive!

DEAR JONES: But, upon my soul, I didn't know the girl—nor she me!

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: You didn't know her? After you have been staying two weeks at her house at Newport?

DEAR JONES [*with something like dignity*]: I was staying at her father's house, Miss Van Renssellaer, and Miss Hitchcock was away on a visit.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Up the Saguenay, perhaps?

DEAR JONES: Very likely. Miss Hitchcock may have left a large part of the Saguenay unexplored for all I know. I was introduced to her party only half an hour before we got off the boat at Quebec.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Long enough, however, to discover that she was "bright."

DEAR JONES: Quite long enough, Miss Van Renssellaer. One may find out a great deal of another's character in half-an-hour.

There was a pause, which was filled by the strains of a Virginia reel, coming from one of the cottages high up on the bank, where an impromptu dance was just begun. The moonlight fell on Baby Van Renssellaer's little white teeth, set firmly between her parted lips. The pause was broken.

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: If you propose to descend to brutality of this sort, Mr. Jones, I think we need prolong neither the conversation—nor the acquaintance.

DEAR JONES [*honestly*]: No—you can't mean that—Miss Van Renssellaer—Baby—

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: What, sir! Your familiarity is—I can't stand familiarity from you! [*She clenches her little hands.*]

DEAR JONES: You have no right to treat me like this! If I am familiar it is because I love you—and you know it!

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: This is the first I have heard of it, sir. I trust it will be the last. Will you kindly permit me to pass, or must I—

DEAR JONES: You may go where you wish, Miss Van Renssellaer— No, come, this is ridiculous—

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Is it?

DEAR JONES: I mean it is foolish. Don't let us—

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: Don't let us see each other again!

VII.

THE SEVENTH CONVERSATION.

THURSDAY, February 14, 1884.

As the soft, low notes of the wedding-march from "Lohengrin" fell gently from the organ-loft over the entrance of Grace Church, the quartet of able-bodied ushers passed up the centre aisle and parted the white ribbons—a silken barrier, which they had gallantly defended for an hour in

a vain effort to keep the common herd of acquaintance separate from the chosen many of the family. Behind them came two pretty little girls, strewing the aisle with white flowers from their aprons. The four bridesmaids, two abreast passed up the aisle after the little girls, proud in their reflected glory. Then came the bride, lean-

ing on Judge Gillespie's arm and radiant with youth and beauty and happiness. As the procession drew near the chancel-rail, the groom came from the vestry and advanced to meet her, accompanied by his best man, Uncle Larry, who relieved him of his hat and overcoat, the which he would dextrously return to him, when the happy couple should leave the church man and wife. And in due time the Bishop asked, "Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded wife?"

DEAR JONES: I will.

The Bishop asked again, "Wilt thou have this Man to thy wedded husband?"

BABY VAN RENSSSELLAER: I will.

As they knelt at the chancel-rail, the sun, which had been theretofore all day playing hide and seek, came out and fell through the window, and the stained glass sifted down on them the mingled hues of hope and of faith and love; and the Bishop blessed them.

BRANDER MATTHEWS AND H. C. BUNNER.

CHILDREN IN FICTION.

IT seems strange to me that the infrequency of childish figures in the long gallery of English fiction should not have been more often noticed. English novelists are supposed to give, more fully and truthfully than any others, a written picture of the life about them, at least in its most obvious phases. And in England domestic life of the quieter and more intimate type—the life of the family circle as distinguished from the life of the *salon*—is supposed to have found its highest development and to have become most nationally characteristic. How is it, then, that childhood is almost entirely ignored in the pages of English novelists, that in their tales of the home life of men and women childish figures fill so small a space and childish influences play so small a part?

If the reader will run over—with this thought perhaps for the first time in his mind—the list of representative English writers, he will, I think, be surprised by what he finds. We have produced, it is true, within the last few decades, an immense crop, quite unparalleled in other lands, of books which are written for children, and these, of course, are written *about* children. But it is not of these I speak, nor of such frequent half-way productions—like the novels of Miss Yonge, for example, or like many of Mrs. Craik's—which are meant, if not for children at least for adolescents. I speak of such works as are addressed to men and women, and especially of those which have won by their power and beauty a right to be classed as part of the literature of the nation—of those which may

be considered representative exponents of the tendencies of English fiction in its highest forms. Strange as the idea may seem when first presented, it is nevertheless true that in these books the portrayal of childhood holds a far less prominent and important place than it does in the works of French romancers—of those whom we are apt to stigmatize as being distinctly non-domestic, if not essentially worldly, corrupt, or morbid in their tendencies.

To our very earliest novelists—to such men as Fielding and Sterne and Smollett—we should hardly look for childish portraits. The domestic novel was not their line, and their scheme and aim might be expected to exclude such figures. But the tamer Richardson confines himself equally, so far as I remember, to adult figures; and so it is with Miss Austin, the true parent of the English domestic tale. The quietest scenes, the most trivial and intimate interests and adventures and sentiments of the most retired interiors, were her stock-in-trade. And her observation was so delicate, her sense of humor so keen, her heart so simple, and her touch so gentle that we feel she might have given us charming children's portraits—figures to rank with those that a Reynolds or a Gainsborough have left on canvas. But looking back over the list of her novels I do not find that a single child suggests itself to memory. Nor of Walter Scott have we a different tale to tell. Miss Edgeworth paints children enough, but most of them in such books as are intended for childish or for unformed youthful readers.

When we come down to more recent days

and examine the works of the three great masters of their art—of Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot—the case is somewhat altered. Thackeray has given us, among others, such important little figures as Denis Duval and Henry Esmond and his playmates; and George Eliot has drawn in Maggie Tulliver a quite incomparable portrait—the finest study of a child's heart and life that has ever been shown the world, flanked by the almost equally perfect pictures of Tom and Bob and Lucy. But all these, be it noted, are studies of children made not so much for their own sakes as for the sake of the adult characters for which childhood's happenings laid the basis. Little Maggie's figure is so vividly touched, indeed, that after the book is closed it remains more prominent in our minds than the elder Maggie into whom she grew. But such, we may believe, was hardly the novelist's intention. The elder Maggie was meant to be the true centre of our interest, and the child is so carefully portrayed chiefly that we might better comprehend the maiden. So it is with Henry Esmond and his friends; so it would have been with the little Denis had not the hand of death made this last of Thackeray's children immortal in his childhood. So it is again with Charlotte Brontë when she paints the child Jane Eyre—paints her for better explanation of the woman.

Dickens's children are innumerable, and not all of them "grow up" in his books or are studied for the sake of their later selves. But some of the most famous, like Little Nell and Paul and Smike and the Artful Dodger, are pathetic phantasms or pathological curiosities rather than true children truly painted. Others, however, are eminently natural and human, whether they be charming or repulsive. Whole families and troops of them fit into the vast mosaic of Dickens's backgrounds. He is alone in many ways, perhaps, among English novelists, but in none more conspicuously than in this. So palpable an exception is he, indeed, that his single name does not, I think, greatly invalidate the rule I am trying to explain. And even in Dickens's treatment of children there is one thing wanting to which I shall refer on another page.

Let us turn now to Trollope, who, if not a

man of genius, must yet be accepted as the most characteristic representative of the domestic tendency of English fiction. His work is as voluminous as Dickens's and his characters almost as many. His field is far narrower, of course, but it embraces the whole great middle region of domesticity where we might most confidently look for the little forms we seek. But where are Trollope's children? I remember none at this moment save only Mrs. John Bold's baby, who can hardly be called conspicuous. The curious reader of a distant century might almost be led to think, if he studied Trollope's books alone, that English girls and boys in this our time were born at about the age of seventeen. And here again, as in the case of Miss Austin, we do not feel that such a deficiency in the filling out of the domestic canvas comes from the natural limitations of the writer, but rather from a deliberate choice made, consciously or unconsciously, in accordance with the spirit of the national literature and the tastes of the reading public. Of all English writers Trollope is the one who has perceived most accurately and described most clearly the average young and innocent woman. A man who could do this so well and who did it so constantly, with such evident love and pleasure, must have understood and must have been able, had he so willed it, to paint the kindred forms of little children.

Miss Porter, Miss Ferrier, Disraeli, Bulwer, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Kingsley, Miss Edwards, the Baroness Tautphoeus, Miss Thackeray, Lever, Blackmore, Russell, Thomas Hardy—I need not do more than call this list to prove the paucity of the childish figures amid the myriad pages of our better writers, old and new. Either they do not occur at all, which is usually the case, or they are treated in a sketchy, inattentive way, which proves, more strongly almost than entire oblivion, how little the English novelist has seen the possibilities of childhood for the purposes of his art.

When we examine a lower stratum of fiction—works which can hardly be called literature, but which are important here as showing the general tendency of the school at all its levels—when we look to the class

of writers of whom Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood may stand as types, the same phenomenon presents itself. In the works of certain other women, of Miss Broughton, for example, we do find children of a certain class—hordes of riotous boys and hoydenish girls, from whose ranks the heroine scarce emerges. But we can hardly rank such books among those intended for really adult readers.

Turning to our own country we find the same lack apparent. Cooper and other early writers are not in the domestic category, it is true, but Howells and his friends and followers are surely to be placed there. Mr. James is almost the only one who has ever made a childish figure at all conspicuous, but, while we accept Daisy Miller as a truthful and even kindly portrait of a certain type of American young girl, we cannot accept her dreadful little brother as anything but a wilful caricature.

A few exceptions to the general rule remain now to be noted on each side of the Atlantic, but only as exceptions; and I can better speak of them after I have sketched as a term of comparison the rôle played by children in the French fiction of our day.

All the writers I have thus far mentioned, except Dickens, either neglect children altogether—and these form by far the greater number—or treat them, so to say, subjectively. The best of our few striking childish portraits are drawn *from the inside*—if not professedly so, as with Esmond and Duval who speak in the first person, at least actually so as with Maggie Tulliver, who is portrayed subjectively in the inmost recesses of her youthful being. Such methods may give us, with master-hands like George Eliot and Thackeray, occasional results of the greatest charm and value. But in the hands of lesser writers they would be productive of but little good; and they are not, it seems to me, the truest methods to be chosen for the introduction of childish figures into fiction. To place the centre of interest for adult readers inside a child's mind is in some sense to distort the camera, to dislocate the true values and relationships of the world in which we live. Occasional exceptions there may be, I repeat, if the workman is a Thackeray or George Eliot, but the main interest of children to grown

readers, their main value to the novelist, is as seen and studied *from the outside*, is as adjuncts to the adult life about them. Their true importance is secondary, is as influencing through the natural affections, the careers of their elders, is as motive powers in destinies wider and more developed than their own. It is thus that the childish element has been so largely introduced into French fiction.

I may take as an example Zola's "*Une Page d'Amour*," an extremely clever, charming and pathetic book written before the writer fell into the slough of Parisian foulness and too often ignored even by those who are familiar with his more famous novels. The story turns on the conflict in a young widow's heart between her love for her daughter—a nervous, sensitive, jealous little invalid—and her unlawful passion for the husband of another woman. The latter influence is less insisted upon than the former, and little Jeanne is made much more prominent than the lover. Her inmost nature is painted almost as clearly and minutely as is Maggie Tulliver's, but in another way and for quite another reason—from the outside and not the inside; and not for its own intrinsic sake but for its influence upon the actions of her mother. Besides this central figure there are other children in the book, much more sketchily but as happily defined. Zola, like many another Frenchman, seizes upon and emphasizes an aspect of childhood which English writers have entirely overlooked—upon its picturesque, quaint, humorous, fascinating aspect as a whole. He can treat children individually from the standpoint of a loving mother; but he can also treat them collectively, so to say, from the point of view of a mere general outside observer, who, without being bound up in their little destinies or desiring to penetrate their individual baby natures, yet sees and feels their class peculiarities, their collective beauty, gaiety and innocence, their immature cleverness or stupidity, the odd, unconscious way in which they imitate or reflect the passions and the actions of their elders. In this same book he gives us, besides the individual bits of childish portraiture more or less detailed in scheme, a long description of a

children's festival that has absolutely no parallel in English. We may, of course, read a hundred accounts of such occasions written for childish eyes; but here is an account of a fancy ball of gay Parisian midglets written for their elders to read, written from the standpoint of an amused and charmed spectator who is outside and above their circle, not even imaginatively within it. It is one of the most brilliant, sparkling, fantastic, yet truthful pieces of description that ever came from even a Frenchman's pen. We read it with amused delight, but also with great wonder at the author's keen perceptions; and we remember it as we remember a landscape of George Sand's or a bit of William Black's coast scenery, with the feeling that every good piece of art inspires—the feeling that it will come back to our mind, will open our eyes, and increase our enjoyment if ever we witness a similar spectacle ourselves.

If my reader will peruse this book he will see what I mean by the French treatment of children both in the unit and in the mass—on the one hand a study of character carefully made but undertaken chiefly from the outside and for the sake of its influence on the elder actors in the tale; and on the other a more superficial painting of the merely external features of childhood, used artistically and effectively as an element in the desired background. But there are innumerable other stories to which he might be pointed for similar lessons. In the novels of all Gallic writers, almost without exception, we meet these charming and important childish figures, and see them painted, now with the loving touch of tenderest personal affection—as in Droz's "*Monsieur, Madame et Bébé*," for example—now with the graceful artistic brush of a man of the world who "is fond of children" or who, at least, has an artist's eye to perceive their possibilities for the purposes of his art. The instances where similar methods of treatment have been adopted in English writing are few indeed. Dickens is, as I have said, an important exception to our usual practice. But even he never sees the picturesque side of children as the French have seen it, and rarely, if ever, draws them so that they form an attractive point of light in his motley back-

ground. Nor, when considering them as definite individualities, does he often use them as engines for the development of his adult characters. This last I must repeat, is their truest use in fiction, but we may count on our fingers the cases where English writers have so employed them. One such instance we find in Hawthorne's "*Scarlet Letter*." Little Pearl is a genuine individuality most delicately drawn and tinted, but her importance is, so to say, reflex and not primary. In a very different work, in Miss Woolson's recent tale called, "*For the Major*," we have an excellent instance of this natural treatment of a child's figure—made distinct and individual as are the children of real life, but painted entirely from the outside and important merely because of his importance to his elders upon whom our interest is fixed. The Brontës put one or two little figures into their stories in a similar artistic way, and George Eliot has more than once shown her power in this as in all directions. In Jean Ingelow's "*Don John*" we have a book which is almost entirely about children but not *for* children, and in which, in spite of their great prominence, they are studied chiefly in relation to their elders. Miss Montgomery's books—"Misunderstood" and "Thrown Together"—are charming tales of a similar description. Closely and sympathetically are her children painted, and they are considered for their little selves more than for the sake of the men and women into whom they may develop. But these books are hardly novels in the truest sense; they are vignette studies drawn for the enlightenment of the dull parental eye. It may prove how little we are accustomed to see children painted with any skill, if we remember how commonly the aim and nature of these volumes is mistaken—how commonly and foolishly they are classed with "juveniles" and given to childish readers.

Mrs. Alexander has one well painted but uninteresting little girl in "*The Frères*," and Mr. Black a whole family of most attractive children in "*The Daughter of Heth*." Ouida showed how she could paint childhood in her charming stories for the young called "*Bimbi*," and has lately proved in "*Wanda*" that she could, when tell-

ing a story of adult life, give them—of course after her own exaggerated fashion—their proper places as adjuncts to that life and influences upon its course. But these three instances are striking exceptions to the usual practice of their authors. And a still more noteworthy case is that of Mrs. Oliphant, since she must be ranked as next to Trollope, the most prolific and faithful chronicler of ordinary English domestic life. In the whole long list of her books we find scarce a child's name mentioned until we come down to "Sir Tom," one of her very recent and one of her most charming stories. Here the child is but a baby, yet how large and fortunate a part he plays, what grace and sweetness and pathos his little fortunes bring into the tale!

Perhaps a few more instances than these might be given of the judicious treatment of childhood in our fiction. But they would, I am very sure, be neither many nor important. Try, however, thus briefly to tabulate the accessory childish figures of the French romancers. The list would be inexhaustible and the varieties in result as numerous as happy. Who in England has ever painted childhood as Victor Hugo has, not only in his poems but, for example, in "93?" Who in England has ever tried to depict babyhood as Balzac shows it in the pages of his "*Histoire de Deux Jeunes Mariées*?" And who, by the way—and it is an important corollary—has ever shown us motherhood as it is shown in this same book, with such delicate, faithful, vivid analyses of its pleasures and its pains? For the two things go together—if we have no children we can have no mothers. It may seem strange at first sight (though there is, I think, a reason for all these facts, and later I shall try to point it out), but it is nevertheless true that the writers of England—a country pre-eminent, we are always told, for the strength of the family tie and the force and purity of parental affection—have neglected no theme more entirely than this primary, everlasting, dramatic, and artistically valuable subject of maternal love. To read such books as this of Balzac will be a revelation to him who has before fed only upon English novels—will make their scope, with but few exceptions, seem very limited, their authors very narrow-visioned. The

language used in it, the details described, are sometimes more direct and more physical, so to say, than would perhaps be tolerated in our more emasculated type of fiction. But they are nevertheless used with admirable taste and delicacy as well as with admirable force and truth. It is the most perfect picture of the sort of which I know in literature. Nothing ever impressed me so much with the truly Shakespearean power of insight, observation, sympathy, and imagination possessed by this great master as did these few simple letters, purporting to come from a young wife in a quiet rural home. If George Eliot had written them we should have marveled at her power—for she never was a mother. Yet they were written by a man, a Frenchman, and a bachelor! That we find companion pictures in the pages of George Sand is not so great a marvel. But they are wonderful bits of writing, none the less, and equally without parallel in our own performance.

Turn to Daudet now and we may easily select a study of maternal love and childish life very different in kind, but almost equal in impressiveness. I mean from the pages in "*Les Rois en Exil*," where he shows us the expatriated royal mother and her suffering little son. Where can we match them in our English fiction? Daudet's children are always remarkable whether they are of much importance or are as slightly touched as are the "Nabab's" two little boys—described in a dozen lines, visible but once or twice in the course of the varied narrative, yet not unimportant in the dramatic scheme and as distinctly individualized as are their elders.

These are but one or two of a thousand similar examples that might be chosen from this phase of the novelist's work in French. That the phase should be so entirely wanting in English work seems all the more remarkable, when we note the course of the sister art of painting. No artists have so loved children as the English; none have painted them so constantly, none so felicitously as have the best among them. The Italians have depicted their holy *bambinos* and radiant cherubs, the French their frolicsome cupids, Rubens his baby *bacchants*, Velasquez his formal little princes, with all the power of genius; but if we

want simple, truthful portraits of actual human children, we must turn our eyes to England. From Gainsborough and Reynolds down to Du Maurier and Leech the series is long, diversified, delightful. But where is the Sir Joshua, where even the Du Maurier of English fiction? The London street-boy, the infant of the low-class English home, we find oft repeated in the books of Dickens—but there almost alone. And the child of the country home or village parsonage, or the dainty babes of Regent's Park, we find nowhere, save in the pages of *Punch*, and very rarely in some isolated work, which does not affect the general impression made by English fiction as a whole. But the children of France, from the little peasant of La Berri to the *gamin* of the boulevard and the aristocratic *bambin* of the Tuileries garden, we find painted to the life with the utmost love, fidelity, and art between the covers of almost every Gallic novelist.

What is the reason of such a difference? For I have said that a reason may, perhaps, be found. To me it seems to exist in the difference between the Englishman's audience and the Frenchman's, this difference having in the course of time marked out for the two streams of fiction distinctly divergent channels. The French writer's patron is the man or woman of the world—the English writer's is pre-eminently the *jeune fille*. And as the readers, so are heroine and hero. French stories are largely post-nuptial, English pre-nuptial in character. The chief personages on the one hand are men and women, on the other young men and maidens. And neither the maidenly heroine nor the maidenly reader can be largely, still less can be deeply, concerned with the existence of little children. The true rôle of childish characters in fiction—their rôle as influencing, controlling, molding the wishes, acts, and characters of their elders—can only be played, when those elders bear to them the parental relationship. Little brothers and little sisters count for almost nothing in the hearts and fates of youthful lovers, but little sons and daughters count for very much in the struggles, the happinesses, or the tragedies of those who gave them birth. So we find that the few English stories in which

children's figures are made thus effective are stories which have not young maidenhood for their chief theme. Thus it is with the "Scarlet Letter," and thus at the other end of the list is it with Ouida's "Wanda;" thus it is with "For the Major," with "Silas Marner," with the "Hannah" of Mrs. Craik, with the "Sir Tom" of Mrs. Oliphant. English as are these books in essence and in treatment, they are far more French than English in conception, in the nature of their leading motives. It is curious to note in this connection that when a characteristically British novelist like Mr. Trollope gives us a picture of parental love—as in "The Way We Live Now" or "The Duke's Children"—he makes its objects to be grown and not baby children, thus, by interweaving their own stories with his fabric, gaining the indispensable attraction of the youthful love-tale.

So it is also with the superficial treatment of children *en masse*, or with their hasty sketching into the artist's background. The element thus afforded suggests itself naturally, is artistically in place, only when the main characters may be supposed to take an interest in such figures. As the heroine of Zola's "Page d'Amour" is a mother, we not only find Jeanne a natural and necessary factor, but we find the brilliant incidental picture of the children's ball playing an unforced part in the story, serving as a background to its darker episodes, and enshrining an important event in the tragedy of Jeanne and her tempted mother. To make a similar scene play so great a part in the story of a young girl's love would be an unnatural and an inartistic effort.

But, it may be asked, are the facts thus proved of much importance? Is the painting of childhood so necessary a part of the novelist's task that it is worth while to dwell upon the extent to which English writers have neglected it? Individual taste must, of course, give us one part of our answer. There may, I know, be many readers who can see no charm in living children and can find no pleasure in the graceful, picturesque, or pathetic delineation of them by French romancers, or even in such a splendid study as we have in Maggie Tulliver. Another factor in our answer will be founded, however, upon what must be generally recog-

nized as an important fact—upon the nature of the reason which I think explains our novelists' neglect of childhood. They neglect it, I repeat, because they deal so little with the deepest feelings, the most significant experiences of human life; so much with the shallower, if more superficially attractive occurrences of early youth. The present so-called analytic tendency of English fiction—a tendency especially prominent in our own country, where it has undoubtedly been provoked by the study of French examples—seems to me of the highest promise. It seems to predict, that we shall not forever concern ourselves with the love-stories of girls and boys alone, but also with the wider, deeper, more vital experiences which most often come to elder men and women. If we do this, children's figures will certainly appear more prominently in our books. They will to many eyes, I think, add a grace and charm that we have sadly missed thus far, and they will be val-

uable in any case, as marking a departure in the direction of more searching and instructive work. It is not necessary to treat maturer life just as the French have treated it most often—that is, with the same sort of feelings and temptations for the basis of our tales. But it will be well indeed if we can learn to imitate the French in searching life as thoroughly as we can, in penetrating below the mere surface of youth with its courtships and its honeymoons. Thackeray, George Eliot and Dickens are the three among English writers who have thus far tried most earnestly to do just this thing. Are they not the greatest names our school can show? And are they not the only ones in whose pages even an attempt has been made to give imaginary children's figures the importance that the figures of actual ones assume, when we study the varied drama of actual human life?

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

COQUETTE.

Light of foot and winning fair,
 Show'ry gems amid her hair,
 Through a wavering light and shade,
 By the fitful sunbeams made,
 Or through shimmering veil of rain,
 Dances down the fragrant lane,
 This bright maid, who draws each lover
 By a charm none may discover.
 Varying still from grave to gay,
 Thousand fancies in a day,
 Singing medleys with such thrill
 As the restless air must thrill,
 Wild with wanton, elfish glee,
 Sad with freakish misery,
 Now to tender tears beguiling
 Then to mirth with witchery wiling;
 First she pouts and says you grieve her,
 Next entreats you not to leave her;
 Then she lures you on to follow
 Her slight figure through the hollow,
 Up the hill-slope, o'er the stream
 Rippling soft with silvery gleam.

She will lead where willows dip
 In the wave, each redd'ning tip
 Of the branches, leafless yet
 But with furry catkins set;

THE MANHATTAN.

Lead through many a woodland way
 Greening o'er with leafy spray,
 Where, at base of stately trees,
 Cluster frail anemones
 Tossed by vernal winds in play;
 Gamesome winds whose breaths betray
 Where the pink arbutus lies,
 Timid—brave 'neath changeeful skies,
 And, the last year's leaves between,
 Woodland censer—wintergreen
 Blows its spice upon the air,
 Hangs its scarlet berries fair.

Ah! with toss of sunny head,
 Down the glade the maid has sped,
 And her flying steps to greet
 Violets wake with welcome meet,
 Opening in glad amaze
 Eyes as blue as autumn haze.

Down the valley creeps the rain,
 Still you follow, follow fain.
 Clouds are gathering thick and black,
 Hills are hid with stormy rack,
 Woodland paths are dim and gray,
 Blinding mist fills all the way,
 And your guide is lost from sight;
 Yet, in mockery of your plight,
 From afar, though soft and clear,
 Teasing laughter you may hear.

When, behold! a dazzling beam
 Streams 'twixt clouds with sudden gleam
 And above the valley's mist,
 By the sun-ray's splendor kist,
 Rises, in a yellow light,
 With unearthly radiance dight,
 Rounded hill-top—tender green
 In the strange, transfiguring sheen.
 There, in midst the mystic light,
 Smiling stands the fairy sprite.

"Ah, enchantress, hope deluding,
 Still, with wiles, pursuit eluding,
 By what name shall wistful wight
 Call thee back, thou wilful sprite?"
 List! what answer will she deign?
 "Many a wooer woos in vain,
 Call—yet call in vain you may."
 "May!" from rock and hill and valley
 Rings the light, vexatious sally!
 Only this will Echo say—
 "Call—yes, call—ah, call her—" May."

HARRIET W. FRENCH.

LEO XIII.

ONE gray morning in the June of sixty-eight years ago, a pretty blue-eyed, bright-haired girl was walking in the grounds of the Arboretum in Derby, England, in company with a middle-aged man, who was evidently her father or an elder brother. The two were standing for a moment before a bronzed *madroña*, when two soldiers came hurriedly along the avenue and gruffly ordered the two to step aside into one of the alley-aisles, "that the royal party might pass." The gentleman and lady did not need to ask the meaning of this order of the red-coated soldiers, for all England knew that the sweet Princess Charlotte was enjoying a honeymoon that all of her father's subjects were glad to see. The royal pair were in Derby that day, and at the invitation of Lord Cirencester had come to the parks to name some new shrub that his lordship had caused to be planted there. Then, as now, royalty was hedged round by its triple wall of soldiery; and as the party came by, the young girl, who leaned on the gentleman's arm, saw the Princess and her husband guarded by a band of stern men.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, as the Princess passing, smiled at some remark made by Lord Cirencester, who was at her left hand.

The Princess heard the exclamation, and her eye quickly found the fair observer. It was her turn to use the same exclamation then. The case was woman's love at first sight, and the outcome of that meeting was that a short time after the Princess had engaged Roxy Converse as a waiting-maid.

From Derby the Princess and the maid went together, and sixteen months had sunshine for the friendship of the one and the love of the other. There came in that time an insurrection in Roxy's native Derbyshire, and when she came back from the field on which her father had died, the maid was ever with her lady. There blew the winds of October, and Roxy read the newly-published Scott's "Old Mortality" to the Princess. Then came Eng-

land's bleakest November, and by the grave of the Princess there fell the tears of Roxy Converse. Other time passed. In the next year, on the marriage of the Duke of Kent with Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, Roxy was sent to the Duchess by her brother, the widower of Princess Charlotte. This service lasted four years, and in that time the Duchess became the mother of the Princess Victoria, and eight months later a widow. Maid Roxy left the Duchess to become the wife of a gentleman, who ten years later went out to Belgium in the suite of Leopold, then made first King of the Belgians. This gentleman was Gen. George St. Clair and the residence of the pair was in the Aux la Aueil, Brussels.

Those years at the Belgian capital were happy days for the St. Clairs. But that the General was not in accord with all of his sovereign's plans was Roxy's fault. The Derbyshire woman was a strict Episcopalian, and as uncompromising as the waters of her native Derwent. She felt a detestation for Roman Catholics, and was immediately out of all patience with Leopold because he sought to strengthen his position by keeping on the best terms with the Roman Catholic clergy. This was a necessary policy, but Roxy did not see it in that light. Leopold kept on his course, and then on the 9th of August, 1832, capped the climax, and disgusted Roxy, by marrying a daughter of the French king, and contracting that their children should be educated in the Catholic faith. Leopold was from that time at one with the Belgians. But a change began to grow. Others there were who thought the same as did Mrs. St. Clair, and by degrees the government came to be more and more conservative. The Catholic aristocracy were at sword's points with the liberal elements that had come to supremacy, and great excitement prevailed among the people. After ten years of rule Leopold found that all was not roseate, and in his extremity he applied to the Pope for assistance.

There was a remarkable comet in the sky

early in the year 1843, and there was something comet-like in the advent of the Pope's representative at the Belgian court in the same months. Gregory XVI. had sent there a young ecclesiastic named Joachim Pecci, tall and somewhat awkward, though able, winning, and hard-working. He held up the hands of the gouty Coburger king, and was at once honored in the hearts of the loyal ones. The liberals, headed by M. Nothomb, did not fancy this personage and his mission. In vain he strove to get a place in the hearts of the opposing class. The young Italian priest was received into society, and many who attacked his mission personally admired the man's excellences and individuality. But one who did not compromise was Mrs. St. Clair. Generals Van de Weyer and Ricsson entertained the visiting priest, but he never entered the house of the St. Clairs. With her old-time country out-speech she solemnly said to the king, "If there ever was a fool, Kendall, it is you!" But the Catholic sentiment triumphed, and Joachim Pecci became the lion of Belgium. In June, 1846, he went to Rome to attend the funeral of Pope Gregory. The new pope had a new policy, and one of its results was that the late envoy to Brussels did not return.

In June, 1846, General and Mrs. St. Clair set out on a tour of Southern Europe. In August-time they came into the States of the Church, and one Sunday tarried in Benvenuto. At evening they stood beneath the arch of Trajan, where Parian marble forms the noble *Porta Aurea*. Studying the alto-relievos that are traced in the white stone, they were suddenly surprised by a band of swarthy men who seized them, and bore them away to the *grottoni di Mappe*. They were the captives of brigands, who were at that time the terror of the surrounding country, and made their headquarters at the golden city of the *via Appia*. In the fastness they were held while demands for a ransom went to Brussels. Three weeks passed. The citizens found it profitable to be on good terms with the brigands, and did not interfere. A ransom of £1,200, that had been demanded, was expected by the 10th of September. Three days before that day the robber chiefs had gone to the hill-castle of Signor Marchesi, there to confer with other

brigands. The subject of the conference was one of importance. A new governor had been sent to the territory, and he had given out that he would rid the Apennines of the robbers. The most formidable chiefs met to plan the governor's capture. On the night of the ninth, the *gendarmerie* of the governor performed a *coup* in besieging the castle and capturing the conference. The news spread, and the band who held the St. Clairs fled with others, leaving the captives free. General St. Clair was not slow to learn the cause of his release, and he lost no time in seeking the Castle Ste. Meira, to personally thank the new governor whose praise was echoing everywhere. Arrived there, he found another visitor waiting also. Presently the governor entered, and St. Clair was surprised to recognize in him Joachim Pecci.

The other visitor, Signor Marchesi, advanced with hauteur.

"You do not know me, Signor Governor!" he said. "I am Marchesi, one of the most powerful men in the state! You besieged my castle. I am extremely angry. I am now on my way to Rome, caiff! From there I shall demand your recall, and high satisfaction!"

"You may do so," said Pecci quietly, "but you must put off your journey for three months."

"Why? What do you mean?" demanded Marchesi.

"I mean that you are in sympathy with the brigands," said Pecci. "I intend to put you in prison for ninety days, and feed you only on bread and water."

At a signal, *gendarmes* came in, and seized the noble, who was borne off to a three-months' imprisonment.

The astonished General St. Clair thanked the legate for his offices and never forgot him. In a little time the hills were cleared of brigands, Ferdinand of Naples had called the legate to receive his thanks, and the Pope had seen fit to create him Bishop of Perugia.

Thirty years passed. General St. Clair and his two sons had died previous to 1870. In 1872 the widowed lady had come to America to reside with her only daughter. Six years later the two grand-daughters of Mrs. St. Clair traveled in Europe, spending the winter in Rome.

There came a February evening. At the Palazzo Vecchina, the Signora Iva Terinoci gave a grand ball. No grander ball had been given in Rome that winter. The Eternal City is by no means noted for private fancy balls, but the most notable society event of the year is the Vecchina affair; and this year of which I write was no exception. There were ladies of Paris there; soldiers from the Quirinal; artists and art-students from Florence; the beauty of Madrid, of Vienna, of Marseilles; Englishmen and their wives from Nice, Ischia, or the Alps; American tourists; men and women of many nationalities. Lenten season was in the nearness, and wealth, beauty and gallantry were tasting and drinking of the gaiety that the Signorina Iva Terinoci was giving. The wealth and munificence of the brown-cheeked brunette of years that were far from the years of youth, gave that for which the favored holders of her missives sought.

For that ball Marian and Eloise Flint had coveted an invitation. The grand-daughters of Roxy Converse had the Derbyshire audacity in their blood, and saw nothing impossible in their covetousness. Their wild wish found words that took a place on a square of pink paper, and went to the late George Perkins Marsh, so long the representative of the United States in Italy. He had received such requests before, and did not say nay. The bits of pasteboard came, and at the ball were the two American girls in silks of blue. The Signora Iva was very gracious indeed to her English-speaking guests, for she had "traveled," and Boston, Chicago and American Indians were by-words with her. She personally presented Tomaso Crucellio to them, and Tomaso Crucellio was a bachelor with a villa, wealth and political reputation. He could talk and did talk—talked in a flowery alcove behind a semi-screen of white japonicas. But in some certain space of time an Italian politician gets dull, and the ladies found themselves seeking *divertissement* in looking at the dresses of the guests, as the Doctor disserted on a maze of subjects.

Then a movement in the ante-parlor, a hush, a constraint of gossip, and the attention of every one was attracted by the en-

trance of a gentleman in the robes of a cardinal.

"Who is the gentleman?" asked Eloise Flint.

"It is the new *camerlengo*," returned the politician. "A man who until his appointment was rarely seen in Rome, and who is known but to few."

"His name?"

"Ah, yes. He is the Cardinal Pecci."

Then the ladies and Signor Crucellio compared some notes, and as an outcome of this little work the Doctor trotted away, to subsequently return with Cardinal Pecci, whom he presented to "the signorinas whose grandmother knew you."

The dignitary stooped gallantly, rather than bowed, over the ladies' hands, and with old-school grace tapped their palms with his long forefinger.

The fair Americans had never come so near a cardinal before. This one was tall but did not stoop; spare and lean. His face though not handsome was singularly *distingué* and keen, but the features were kindly and a smile lit up all the countenance. A voice that was quite as sweet as any they had ever heard, spoke to them in pure English.

Cardinal Pecci remembered General St. Clair, and sitting down, he talked of Brussels, brigands and Leopold. Then he spoke of America—"the land of the free, and the home of the brave"—of some matters of a personal nature and of Rome. All this in a few minutes; and then he bowed and retired from the alcove. The ladies were impressed with his fine bearing, and their red letter of that evening was the pleasure of having met a live cardinal. At the collation at midnight they saw him eat *giuncata*, and drink black tea, and then give his adieux to the hostess.

Pope Pius IX. died, and much to everybody's surprise it was told here and there in Rome that of the sixty-one cardinals the favorite candidate for the pontifical succession was this same Joachim Pecci. It seemed strange to those who heard the rumor. The world wondered at such a possibility. for apparently the policy of the late Pope governed the majority of the members of the Sacred College—and Pecci was of the minority.

Among those who waited before St. Peter's on the memorable twenty-four hours of February 18-20, were the two American girls who had met the *camerlengo* at the Vecchina. At a quarter past one in the afternoon of the 20th, they stood in the crowd and saw old Cardinal Caterini totter feebly out upon the balcony of the church, and knew that a result had been reached. All but the breathing was hushed as the expectant hundreds saw the old man unfold the parchment. Solemnly and shrilly he proclaimed, "*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum! Habemus Pontificem eminentissimum et reverendissimum Dominum Joachim Pecci, qui sibi nomen imposuit Leo XIII.*"

The city was surprised. There had been but three ballottings, and the foreign vote had elected the Pope. The foreign cardinals knew the man as one of ability, as firm-handed and of resolute mind. It needed an able, firm and resolute man to sit in the seat of Pio Nono. But the honor had come so suddenly and unexpectedly that at the moment Cardinal Pecci vacillated and wavered. He did not want the august office, and with all sincerity received the election unwillingly.

As soon as the laurel was placed on his brow, he turned to do as he had seen Bartolomeo Cappellari do forty-seven years ago—he turned to bless the assembled people from the balcony on the outer wall of St. Peter's. But Caterini and the associate majority dissuaded him from this step, assuring him that he might as well give the benediction from the inner balcony. So departing from the precedent of both Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., the new pope yielded.

After that day Leo XIII. was no longer a waverer. His policy as Supreme Head of the Catholic Church has shown him to be possessed of as much courage and strength of will as he is of diplomacy and administrative genius.

Five years later, in a good old age, Madame St. Clair died; and at the grave that was already green her granddaughter Eloise had stood two days after her bridal. It was in the August of last year, an evening of the day when the air of Greenwood was hushed, and the city of the dead knew no discord. Standing there with her, my young wife told me of her grandmother's

life; and when two weeks later we were in England, we began a pilgrimage to the scenes of that life. On the Derwent, in Derbyshire, in London, at the homes of Princess Charlotte and the Duchess of Kent, and at Brussels—we more enjoyed what we saw because of Roxy Converse. Then we traveled southward. In November we came to Rome.

One day in December we had the honor of an interview with the Pope, which was procured for us by Cardinal Bilio. When we went on the day appointed, we did not find the Cardinal awaiting us as we had expected. Instead, another gentleman was in the parlor of the Cardinal's residence, who introduced himself as Father Curci, with the offer to accompany us to the Vatican instead of Mgr. Bilio. Now Father Curci is a celebrity. He is an eminent Jesuit, a man of profound learning and the author of "*La Nuova Italia ed i Vecchi Zelanti*," and several other volumes.

The sun was pouring down in a long, yellow, winter ray into the courts as we passed through the Vatican gates that the same sunny ray touched with the dusty splendor. The grass-plots were dry and brown and the light had the effect of weirdness as it created shadows on the ground. Above was a dull gray sky that well contrasted with the worn pavement, and we noticed sky and pavement as we passed through the square doorway and entered the building. We noticed it because that we had come upon halls where no elaborate beauty of sculptured detail is wrought into the walls. Those walls look dreary in their magnificence, dreary because the mind remarks the present stillness of a place that has so often blazed with the splendor and pomp of Pontifical pageantry and the brilliance of military array.

In a long, narrow chamber Cardinal Bilio met us. He wore his full canonical robes, and looked very grand. There was a dimness of light in the room, and set in this frame the mediæval figure of this red-robed cardinal was very picturesque and impressive.

We were late. All others who had that day been presented to the Pope had retired, and we had but twenty minutes to go through the formality of the presenta-

tion ceremony. Now the approved mode of the pontiff's receptions is something quite matter-of-fact. This august spiritual sovereign, whom two hundred millions of Christians all over the globe regard as the head of their church, surrounds himself, except on state occasions, with much simplicity.

Father Curci was left in the anteroom; and accompanying Cardinal Bilio, who bore our cards, we were led through a hall and a row of arches, up a staircase, and into a gallery and two connecting rooms to a small cell-like chamber. The Cardinal then left us, to return in a few moments and beckon us to follow. Through a door that closed behind us with a startling snap we entered a high-ceiled apartment where a gentleman sat before an open grate in an easy-chair, with a paper in his hand. Cardinal Bilio read our names formally, and stepped back.

The Pope's name was not mentioned, but we rightly took it for granted that the gentleman was he. He is a man with white hair—not snowy white, not gray, but of a soft and silken white that intensified the benignant expression of his face. On his forehead the hair was tumbled, the forelocks imparting a peculiar expression to his clear hazel eyes. The nose was fine, and slightly *retroussé*, the lips thin and sharp-cornered, the color lost in the cheeks. A slight stoop of the shoulders took away from the otherwise attractive physique its strong character, and left that accent of awkwardness that hurt the eyes of Antonelli. Yet this awkwardness did not seem to impair the great dignity which characterized his Holiness's bearing.

"I met the lady here five years ago," the Pope said in French. "You are American, and more than forty years ago it was your grandsire that I knew in Brussels!"

If there are persons in America who care to inquire as to the Pope's strength of mind, they may commend this little incident of memory as of some interest.

The Pope remained sitting, never smiling, never showing any lively interest in the little

that he took upon himself to say. That little was pleasantly spoken, and amounted to such questions as—"Are you long in Rome? Shall you remain long? Do you like Rome?" and so on.

Cardinal Bilio then advanced, and bowing first to the Pope and then to us, politely signified that the presentation was over. It had occupied, perhaps, two minutes. As a finishing touch the Pope extended his right hand, and, much to my surprise, gave us the Papal blessing. Then, without a word or a farewell bow from the sacred successor of St. Peter, we were shown out. The interview was over—we had seen Leo XIII.

Father Curci awaited us in the room where we had left him, and, of his own accord, invited us to take a look at the Vatican Library, an invitation acceptable and accepted. In three minutes we were in the spacious chambers surrounded by the great cases of venerable books. Above the cases and under the cornices black-looking portraits looked down on us. The immense collection of volumes of all ages and all languages—many of which are forgotten, and most of which are seldom read—was about us. There were volumes brought from Constantinople by Calixtus III.—the collection of Sixtus V., who, in 1588, erected the building, the Palatine Library from Heidelberg, the Bobbio palimpsests, Oriental manuscripts, the Cigognara art literature, the famous and several *Codici*, etc. No one knows how many books there are there, but Father Curci estimates the number as not less than 200,000. There are 25,000 MSS., some of them the most valuable for age and rarity of any in the world. We saw the *Codex Vaticanus*, the Ciceronean palimpsest *De Republica*, and the ancient *Virgil* and *Terence*—all yellow, beautiful, and costly. From November to June the library is open from 8 to 12 A. M. every day, excepting Sundays, Thursdays, and feast days; and I can say to all who visit Rome that the hours spent in the library rooms will repay all trouble.

WILLARD H. MORSE.

ULRIC ZWINGLI.

IT is a matter of surprise how little is known, even by the learned among us, of the man whose name heads this article. Himself the genuine production of that liberty which had been nursed in Switzerland for two centuries after the meeting of the patriots of the forest cantons on the memorable meadow of Grütli, a liberty of sturdiest virtues, chastened by struggles and strengthened by successes on the battle-fields of Morgarten (1315), Sempach (1386), Näfels (1388) and sworn to in the religious code of Sempach, he passed step by step, without any violent change and without loss of native growth, to become the guide of his people to the just and normal results of all their previous struggles, in what is known as the Swiss Reformation. The Countess d'Istria has summed up his whole record in a word—the aim of his reformation was “to restore the democratic tendencies of Christianity”—a thing which the German reformers never understood. Luther has overshadowed him. Yet he anticipated Luther, attacking what he considered the pretensions of the papacy in the church at Einsiedeln as early as the year 1516, when he had never heard the name of the German doctor. It was in 1517 that Pope Leo gave to the Dominicans the power of preaching indulgences, which roused the ire of the monk of Wittenberg, and it was a year later that, on October 31, the famous ninety-five theses were nailed to the door of the Schlosskirche as his gauntlet of defiance. The spirit, the methods and objects of the two men were different. It is to be noted, also, that Zwingli had died on the bloody field of Kappel six years before Farel had lovingly arrested his friend Calvin at Geneva and persuaded him to settle there. Zwingli stands alone, and the work which he accomplished is not to be confused with either of the two other reformers. He always repudiated the name of Lutheran, and declared that he had never heard of him in 1516—when “he had learned Greek,” that is, had acquired the one great conviction of

his whole after-life—the paramount and exclusive authority of the Bible in all matters of faith and practice. He was a patriot as well as a thoughtful Christian, and in his simple Alpine home breathed the free air of a sincere, pronounced and zealous republican. Therefore it has happened, that in a measure interfering with the fame of Martin Luther, he has been put in the background by German divines and historians, and he has been neglected or stigmatized as tainted with false and dangerous doctrine. Even those who really agree with his conclusions are blind to the facts of his benefactions to them. He deserves, at least, from American scholars and Protestant Christians, the highest honors for his virtues and his deeds.

Nothing need be detracted from the first fame of Luther and Calvin in the assertion which I make, that Zwingli is in fact nearer to the best thought of this age than either of them. Luther was a burly monk, a monarchist, whose record at times reads painfully from his connections with kings, and always a mystic, bent on subjecting all things to his one subjective principle of justifying faith. Calvin was an iron-clad scholar, with the flail of Talus, an inexorable logic beating down all before him, and as a ruler imperious and extreme. Zwingli was neither mystic nor imperious. His life was remarkable for its moderation, its sunny freedom and kindly tolerance. Patient with all men he deliberately used his high office as *Antistes*, or chief pastor, of Zurich, to teach Christianity as he understood it and leave the political representatives of the state to act accordingly. He invariably worked by others, and left the people to reform, first themselves and then outward abuses. He was happy in the fact, that he was called first of all to interpret to the Swiss their liberty, and then to carry them with him, in twining about it the virtues of a reformation of morals and worship. He left no system of divinity, but left a model of a true, free Christian common-



ULRIC ZWINGLI

From an old German print.

wealth. And if it were proper I could show that he was not himself of the party which has been taunted as "Zwinglians."

Near the village of Wildhaus, at the eastern end of the upland valley of Toggenburg, some two thousand feet above the level of the Lake of Zurich, stands, or was lately standing, a solitary house, in which on January 1, 1484, just four centuries since, Ulric Zwingli was born, to the poor but honored *Amman*, or bailiff, of the place. The valley was far away from courts and cities, and far, too, from the great roads and passes of commerce. Simple virtues, unusual independence and self-reliance, contented pov-

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erty, sturdy industry and courage, in contending with savage nature, in protecting their flocks, or seeking the lost sheep, sympathy with nature in her gentler moods, with imaginations trained by vast outlooks abroad, marked then and still mark the peasantry of the Alps. Home is the first school. A man is nominally what this primal *kindergarten* turns him out. One thinks of Timothy as the product, partly of his simple village home at the foot of the Karn Dag, partly of the simple influences of maternal cares, and somewhat effeminated by "his often infirmities." We love to think of Zwingli as a stalwart moun-

taineer of undaunted courage, great lungs breathed often in mountain climbing, gentle as the soft meadows, as the shades of seven-peaked Kuhfirs were marked on them by the setting sun—with eyes accustomed to wide horizons—a sound, hearty man. We could not think of him in any other part of Europe. We could not think of just such a reformation as possible in any other land. The ugly devil who took such pleasure in teasing Luther to rage would have been quite out of place in the uplands. The dyspepsia that attenuated Calvin was unknown to the Alps. One rather wonders at the easy growth from abuses into general reformation, that he finds in these records. All men somehow go with Zwingli, and enemies sink out of sight, abashed when unconvinced. Rage gathers in the regions at a distance from him, and now and then, signs of malice draw near him, once threatening a cowardly assassination; but on the whole, we feel that the man does his work silently and with strange success. As late as the year 1523, when he had led his countrymen to certain results of his one great principle of life—an open Bible, we find Pope Adrian VI. writing to him “an extremely gracious letter, in which no allusion was made to his innovations.” As Von Ranke says, “he was attentive to the practical business of life; remarkable for sobriety of mind and good sense.” Papal nuncios had hopes of him and held out inducements to him to take the softer ways of compromise, long after he had fully expressed himself. Doubtless there was diplomacy on both sides, certainly there was transparent truthfulness with him.

Let us go back to the babe who was born a democratic freeman four centuries ago. The Countess d'Istria describes his home—“To the south of the monastery of St. Gall there is a valley, about two French leagues* long, inclosed by mountain heights on the north (Mt. Sentis) and south (Kuhfirs), but on the east open to the sun, whence one looks off to the glaciers of the Tyrolese Alps. There, about a mile from the village of Wildhaus, in a spot where Alpine vegetation alone covers the ground, an isolated cabin is still to be seen, which during three centuries has resisted the action of time. The

walls are thin, the panes of glass in the windows are round and small and the rafters are covered with stones, in consequence of the violence of the winds at such an elevation. In front of the little cot a bubbling spring of water, pure as crystal, rises and flows through a green meadow into the River Thur, which runs eastward on its way to the Rhine. Ragged cliffs of bare rock rise above the valley.” There Zwingli was born. His parents poor, as were their neighbors, were honored and deeply attached to Swiss liberty. Uncles on either side were noteworthy priests, and so, probably, it came about that the third son of the family was destined for the church. Some years before his birth the land had been sold to the Abbot of St. Gall, and in the controversies with the monks, who sought to restrict their former rights, the people had wrung from them the right of appointing their own magistrates, of whom the elder Ulric was chief, called the *Amman*, or bailiff. From the boy's infancy he had learned the story of liberty, of Old-Testament liberty as well, in the tales told him by his grandmother, Meili.

The land was too high for grains and fruits, and the only property of the inhabitants was, with the exception of manufactures, in herds and flocks. His father was a shepherd. The two elder boys joined him in May in driving the goats and sheep to the uplands, where they spent the summer, until the change of seasons sent them back to prepare for the long cold of winter. Often the younger children spent a holiday in seeking the loftiest valleys and joining the shepherds there for a day. It was a simple, lowly, but healthy and happy life. We feel that its influences were mingled in the very fibre of Zwingli. He carried with him to the end the forces which were educating him then. Moses spent forty years of shepherd life, to make him ready to see the holy ground of the burning bush, and forty more, to prepare him to look off the heights of Pisgah over a land of promise. David was taken from following the ewes, great with young, even like our boy, that he might gently guide his people to green pastures and still waters. In reading the writings of Zwingli of the sunny providence of God, we find in them the marks of a profound sym-

* Thirty miles, says Grob.

pathy with nature, the bare ground and melancholy peaks, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," the sunny valleys and the bubbling spring, pure as crystal. There were no dark corners, no marshy, unwholesome spots in his mind. He was hardy, robust, generous and hopeful—very patient to wait

of his life. That study was his fate. It made him the man he was. The one o'ermastering guide of his future life became the New Testament in Greek. He soon began to think that traditions and superstitions had obscured its meaning. These ideas were strengthened by the influence of the learned



TOWN OF THUN

on Providence, very sanguine of the victory of Truth in God's own time.

At the age of ten the family council determined that he should follow the profession of the uncles, and he was dispatched over the mountains to Basel, and in 1497 to Berne, to learn the classics in the school of the learned scholar and poet, Wolflin (Lupulus). Once more he was sent farther away, in 1499, to Vienna, to be grounded in philosophy. On his way through these years he became a musician, and mastered several instruments. Returning after two years to Basel and his studies of theology, he reached, in his eighteenth year, the duty of acquiring a knowledge of the New Testament in Greek. It was an important epoch

Wittenbach, who came to Basel in 1505, to say nothing of the witty satirist of the age, Erasmus, whose wanderings before his return to England led him for a while into this neighborhood.

In spite of his doubts, the youth was ordained by the Bishop of Constance in the year 1506, and the same year became pastor of Glarus, a large parish not far from his native valley. Two facts appear in his ten years of duty as a country pastor. He began the unusual task of committing to memory the Greek New Testament. He became a learned man, which, of course, required other kinds of knowledge, but emphatically he got, in every sense, this one book *by heart*. He caught its mind and

spirit, and stopped where he thought it stopped; went where he thought it sent him; made no system out of it, but came back to it, and it alone, as his oracle. He always saw it on the sunny side, leaving its light to shine, and to penetrate, and warm the lowest valley, even as the sun did in the mountains around him. The old Bishop of Constance, and Faber, his vicar, kept a warm place in their hearts for him, even after his departure from Glarus and his defection from the Pope.

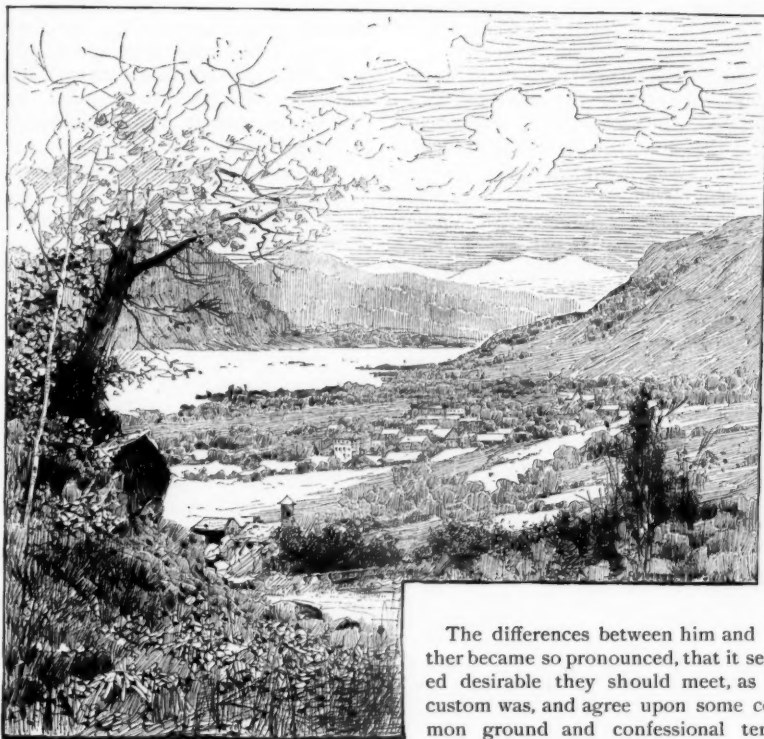
While at Glarus Zwingli became pronounced on the great political curse of his people, and boldly, but wisely, took up arms against it. The abomination of selling soldiers for European wars, in which they had no interest, and from which they could gain only degradation and death, prevailed in Switzerland. They were by far the best soldiers of Europe, and the Pope vied with the kings of France and Austria in buying them up. Money flowed into the cantons and corrupted the poor men, and tempted all. The rich grew richer, and the poor grew poorer, until a tide of vice and sorrow threatened the loss of all virtue and of liberty itself. On two occasions Zwingli was ordered by the authorities to accompany the mercenaries bought of Glarus to the war as their chaplain. In the latter campaign against Francis I. they were routed at Marignano with great slaughter. The pastor took occasion to address the men on their folly in being sold like stupid oxen for slaughter, at the will of kings, and remonstrated in eloquent epistles to the government on its heartless cruelty. Every patriot must sympathize with him. He obeyed "the powers that be," but like St. Paul before Felix, he made them tremble. He soon arrayed against himself two classes, who were really of more consequence to him than any enmity of the authorities. Old captains, like Dalgetty in Scott's novel, who had been corrupted by wild campaignings, and brought home a little money and very much vice, opposed him. And the *pensioners*—the class corrupted by bribes and contracts, men enriched by fraud, became his enemies, as they had cause to be. All right-minded men took sides with him, and thereafter his religious influence was founded on the fact of the steady friendship

of all righteous and patriotic citizens. The love of the good and pure was the only Wartburg that he ever required. The cause called out the highest powers of his nature. In 1516 the bribes and pensions of France gained influence in the Diet of the Confederacy, and even at Glarus corrupted his people. He turned from them in discouragement, and resigned his charge for the humbler work at the convent of Einsiedeln. Here he completed the task of committing to memory the Greek of the New Testament.

Zwingli, hitherto a country pastor, has grown to the full use of his powers, and enters upon a broader scene when, on December, 1518, he was called to the chief church in the city of Zurich. On New Year's day, 1519, he delivered his inaugural discourse before the great congregation gathered in the Grosse Münster to welcome him, and for thirteen busy years thereafter he grew into the heart and life of the place.

He moved slowly, trusting to the power of truth alone. The mass was continued for some years longer. He began with the Gospel of St. Matthew on Sundays, and other portions of Scripture to the farmers on Fridays, as they gathered into the city on business. He waited for the people themselves to call for a change of the services. He was more anxious to correct public and private morals than to enunciate speculations or change customs. It is not to be forgotten (*O! si sic omnes*) that the one system of Protestantism which was destined in other places to become the baldest in its meagre liturgy and to reach the extremes of intolerant severities, was for the longest time willing, under its original leader, to bear with the weak and *hasten slowly* in matters of routine. We may thank Calvin for the extremes and severities, and Zwingli for the sober moderation and freedom from intolerance.

He cared less than most men for any special *system of divinity* in doing it. He preached positive truth of Scripture and rebuked actual vices among men. He denounced the sins of two classes especially—the returned soldiers, roystering and vicious with the sins of all the foreign wars, and pensioners of foreign courts—who made gain of the cruel trade in their poorer neighbors. In the end he conquered and



VALLEY OF TOGGENBURG

saved his canton, though at fearful cost to himself. Zurich set the example of refusing and forbidding the pensioners. "He sought to get rid of all public criminals," says Van Ranke, "to put an end to the right of asylum and caused loose and adulterous women to be cast out of the city." Zurich became the leading canton of the confederacy, as Madame d'Istria says, "as Minerva among the gods."

Zwingli never aspired to political or magisterial power. He hurried no reform. Hence he was soon identified with the people and moved with them, in fact showing himself very like a zealous pastor of an old New England town, exhorting and rebuking, but content with his vote in the town-meeting.

He had always held to the sanctity of marriage as open to all men. In 1524 he acted upon his conviction and married the widow Meier.

The differences between him and Luther became so pronounced, that it seemed desirable they should meet, as the custom was, and agree upon some common ground and confessional terms. The Lutherans were specially severe and ungenerous in their denunciations of the "Sacramentarians." In 1529, the Landgrave Philip of Hesse procured a meeting of the parties for this purpose. It was wholly useless. Luther, "steeped in mysticism," and greatly irritated by the fanatical vagaries of Carlstadt, abhorred the Swiss and was deaf to all argument or reason. The final scene between them shows us the characters of the two men. "Zwingli stood silent, deeply moved, and shed tears in the presence of all. Landgrave Philip desired that they should at least recognize one another as brethren. Thereupon Zwingli, bathed in tears, extended to Luther the hand of peace. To the surprise of every one Luther refused to accept the proffered hand, remarking: 'You are of a different spirit.' 'We are conscious of having acted from pure motives; posterity will testify to this,' replied the Swiss representative." Immediately after the

tragic death of Zwingli Luther allowed a few kindly expressions to fall from his pen, but returned to a bitter spirit again.

In 1530 Zwingli finished the translation of the Bible into German, and in the succeeding summer published his last work, the commentaries on the books of Isaiah and Jeremiah. A storm was gathering in the mountains, on which I can only touch. The five forest cantons were roused to war against Zurich. On the field of Kappel, almost twelve miles south of the city, the forces met in battle. Zwingli, in obedience to the customs of the country, followed the great standard, and was slain during a disastrous defeat of his friends. The next day, with savage and vulgar hate, his body was mangled and burned. He died at the age of forty-seven years, in the very prime of his life—too soon, all good men said, but bequeathing a model of a reformed church and tolerant democratic state in Zurich, which has survived to this day.

Three causes have co-operated to obscure his name:

1. The fact that he elaborated no set, logical system of divinity. Possibly he

meant to do so, but his life had been a busy, and was a short, one. He had met issues as they arose before him and had less time for elaborating a great scheme of dogmatic doctrine. Was it an evil? I think not. It was a custom of the age, "more honored in the breach than the observance." He did better in pointing men to Christianity as he understood it, as their teacher, and leading them to it. What has been called "Zwinglianism" was no system of his invention.

2. The feud of Luther. An abyss opens between Luther's views and Zwingli's views—yea, and any man's, who refuses to mingle in the old controversies.

3. Zwingli was a republican surrounded by those who were not. He was a democrat as well as a reformer—all European conservatives necessarily were silent on this side of his character. They coldly recognized him as a reformer. Recall what Servetus gained for rejecting Calvin; what the Arminians received for refusing the decrees of Dort, and we can begin to appreciate what sort of a man he was, who, in the sixteenth century, set an example of toleration. It is time for American scholars to scatter these



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clouds, and confess their debt to the Swiss mountaineer.

"We cannot now appreciate," says the German-American scholar, Dr. Schaff, "the horror of the old divines at the impiety of a reformer who, four hundred years since, announced his belief in the salvation of heathen men and women. Zwingli could find room in Paradise for, not only Melchisedec, Jethro and Job, but for Socrates, Aristides, Numa, the Catos and Scipios, and exulted in the thought of meeting there more men than were dreamed of in the popular theology. We may not choose now to

dogmatize, but we fancy that the vast body of enlightened Christians now feel as he did, and quite forget the courage that shone forth in him, that he dared say so."

I have thus imperfectly sketched the outlines of the man who really led the Reformation, and in his mountain home grew up to be its leader in the highest sense. Whether he was great or small depends upon a standard which it is difficult to fix. He was certainly faithful to the principles which shine through every action of his life.

CHARLES H. HALL.

THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT KEATS.

WHEN Keats, with the poet's natural and sensitive longing for recognition, wrote to his brother the pathetic sentence: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," it was more, perhaps, a timid hope than the strong assurance of prophecy. But the prediction or longing—term it as you will—has outrun the irony of fate, and the ire of the coarse—not to say brutal—reviewers of his time, Fame and noble honors have justly come at last, though so long deferred; and of Terry and Gifford, the *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, we chiefly take account to-day, through Shelley's memorable description, as "noteless blots on a remembered name."

The fault of these reviewers was not that they dealt out criticism wholly undeserved, or that they failed to see any beauty whatever in Keats's work. It lay rather in a brutal partisan bias, which made the young author a scape-goat in part, and which saw more distinctly than anything else, the not pertinent fact that Keats was the friend of one they hated, and classified and berated him accordingly, before he had uttered hardly a political note, or none which personal friendship was not fully adequate to explain. "It was thus," says Lord Houghton, in his still admirable "Memoir," "an important occurrence that Keats became, unwittingly identified not only with a literary coterie, with whose specialties he had little in common, but with a supposed political association for revolutionary objects, with which he entertained nothing beyond

the vaguest sympathy. There is nothing in his letters or in his recorded conversations to show that he took even an ordinary interest in the public discussions of his time; and the political savagery with which his writings were treated was not only a reproach to the æsthetic sagacity of some distinguished man of letters, but a most unjust assumption of facts."

The single sonnet "written on the day that Leigh Hunt left prison" was the only formal avowal of Keats's pen which the pent up venom of Tory hatred could find to be aroused by. "It was really . . . from this poor little sonnet," says Mr. Buxton Forman,* "that the animus of the predominant press party against Keats originated." One might almost think that the love he bore to a poet-friend should have easily excused its pretty flowing fervency. But there was an unpalatable prediction and sting at the end. The verses are worth reproducing to illustrate the offense, which seems trivial enough now:

"What though for showing truth to flattered state
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he
In his immortal spirit been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he naught but prison walls did see
Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'st the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler, was his fate!

*The Poetical Works and other Writings of John Keats, now first brought together, including Poems and numerous Letters not before published. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Harry Buxton Forman. In four volumes. London: Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand. 1883.

In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
 Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
 With daring Milton through the fields of air;
 To regions of his own his genius true
 Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair—
 When thou art dead and all thy wretched crew?

The impression which has been so long held and quoted, that Keats came to his death from the severity of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly Review*, is no longer tenable. Its rectification spoils a great many pungent allusions in literature for the past sixty years, notable among which are Byron's verses—parodistic of Cock-Robin—sent in the postscript of a letter to his publisher, Murray, and the fifty-ninth stanza of the eleventh canto of *Don Juan*. The idea, however, had something to stand upon. There was, for one thing, Shelley's friendly indignation and assertion for its support; and even the poet's brother, George, ascribes his death "partly" to the reviewers. But a fuller and better light has been thrown on the matter since. Mr. Speed, the editor of the new American edition of Keats's poems, and grand-nephew of the poet, says, that if anybody believes his death was either caused or hastened by the bitter criticisms he received, the letters written by him after the criticisms had done their work (some of which are now first published) should correct the notion; "for they show not only that he was brave and hopeful when he wrote to his publisher, but that he expressed his confidence of his future as a poet in his most intimate correspondence with his brother." The same opinion Mr. Forman expresses without hesitation, and though it is well to have it from these late editors, it had already gained so much ground that it was hardly in need of such various confirmation.

Nor is it much more likely that he died of baffled love, as has been suspected from the letters written to Fanny Brawne. On this point Mr. Severn curiously enough wrote to Mr. Forman as follows, concerning Keats:

"He did not confide to me this serious passion, and it now seems to me but for this cause he might have lived many years. I can now understand his want of courage to speak, as it was consuming him in body and mind. . . . Perhaps I view the work more painfully, as I was not aware of such torment existing in the poet's mind, and as I saw him struck down from health and vigor to sickness and death, you will not wonder at my emotion, now I know the fatal cause. . . . I think he must have been sensible this passion was destroying

him, or he would have made it known to me. He referred at times to his being cut off from his world of poetry as his great misfortune, but *never* to Fanny Brawne. I left England with him with the confidence of his recovery, for so the doctors assured me, but in less than a year this fatal passion destroyed him."

It is not at all likely that this view is correct. The most that can be said, either of the criticism or the wasted love, as causes of the poet's death, would be, that they added irritation to the mental condition of one who was born for an early death, if he had neither loved nor been criticised. The London *Spectator* says, in commenting on Mr. Severn's epistle, that "we are commonplace enough to hold that he died as his brother and mother died, of the family disease—consumption. He said himself that he had fretted himself to death, and, no doubt, mental disquietude greatly enhanced his sufferings, but the discovery in the post-mortem examination, that 'the lungs were completely gone,' sufficiently explains the origin of the illness and the cause of death."

There were thirty-seven letters written by Keats to Fanny Brawne in the first edition of them, to which Mr. Forman has now added two more—the third and thirty-sixth. They are certainly not pleasant reading, but for the torture Keats felt, it is not probable that Fanny Brawne was wholly to blame. She was a beautiful girl, of rather commonplace mind, who could not appreciate, to be sure, a genius like Keats; and he, weakened by sickness, was fairly possessed by irritability and morbid jealousy. We have, it must be remembered, in this correspondence, so far as formal evidence goes, only one side of the matter; and what the true merits of this case were, it is not easy now to know. Sometimes, however, we get an inferential view of Fanny Brawne's side of the controversy—as in the following passage, from Letter 38th, where Keats says, after an earnest protestation of his love: "You complain of my ill-treating you in word, thought and deed. I am sorry. At times I feel bitterly sorry that I ever made you unhappy. My excuse is that those words have been wrung from the sharpness of my feelings. . . . If you think me cruel—if you think I have slighted you, do muse it over again and see into my heart." In the 39th, and the last letter he ever wrote to her, he says: "A person in health, as you are, can have no con-

ception of the horrors that nerves and a temper like mine go through." And again he says: "I enclose a passage from one of your letters, which I want you to alter a little. I want (if you will have it so) the matter expressed less coldly to me."

One does not need to go farther than to these expressions in the two epistles which conclude the series of letters to Fanny Brawne, to discover that on the one side was a morbid and sensitive lover, made exacting and irascible by disease, and on the other a giddy girl, alive with health, and spurred on to much frivolity by her beauty and desire for social attentions. In Keats's final letter to Miss Brawne occurs a sentence, which shows that he meditated a unique poem on the situation between them—for he says to her: "If my health would bear it, I could write a poem which I have in my head, which would be a compilation for people in such a situation as mine. I would show some one in love as I am, with a person living in such liberty as you do." It is supposed by some—among whom was Dante Gabriel Rossetti—that the fragment titled "The Eve of St. Mark," although a part of it was already written when his intention was expressed, is the poem in which Keats was to embody this purpose, if he had had the health to finish it.

We have spoken of the rancorous reviewers of Keats with the condemnation which they have properly earned; but this justice must be meted to them—that when they ascended from prejudice and political hate to a real attempt to be critical, they touched the very weaknesses in his work which Leigh Hunt and other of Keats's friends had already pointed out—adding, however, his unpardonable sin of belonging, as they claimed, and as he would have denied, to something which they termed the Cockney school of poets. But they were blind in more than one direction, and blundered even in marking the faults which Keats had himself keenly felt and forewarned his readers about. So reckless was the *Quarterly* in its haste to precipitate blame, that it accused the young poet of coining unwarrantable words, samples of which could be easily found, if the reviewer had only known it, in Shakespeare, Spenser, and other accepted writers.

Perhaps we do not sufficiently remember, too, that the period into which Keats was born was a period of transition so far as poetry was concerned. Leigh Hunt's remarks, in his review of Keats's first book, published in 1817, discloses what a change was taking place; and to the friends of Pope and the older bards, so sudden a rebound from their manner as Keats's poetry would bring about, if it were to prevail, must have been very distasteful. Hunt says, in substance, very truly:

"The school, which existed till lately, since the restoration of Charles the Second, was rather a school of wit and ethics in verse than anything else; nor was the verse, with the exception of Dryden's, of the best order. The authors, it is true, are to be held in great honor. Great wit there certainly was, excellent satire, excellent sense, pithy sayings; and Pope distilled as much real poetry as could be got from the drawing-room world in which art then lived—from the flowers and luxuries of artificial life—into that exquisite little toilet-bottle of essence, the "Rape of the Lock." But there was little imagination of a higher order, no intense feeling of nature, no sentiment, no real music or variety. Even the writers who gave evidences meanwhile of a truer poetical faculty, Gray, Thomson, Akenside and Collins himself, were content with a great deal of second-hand workmanship and with false styles made up of other languages and of a certain kind of inverted cant."

Hunt passes from these preliminary remarks to say, that it was not Cowper but the Lake School, who aided most conspicuously in the return from artifice to nature—though, like all revolutionists, they had in some instances gone, as he confessed, to extremes. From the time of Milton until their arrival, "the rich and enchanted ground of real poetry, fertile with all that English succulence could produce, bright with all that Italian sunshine could lend, and haunted with exquisite humanities, had become invisible to mortal eyes like the Garden of Eden:

'And from that time those Graces were not found.'"

As an evidence that "these graces are re-appearing," he cites the incipient volume of Keats. Ushered so, by both a political and literary revolutionist, was it much wonder that Keats was marked for detraction—fore-ordained, in fact, to be gibbeted by those whose powers and functions and title to fame were in a measure assailed?

The materials for forming a final and accurate judgment upon Keats were never before so abundant as they are now made by Mr. Buxton Forman's new edition of his

complete works. But the very amount of the material is at first a little bewildering. All that Keats wrote that is "of lasting worth," says one of his critics, "can be printed in a pocket volume." But Mr. Forman has arranged, by rare industry, to give us four stout octavos of over 1,700 pages, which not only include his poetry but his letters, his notes upon book margins and his prose essays, together with a vast amount of various matter that has a bearing upon his brief career. As I have gone over all this with some attention and with lively interest, my purpose here will be to take note chiefly of what is new or freshest in the field so well explored.

Mr. Forman says that the manuscript of "Endymion" "shows no variation" in its "renowned opening line," but "a fellow student in medicine with Keats"—a Mr. Henry Stephens—"preserved the recollection of an earlier opening line. Keats is said to have written the line" at first in the following tame way:

"A thing of beauty is a constant joy."

On its being criticised by his friend "as a fine line but wanting something," Keats "pondered it over, and at length broke out with an inspired 'I have it,' and set down the household word that now stands at the head of the poem." The passages—or some of them—which Keats left out of the poem of "Endymion" and which Mr. Forman restores in his abundant foot-notes, are of decided interest. The following, if it had been used, and which was not rejected for lack of merit, but in order to preserve a proper balance in the poem, should be read directly after line 853, Book II.:

"Oh! what a voice is silent. It was soft
As mountain echoes, when the winds aloft
(The gentle winds of summer) meet in caves;
Or when in sheltered places the white waves
Are 'waken'd into music, as the breeze
Dimples and stems the current; or as trees
Shaping their green locks in the days of June;
Or Delphic girls when to the maiden moon
They sang harmonious praises; or sounds that come
(However, near) like a faint, distant hum
Out of the grass, from which mysterious birth
We guess the busy secrets of the earth.
Like the low voice of Syrinx when she ran
Into the forests from Arcadian Pan;
Or sad *Ænone's*, when she pined away
For Paris or (and yet 'twas not so gay)
As Helen's whisper when she came to Troy,
Half sham'd to wander with that blooming boy.

Like air-touch'd harps in flowery casements hung;
Like unto lovers' ears the wild words sung
In garden bowers at twilight; like the sound
Of Zephyr when he takes his nightly round
In May, to see the roses all asleep;
Or like the dim strain which along the deep
The sea maid utters to the sailor's ear,
Telling of tempests or of dangers near;
Like *Desdemona*, who (when fear was strong
Upon her soul) chaunted the willow song,
Swan-like, before she perished; or the tones
Of flutes upon the waters heard alone:
Like words that come upon the memory
Spoken by friends departed; or the sigh
A gentle girl breathes when she tries to hide
The love her eyes betray to all beside."

This, certainly, has all the fine elaboration and beauty which we are accustomed to find when this author is at his higher level. At the end of line 406, in Book I.—taking the place of lines 407 to 412—stood the following verses:

"Now, happily, there sitting on the grass
Was fair *Peona*, a most tender lass,
And her sweet sister; who, uprising, went
With stifled sobs, and o'er his shoulder leant.
Putting her trembling hand against his cheek
She said: 'My dear *Endymion*, let us seek
A pleasant bower where thou may'st rest apart,
And ease in slumber thine afflicted heart;
Come, my own dearest brother; these, our friends,
Will joy in thinking thou dost sleep where bends
Our freshening river through yon birchen grove;
Do come, now.' Could he gainsay her who strove,
So soothingly, to breathe away a curse?"

From that point, beginning with what is now the 438th line of Book I., the following passage, consisting of new and varied lines, was thrown out:

"On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the harvesters rich armfuls took,
She tied a little bucket to a brook,
Ran some swift paces to a dark well's side,
And in a sighing time returned, supplied
With spar cold water; in which she did squeeze
A snowy napkin, and upon her knees
Began to cherish her poor brother's face;
Damping refreshfully his forehead's space,
His eyes, his lips; then in a cupped shell
She brought him ruby wine; then let him smell,
Time after time, a precious amulet,
Which seldom took she from its cabinet—
Thus was he quieted to slumbrous rest."

There are many other variants from the text which Mr. Forman has industriously arranged, of not less interest than these; and it will always be a special delight to one who values the rare touch which Keats put upon almost everything he wrote, to turn again and again to these thorough and indefatigable commentaries, which his English editor so acutely and liberally sup-

plies. They cannot be discussed or reported adequately in moderate limits, and with an admiring reference we must pass on. All the poems, where there is matter or occasion, are annotated fully, but the work done upon "Endymion" is of special significance, and must have cost many weeks of deep study.

Mr. Forman says of the odes "On a Grecian Urn," and "To a Nightingale," that, "soon after they were composed, 'Keats repeated, or rather chanted, them to Mr. Haydon, in the sort of recitative that so well suited his deep, grave voice, as they strolled together through Kilburn meadows, leaving an indelible impression on the mind of his surviving friend.'" And he adds: "There is some reason for thinking that the particular urn which inspired 'the former poem,' is the somewhat weather-beaten work in marble still preserved in the garden of Holland House, and figured in Piranesi's *Vasi e Candelabri*." Of the "Ode to Psyche" Keats writes to his brother George, under date of April 15, 1819, that it "is the first and only one with which I have taken moderate pains; I have, for the most part, dashed off my lines in a hurry. This one I have done leisurely; I think it reads the more richly for it, and it will, I hope, encourage me to write other things in even a more peaceable and healthy spirit." The sprightly poem on "Fancy" shows a few variations in the manuscript, of which the following is worth giving. The excision in copy stood originally in the place of the three lines from line 89 to 91:

"And Jove grew languid. Mistress fair!
Thou shalt have that tressed lair,
Adonis tangled all for spite,
And the mouth he would not kiss,
And the treasure he would miss;
And the hand he would not press,
And the warmth he would distress.
O, the ravishment! the bliss!
Fancy has her—there she is!
Never fulsome—ever new,
There she steps! and tell me who
Has a mistress so divine?
Be the palate ne'er so fine:
She cannot sicken. Break the mesh
Of the fancy's silken leash
Where she's tethered to the heart,
Quick, break her prison string. . . ."

But we must leave other new verses, of a similar felicity, which it would be pleasant to offer.

Keats's letters to his sister, which make up in bulk a considerable part of the correspondence which is now first given, are among the most interesting additions to the literature bearing his name. They present him in a new and worthy attitude—that of the cherishing brother to a sister who is his junior. His sympathy with her distresses; his desire to make life pleasant to her, and the tender solicitude which his expressions betray on her behalf, are a pleasing revelation. Keats's letters, already known, never lacked a rare kindness, but these at once show him in a new relation: "It is this hiatus," says Mr. Forman, "in his delightful personality, that these charming letters fill."

In one of them he writes as follows: "We have been very little together; but you have not the less been with me in thought. You have no one else in the world besides me who would sacrifice anything for you. I feel myself the only protector you have." [At the time this was written her brother Tom was dead, and George had removed to what was then the remote Western frontier in America.] "In all your little troubles think of me with the thought that there is at least one person in England who, if he could, would help you out of them. I live in hopes of being able to make you happy."*

In one of the letters to his sister he says, expressing a momentary high feeling: "Oh, there is nothing like fine weather and health, and books, and a fine country, and a contented mind, and diligent habits of reading and thinking, and an amulet against the enemies, and, please heaven, a little claret wine out of a cellar a mile deep—with a few, or a good many, ratafia cakes—a rocky basin to bathe in!" and he enunciates much else, tapering of into a series of rollicking whims, and ending with about thirty-six lines of doggerel rhyme. But Keats always had a breezy way of rattling off his wishes and feelings in his correspondence, of which we will give but one more sample. It is from one of the letters to his sister written from Winchester. He says: "I should like

*The Letters of John Keats. Edited by John Gilmer Speed. Vol. I. The Poems of John Keats; with the annotations of Lord Houghton, and a Memoir by John Gilmer Speed. Vols. II. and III. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1883.

now to promenade round your gardens [?]-apple tasting—pear tasting—plum judging—apricot nibbling—peach scrunching—nectarine sucking—and melon carving. I have also a great feeling for antiquated cherries, full of sugar-cracks—and a white currant tree, kept for company. I admire lolling on a lawn by a water-lilied pond, to eat white currants and see goldfish; and go to the fair in the evening if I'm good. There is not hope for that—one is sure to get in some mess before evening."

Mr. Forman has gathered together in his wide sweep a number of poems also that have never been printed before, as well as some rescued from sources of obscurity. They are, for the most part, of less value than even his average work exhibits, but they possess no little interest by reflecting in some degree the familiar hand of their author. Mr. Forman says: "It is not unlikely that other pieces by Keats may yet be found, for he wrote much commonplace verse when a boy, and I have reason to think that a good deal of it still exists; but it is questionable whether anything of true and sterling value still remains to be discovered." Among the posthumous poetry—though not now for the first time printed—are the poem entitled "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which Dante Gabriel Rossetti termed "wondrous," and the sonnet to Homer. The following line in this sonnet,

"There is a budding morrow in midnight,"

Mr. Rossetti pronounced one of the finest "in all poetry." The verses given in a letter to Tom Keats from Scotland, are also notable, as illustrating what Keats could do in the style and dialect of Burns. But few things which Keats has turned off dashingly can equal them, and we should be glad, if space permitted, to copy them here.

Lord Houghton, in noticing Keats's theory of versification, said: "He had a theory that vowels could be as skilfully combined and interchanged as differing notes of music, and that all sense of monotony was to be avoided, except when expressive of a special purpose. Uniformity of metre is so much the rule of English poetry that, undoubtedly, the carefully varied harmonies of Keats's verse were disagreeable, even to cultivated readers, often producing exactly the con-

trary impression from what was intended, and combined as they were with rare and curious rhymes, diverted attention from the beauty of the thoughts and the force of the imagery. In 'Endymion,' indeed, there was much which not only seemed, but was, experimental; and it is impossible not to observe the superior mastery of melody and sure-footedness of the poet's paces in 'Hyperion.'" Mr. Forman gives in his edition the first draft of "Hyperion," as well as the poem in its final form; and affords thereby an insight into the growth and processes of the poet's mind.

It seems that Lord Houghton, whose work upon Keats will always be cherished and quoted, fell into a few errors, which both Mr. Forman and Mr. Speed are now able to correct. One was in making John Keats the second in age of the brothers. Mr. Speed says: "George Keats was not the elder of the brothers, being two years John's junior, as he was born in 1797, while the poet was born in 1795. It is only natural that such an error should have been made, as George Keats was larger and physically much stronger than either of his brothers, besides, being more of a man of affairs, and in practical things more self-reliant and enterprising." The second alleged error* which Mr. Speed points out, is in regard to the color of Keats's hair and eyes—and he does this solely on the authority of "a marginal note" in his "grandmother's handwriting." Lord Houghton says: "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn. He wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face. His mouth was full and less intellec-

*"Lord Houghton's portrait, here given, was based on a report of a lady who used to see Keats at Hazlitt's lectures on the British Poets. But Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke said she was 'enchanted,' and as blue for the eyes and brown for the hair were 'favorite tints' the transformation took place to suit her imagination. And he adds: 'Reader, alter in your copy of the "Life of Keats" [Lord Houghton's edition], vol. i., page 103, "Eyes, light hazel; hair, lightish brown and wavy." Leigh Hunt's testimony is that, "his eyes were dark and sensitive," and "his hair of a brown color, was fine and hung in natural ringlets." It is easy, no doubt, to be mistaken to some extent as to the color of a person's eyes; but it seems incredible that two men who bore such relations as Cowden Clarke and Hunt did to Keats, should mistake, of all colors in the world, red hair for brown. A 'marginal note' of the kind referred to is hardly of sufficient authority, in my opinion, to outweigh the previous evidence."

tual than his other features." And he adds other points of description. "My grandmother's note," says Mr. Speed, "is a mistake. His eyes were dark brown, almost black, large, soft and expressive, and his hair was a golden red." A passage in one of Keats's letters to George Keats and his wife has always been understood to refer to Fanny Brawne—and Lord Houghton accepts that view. But the letter, it is now proved, refers to another. The following is a part of the misapplied passage:

"She is not a Cleopatra, but is at least a Charmian. She has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes and fine manners. When she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess," etc., etc.

Fanny Brawne, on the contrary, he describes in the following manner:

"Shall I give you Miss Brawne? She is about my height, with a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort; she wants sentiment in every feature; she manages to make her hair look well; her nostrils are very fine, though a little painful; her mouth is bad and good; her profile is better than her full face, which, indeed, is not full, but pale and thin, without showing any bone; her shape is very graceful and so are her movements; her arms are good, her hands badish, her feet tolerable. She is not seventeen, but she is ignorant; monstrous in her behavior, flying out in all directions, calling people such names that I was forced lately to make use of the term — minx. This is, I think, from no innate vice, but from a penchant she has for acting stylishly."

It hardly seems credible that a character so described—who was hardly away from the latter boundary of childhood—could make so permanent an impression as that which we know she did make on one so much her mental superior and who yet could describe her in this way. But in matters of love, it is the unaccountable often that is the most likely to happen.

Mr. Speed, in his memoir, gives us some interesting items about Keats that are not generally known. He says: "Whatever may have been the merits of the quarrel between Keats and his first publisher, he certainly never had a right to complain of the treatment he received at the hands of Taylor and Hessey. They were not only generous to him, but friendly and sympathetic, anticipating his wants very frequently, and never failing to respond to the calls he made upon them for pecuniary aid." And the following statement concerning "Endymion" is given, which has interest, if not new: "It was at first proposed to publish the book in quarto,

and Haydon was to have drawn a frontispiece. The painter agreed very readily to make a finished picture from the poem, and also a chalk-sketch of Keats's head, to prefix to the book. This plan, in some way not explained by Keats's correspondence, miscarried, and the book finally appeared in octavo without picture or portrait."

On the matter of Keats's relations with his first publisher, Mr. Forman produces a letter written by them that discloses a curious piece of history. It is found in the first volume, page 348. The letter is addressed to George Keats, and is simply one of pungently expressed regret "that your brother ever requested us to publish his book." On the opposite side of the same leaf is given a sonnet by Charles Collier, one of these publishers, which is an exceedingly enthusiastic tribute to Keats's genius—and the date of it only precedes the regretful letter by a few weeks. The juxtaposition, as well as the propinquity of dates of the two documents, is noteworthy and instructive.

It was once thought that the naturalist Audubon was the particular friend and helper of George Keats; and, according to Mr. Speed, who should know, "in some business transaction with Audubon . . . George lost all of the money he had drawn from his father's estate." His financial straits took him back to England in 1819, and it was owing to these difficulties, which were not well known at the time, that he was unable to do for his brother what he would have liked to do. Mr. Speed mentions the circumstance very properly, as a justification of him against charges of neglect and malversation made in England by some of his brother's friends that were quite unwarranted.

Keats's letters from Scotland are to be classed among his most stimulating epistles; but his tour in that country was cut short by the wretched condition of his throat; and, if it had not been for that, would still have been interrupted by his brother's illness. He was traveling with his friend, Charles Brown, but left him suddenly. That Keats was a good companion for such a trip is more than intimated in one of Mrs. Dilke's letters at that period. She says: "How poor Brown will get on alone, I know not, as he loses a

cheerful, good-tempered, clever companion." A few days later the same lady wrote: "John Keats arrived here last night, as brown and as shabby as you can imagine; scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack. I cannot tell what he looked like."

Mr. Forman learns from Miss Charlotte Reynolds that Keats "was passionately fond of music, and would sit for hours while she played the piano to him. It was to a Spanish air which she used to play that the song, 'Hush, hush! tread softly!' was composed; and so sensitive was he to proper execution that, when a wrong note has been played in a public performance, he has been known to say that he would like to go down into the orchestra and smash all the fiddles." It will be remembered that Keats discourses music often in his verses. He says of Endymion:

"This still alarm,
This sleepy music, forc'd him walk tiptoe:
For it came much softer than the East could blow
Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
Or than the West, made jealous by the smiles
Of thron'd Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
To seas Ionian and Tyrian."

And a little farther on he adds:

"Oh, did he ever live, that lovely man,
Who loved—and music slew not?"

The early career of John Hamilton Reynolds, one of Keats's most intimate friends, has now become almost a part of Keats's own personal history. The two exchanged verses in mutual address and reply; they read the first drafts of their poems to each other; they corresponded; it was Reynolds who kept back, by his advice, the indiscreet preface which Keats proposed to print with "Endymion"—and it was even arranged by them at one time to publish their verses together in one volume. Reynolds showed himself in every way a warm and judicious friend; and his own accomplishments in verse were of high and distinctive promise. His little volume,* which finally came out by itself in 1821, is especially interesting from

* "The Garden of Florence and other Poems." By John Hamilton. London: John Warren, Old Bond Street. MDCCCXXI.

Mr. Reynolds used his first two names as a *nom de plume*, as will be seen. I know of but two copies of this rare book in this country—the one owned by Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, and my own.

the fact that it has a remarkably Keatsian flavor, as well as positive and unquestionable merit. In his preface to this book Reynolds refers tenderly to the unfulfilled plan of joint authorship, and to his departed friend. We quote from it below:

"The stories from Boccaccio (the Garden of Florence and the Ladye of Provence) were to have been associated with tales from the same source, intended to have been written by a friend; but illness on his part, and distracting engagements on mine, prevented us from accomplishing our plan at the time, and Death, now, to my deep sorrow, has frustrated it forever! He, who is gone, was one of the very kindest friends I possessed, and yet he was not kinder, perhaps, to me than to others. His intense mind and powerful feeling would, I truly believe, have done the world some service had his life been spared—but he was of too sensitive a nature—and thus he was destroyed! One story he completed, and that is to me, now the most pathetic poem in existence!"

The "story" here referred to by Reynolds was "Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil." The reader will note that this friend of Keats, whose opinion should be worth something on the subject, does not refer to any special cause to account for his death, but merely says "he was of too sensitive a nature" to live. In other words—he had in his constitution the seeds of death. Reynolds, who was clerk in an insurance office, and an articulated pupil in a law office, had great business chances, but, it is understood, threw them away. For a high career which he, somehow, did not attain, he bade two or three times some very pretty good-byes to poetry—and one of these which is to be found in his book, is impliedly prompted by the request of a lady. In that copy of Shakespeare's poems "which he afterward gave to Keats (and in which Keats wrote his last sonnet)," he inscribed the following fine sonnet of his own, entitled

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

"I have no chill despondence that I am
Self-banished from those rolls of honoring men
That keep a temperate eye on airy Fame
And write songs to her with a golden pen.
I do not wail because the Muses keep
Their secrets on the top of Helicon,
Nor do I in my wayward moments weep
That from my youth romance is past and gone.
My boat is trimmed, my sail is set. And I
Shall coast the shallows of the tide of Time
And rest me happily—where others lie,
Who pass oblivious days. No feelings climb
Ambitiously within me. Sweet Farewell
Be to those Nymphs that in the old Hill dwell."

J. H. R.

That copy of Shakespeare's Poems, in which Keats and Reynolds are together in

verse, ought to make the heart of a book collector "go wild." Mr. Forman mentions another copy, which is of like interest, that Mr. Speed, one would say, might possibly know something about. He says: "The late Joseph Severn had a copy of Johnson and Steevens's edition of Shakespeare, more or less annotated in manuscript by Keats, but I have not seen it, and I believe it has found its way to America."* Mr. Speed gives us, as an addition to the poetry of Keats, the following sonnet, found among the manuscripts "written in 1816." He says that, "so far as he knows," it has not before been printed. The London *Athenæum* says it was printed in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1877, and that the real author is George Keats. The truth of the case seems to be, that the sonnet appeared in an article contributed to that magazine by Mr. George F. Mallden, and was supposed to be by John Keats. The *Athenæum* claims that the handwriting is George Keats's, "and bears not the faintest comparison to that of the poet." We append it below:

"There was a season when the fabled name
Of high Parnassus and Apollo's lyre
Seemed terms of excellence to my desire;
Therefore, a youthful bard I may not blame.
But when the page of everlasting Truth
Has on the attentive mind its force imprest,
Then vanish all the affections dear in youth,
And love immortal fills the grateful breast.
The wonders of all-ruling Providence,
The joys that from celestial mercy flow
Essential beauty, perfect excellence;
Ennoble and refine the native glow
The poet feels; and thence his best resource
To paint his feelings with sublimest force."

The two editions of Keats's works which have lately challenged public attention, and which I have referred to, are a fit testimony to the rare spirit and quality of the author so deservedly honored. Mr. Forman, following the method which he pursued with the works of Shelley, gives us his four stout octavos in excellent style, from the famous Chiswick press; and, by a mass of appendices and foot-notes, he has managed to get together everything that was Keats's that is now procurable, and almost everything written to, or for, or about him. Nothing more painstaking or loving in treatment of the text, or handling of the matter, can be imagined. There is a curious in-

stance of this care in one of the letters written jointly by Keats and his friend, Charles Brown, to Mr. and Mrs. Dilke. The words written by Keats are printed in ordinary black ink, while Brown's portion is in blue. As the interchange of pens was frequent, the representation of two or three black words in the midst of blue, and the reverse, gives the four pages the letter covers a singular appearance. In another instance, where Keats writes to his brother Tom, from Scotland, he sketches rapidly with his pen a view of one of the lakes surrounded by mountains, and the little picture is faithfully reproduced. An essay, written mainly by Leigh Hunt, to which Keats contributed a few words only, is given entire. There is an essay upon his method of spelling, and another upon—with reproductions of—the various portraits of Keats. An account is given of the school-house he first attended; there is an etching of his burial-place; a sample of his handwriting is given, and there is a profile portrait produced of Fanny Brawne, in the way Keats thought she looked the best. In short, with special indexes to each volume, and an ideally good general index, this edition may be considered likely to supersede everything that has yet been offered on the subject with which it deals.

Mr. Speed's three volumes give us, as new features, colored portraits of Keats and his two brothers, which would have been better uncolored. In plain black and white they would have avoided what they now suggest, a cheap chromo-like quality. The etching from the life-work by Haydon, is excellent. There is but little editing; the text and notes thereto are Lord Houghton's; and there is a carelessness in proof-reading not to be readily excused in a work of so much pretense. The numbering of the volumes on the title-page is defective; and, while the motto on the title-page of Vol. I. is correctly given, the word "think," when it is quoted by Mr. Speed in the memoir, is changed to "believe." The beauty of De Vinne's printing, and the fact that the edition is "limited," with the further circumstance that a few of the letters given are not to be found elsewhere, will, no doubt, make it often sought after by special lovers of Keats.

*See, in this connection, my essay on "Keats's Poet Friend," in the *New York Daily Graphic*.

It is a curious fact that all the matter relating to Keats held by the American branch of the family, has been doled out, so far, slowly and grudgingly, and with a sharp eye on the gainfulness of the transaction. The New York *World* office,* which gave some of Keats's American letters to the public in that paper some years since, asked when the edition containing them became a little scarce, one dollar for a copy of the *World* containing them. This happened about seven years ago, and the matter is now printed in a very exclusive way for the benefit of three hundred and fifty people.

But the name of Keats is secure and among the immortals. Shelley classed him "among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age," and considered "the fragment of Hyperion as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years." Byron, not a willing witness, and too much an adherent of the school of Pope to admit easily the manner which was to make Pope obsolete, said of the same poem, "It seems actually inspired by the Titans, and sublime as *Æschylus*." Haydon says he "was the only man I ever met who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling except Wordsworth. . . . A genius more purely poetical never existed." Shelley's poetical tribute to Keats, and Leigh Hunt's early and constant recognition of him give ample proof of the high impres-

*Not then, of course, under its present management.

sion he made on the best critics of his time. It was Hunt's remark that he had "a weighty soul in a little body."

The immense stride in performance which was shown by the appearance of his "*Lamia* *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and other Poems," and the fact that, at the very breakdown of his health, he was planning extensive studies and years of isolation for larger work, leaves no doubt that the world's loss in the death of Keats has not been overestimated. As it is, he has left us a few of the most perfect and melodious pieces of verse that have ever been produced—and lines that for strength and quality nothing less than the Shakespearean adjective can describe. One of his ardent admirers—Mr. John Newton—not unfitly embalmed his memory in the following sonnet, published over forty years ago:

KEATS.

"The muses' son of promise, 'thou art gone!
Oh! if the world of Grecian dreamers be
In truth embosomed in eternity,
There will thy spirit find a fitting throne!
Thine was the beauty of the bud half blown—
The first pure trembling hues of poesy:
Sweet, tender, graceful, delicate, wild and free,
At morn thou bloom'd'st—the wind nipp'd—thou art
gone!
Yet Bud of youth, thou hast not lived in vain.
The young, the pure in soul, from age to age
Shall revel in the music of thy page;
And love his memory who pour'd the strain.
Oh! not 'in water' written is thy name—
'Tis graven in 'red-leaved tables of the heart' by
Fame!"

JOEL BENTON.

MODJESKA AS ROSALIND.

"Tis said, sweet singing always makes us sad;
But how could thy sweet playing serve us so?
When thou as *Rosalind* did'st bravely go
To the wild wood, in such strange habit clad
As made thee seem a swashing martial lad,
To thy Orlando; but to us—ah, no!
Such grace as thine no man could ever show.
Why, seeing that, were we not wholly glad?
To eye and ear each moment was delight.
Not for our own sakes were we sad at heart,
But that Will Shakespeare, from death's envious night,
Could not come back to see thy perfect art;
That he might say, O sweet beyond compare!
I dreamed of nothing that was half so fair.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

TINKLING CYMBALS

XII.

ALL publicity of scandal was for the time avoided. By a week or two later, Leah and her husband were occupying their former New York residence. For several weeks afterward Tremaine conducted himself with a scrupulous observance of reputable usage. There had been no formal reconciliation. Perhaps both shrank from this, as from a needless hypocrisy. Tremaine was admirably courteous, however. He had a faultless set of manners; they were like a perfectly-equipped dressing-case, in which nothing is wanting, from the ivory-backed hair-brush to the little silver box for holding soap. Leah would sometimes watch him in secret consternation. She wondered if any hard, voluptuous and narrow spirit ever clad itself in softer and more tasteful guise. That was the sole meaning of Tremaine—he had good taste. It ruled him as a creed, and covered him like a garment. His cruel comments regarding others, his choice of reading, his selection of apparel, his mode of dining, his bow, his smile, his favorite phrase, were all set in one key of good taste. The vice which had begun to victimize him, stealing in by the path of selfishness, was wholly irrelevant to this dainty nicety. He was the last man in the world, you might have said, who would have taken to drink. But intemperance is very often the Nemesis of a man's own callous inhumanity. A life wed to idleness and swayed solely by personal concern will sometimes hoard unawares a store of venom, through which may come to it, in slow but certain way, the death of the viper that has stung its own flesh.

Leah and her husband now rarely appeared in society together. It would have been fortunate, at this period, if a child had been given her. She would have lavished upon it untold affection and derived infinite comfort from the protective duties of motherhood. She had flung away husks, and hungered for true nourishment.

Suffering had drawn a veil from her eyes; she looked at the world as a place in which thousands were daily feeling worse pangs than hers, and where the vast common ills of her race could be fought with no weapon save a resolute charity. Many noble sayings of her mother shone as if in golden letters through the clearing mists of memory. And her love for that mother, always profound though often so erratic in its display, now became a steadfast tribute, more fond than the one which Lawrence Rainsford had long paid, and yet quite as reverential.

Rainsford and she now often met at her mother's dwelling. It never occurred to Leah that his old wound had not healed. Seeing all things in a new light, she saw herself as a kind of maimed failure. She could not have brought herself to believe that he regarded her in any wise except with a generous pity.

"Why has Rainsford never married?" she said to her mother, one day. "There must be so many good women who would most gladly join their future with his. It would be like setting out to sea in a stanch ship that wreck has no terrors for."

Mrs. Romilly gave a smile of involuntary sadness.

"In one of your talks together," she replied, "you might ask him. Perhaps he would tell you."

But Leah did not ask. These talks to which Mrs. Romilly referred were sometimes held in her sitting-room during a brief absence of her own.

"You grow more famous every year," Leah once said to him. "The critics all have a kind word for you, too. That means a great deal."

It was a mild afternoon, and the chamber where they sat was full of declining yet still vivid sunlight. Leah looked very lovely. She wore a dark bonnet that brought into richer relief her golden hair, above the pure,

exquisitely refined face. Her hands, in their long gloves, were crossed upon her lap. To the artistic eye of Rainsford no lissome trait of her figure, in its sombre-hued, clinging draperies, had been lost. She leaned a little toward him as she spoke these last words, and he could not but feel how changed she was, while yet, in all graces of physical enticement, so winningly her former self.

"I often think it may mean very little," he said, "when all the critics have a kind word for you."

"No, no," objected Leah. "I believe that the best critics set the fashion for the inferior ones. The last are mere copyists, I should say. And when there is a war of opinion, it is because the best follow different models—that is, the few who know of what they write are insecure and disturbed in their judgments."

"But real greatness always disturbs the real critics," said Rainsford, smiling with interest. "At least in the beginning."

"Not always," responded Leah. "This age is so keen-sighted and live a one that I think the fine critics are apt to agree about the fine painters, poets, musicians or actors nearly as soon as the world sees their work. I question if Keats would be neglected to-day. I think Shakespeare would be idolized."

"I did not know you had such great faith in your century," said Rainsford.

"I have immense faith in it!" exclaimed Leah. "Mamma will tell you that! We have had some memorable talks together, lately—memorable, I mean, for myself. I hold it to be the grandest age that history has yet recorded. Think of the problems solved, the educational progress made, the mighty push of science, the splendid achievements of art! . . ." She paused for a moment and gave a faint sigh, not so faint that he failed distinctly to catch its sound. "Ah," she presently went on, looking straight at him with a melting sympathy in her brown eyes: "How happy are they who really *belong* to the age—who represent it by stable accomplishment and by sincere purpose!"

"Do you speak with envy of such?" he questioned, quite off his guard. "You!"

The color slowly flushed Leah's face. "I,

at least, have the right to *envy* them," she answered.

"But you used to think so differently," he began. And then her hand, lifted with a soft impatience, interrupted him.

"Pray do not refer to what I used to think, or what I used to be!" she gently cried.

"I will not, if it displeases you," he said.

"It does not displease—it pains and shames me. I had no excuse for my contracted views of things. You know what a mother was mine. I was reared under the shadow of her wisdom and strength, yet I gained nothing from either. I let the merest superficialities deceive me. I shut my ears to the large music of life; I deliberately listened only to the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbals . . ." She sighed again, bowing her beautiful head.

Rainsford watched her in silence for several seconds. Compassion deeply stirred him. Perhaps if he had not let a slight interval succeed her last words, his own would have been less firm and secure of utterance.

"I think that I understand you very clearly," he said. "You misvalued the exterior meaning of society. What is bright and felicitous in a certain part of it misled you, at a first view, into supposing that no hollowness lay below."

Leah lifted her eyes to his. They were full of eager meaning. She raised both hands and waved them slightly while she spoke.

"I was charmed by external glitter—nothing more. I thought that perfect manners meant perfect morals. I have seen my wretched mistake. For this reason it is not strange that I have clung to certain people. The Marksley sisters, for example; with all their frivolity I find that they somehow ring true. And Mrs. Chichester . . . with all her belief in gentility and keeping up a perpetual heaped altar before it, I have seen in that woman a certain cleanly self-respect which leads me to feel as if she were of the stuff that what is best in antique aristocracies must have been made of. She is at least loyal to her own traditions; she is stagnant in her conservatism, but the stagnancy has nothing foul about it. And then there is little Mrs. Forbes, too, with her

pending divorce, which I am sure she will get—a woman whom great wrongs have not yet soured, and whose laugh is still as merrily as her heart is good, while she stands up bravely against a husband who would have literally ground her under his heel. These people all love what I have latterly got to hate—the senseless whirl of fashionable pleasures. Yet there is a bond between us; in their different ways they assure me that the faith to which I was once so zealous a convert has not all its members cut after the same valueless pattern. They save me from too sweeping a disapproval; they prevent me from being an extremist in my condemnation.”

Rainsford shook his head. “I fear your conversion is yet too partial,” he replied. “Best if it were absolute. I think that as your outlook widens it will become so. These exclusionists, who base their assumptions of superiority on the shadow they call birth or the substance they call wealth, deserve an unqualified censure. They are the curse of our republic; in a manner they threaten its advancement and its prosperity. They are a taint in its rich young blood, and they mean a chronic malady whose development must work incalculable harm.” His voice loudened as he continued to speak, and his demeanor changed its habitual repose for an indignant ardor. “Aristocracy has no right of existence within this land. The frauds and corruptions in our politics are not one-half so perilous as this other rapidly-increasing ill. Our dishonest statecraft has sprung, after all, from democracy itself; democracy, who is responsible for it, may one day cure it with her own medicines. But this aping of what had its rise long ago in the dark feudal ages of Europe—this subservience to a vicious and degrading vanity—this open and cruel sneer at the very laws by which our country must either shape her destiny or perish—ah! that is quite another matter! The great social inequalities of our uncompleted civilization are lamentable enough; but education is always waging her war against these, and it is not a millennial dream to trust that she may one day vastly modify if she does not wholly annul them. But when pretentious braggarts have succeeded in making new social inequalities, feeding the bigotry which applauds them

upon their own hoarded capital, what shall prevent the national spirit itself from sinking to a level with this disastrous change? Our government will lapse into monarchism—that poisonous nourishment on which the patrician idea has in all times most malignantly thriven. There is not a very wide step between the monopolist of millions who drives a pompous drag up Fifth Avenue and the miscalled ‘nobleman’ who has received from his king the preposterous hereditary right of making a country’s laws. To my own ears there is an ominous mutter of revolutionary bloodshed at this very hour in our land. I sometimes almost wish that such calamity might fall upon us quickly, if any vital good were to follow. Yet revolutions too often accomplish nothing save ruin. Meanwhile the luxuriously selfish class yearly grows larger. American society, as it is called, is no longer provincial; the day for declaring it so is past. People come to us from European courts and marvel at the scale of splendor on which our revelries are conducted. We are foreign and imitative only in our snobbery—and, perhaps I might add, our immorality.”

There was no touch of cynicism about Rainsford’s final sentence. He spoke it with lowered tones and an accent of unquestionable regret.

“If you hold these opinions,” said Leah, after a slight silence, “—and I scarcely dissent from any of them—then you seem to me all the more enviable, because, while so near a movement in which you scorn to participate, you can absorb yourself with worthy and durable occupation.” She looked very helpless for a moment, lifting her brows and letting her eyes wander transiently past Rainsford rather than meet his own. “I think of it so often,” she murmured. “I mean the need of a purpose, a pursuit. I have no real talent. The women who paint pottery and disfigure mantels with abnormal sunflowers, don’t spur me into any rivalry. I am just beginning to feel what a hard doom it is, this being forced to sit with idle hands in a century that is so busy, so creative, so energetic!”

“I think that no one is forced to sit with idle hands, unless ill health compels him.”

She looked at him with a great directness. “Tell me what I can do,” she said.

"I think you can tell me quite as well as mamma could; and I hate to let mamma see that I am unhappy or even *distracte*."

"Did it ever strike you," slowly answered Rainsford, "what an active woman your mother is? how she concerns herself with many silent, unostentatious charities? how she visits the sick, personally inquires into the needs of the poor, advising, consoling, encouraging both? I have watched your mother's life well for years past. It seems to me more finely correspondent to the best essential meaning of Christian precepts than any other which my experience has record of."

Leah mused for a little while, her eyes brightening in a meditative, convinced way.

"How strange!" she presently broke forth. "Mamma's goodness has become a commonplace to me. I have taken it for granted since my early girlhood, as though it were the charming hazel of her eyes or the unblemished whiteness of her hands. . . . If I could only join her in those modest and patient deeds of help! If I could get her to let me sit at her feet and learn how to be of use in the world! . . . Ah! I talk as if it were difficult!" Leah's voice faltered now, and she passed a fleet hand over either eye, in that way which has but one import. "I shall use some of my old tyranny," she went on, giving a little laugh replete with sadness. "I shall be rebellious, as I so often was in the past. She will accede then; she is so used to my defiant moods."

Leah's voice lingered over these ending words. They were invested, for Rainsford, with a supreme melancholy. Their wistful irony literally pierced him by its pathos. What a transformation they revealed, and what a piteous remorse!

Leah's conquest of her mother was an easy one. It was, in truth, no conquest, but a surprised and glad acquiescence on Mrs. Romilly's part. Still, a strong tinge of sorrow colored her joy. Leah had bought this new aspiration at a dear price. She had gained the higher path and she was willing to tread it; but had she not gained it with bleeding feet and a weary heart?

She showed a quiet enthusiasm regarding the fresh motive that now filled her days. She accompanied her mother in vari-

ous missions of relief, and watched, often with tear-dimmed eyes, those resolute, practical benignities which had long ago become the outward though unheralded proof of a most sincere philanthropy.

"I never really knew till now, mamma, just how glorious a creature you are," she would say, kissing her. "I suppose it's on the same principle as when people have lived for years within a few miles of Niagara and never been there. . . . Well, I've made my visit at last," she would add, with a touch of her former gaiety; "I've been across to the Canada side and gone under the Falls. It's all a great deal more wonderful than I expected; it is certainly an amazing natural curiosity."

Leah now had her daily routine of benevolence. She constantly witnessed the most painful sights. She grew familiar with the worst rigors of poverty; she saw the awful results of that one regnant vice, drink—how its fangs are buried in the heart of so many homes, and its coils tightened round so many struggling lives; she watched the malign despotism of inherited disease, wreaking its harms upon the newborn infant, sending the youth and maiden to untimely graves; she noted the sluggish lethargy with which ignorance entralls countless minds, and the stubborn downward push that it gives its victims into deeds for which the law takes fearful toll. She realized the immense anguish of humanity, and how feeble a minority of it has crept from night into light. Perhaps the sturdy philosophy of her mother alone guarded her now against the dangers of a bitter pessimism; perhaps it kept her from that rash indignation which judges all evil with no relenting palliative—from the futile reasoning which declares sin a fixed necessity—from the cold intellectualism which cramps all morality within utilitarian fetters—or from the too mawkish compassion which deplores crime with over-facile tears. Leah soon felt her mother's truly sublime tolerance infused into soul and intellect. She found herself forgetting to rail at the ill in fighting for the good. Meanwhile she met a few other women, full of heroism and sacrifice, who had long loved her mother and served under her lofty leadership. Two or three of

these Leah had met in past times. She remembered, now, that she had once thought them dowdy and dull—and a pang of conscience always went with such recollections. It was true, she told herself, with her old turn for satire showing even in her present repentance, that very few of these courageous workers had taken the leisure to see Newport in the season, and that none of them would look presentable at one of Mrs. Chichester's glittering dinner-parties; but they had their trivial duties to perform, nevertheless, even though these were not chronicled among the society-notes in the morning journals.

Leah's new friends were of various religious creeds. But it was silently understood among the little body of which she had been made a member, that all diversities of belief were welded into one common and satisfying faith—the beneficence of steadfast humanitarian diligence. Here they all assembled, so to speak, as in a temple, of which Mrs. Romilly herself was the calm and pure high-priestess.

"I see that we are asked to three dinners next week," said Tremaine to his wife one morning at breakfast. "Do you mean to accept all the dinners this season?"

"No," she answered; "I have quite given up all that."

He stared at her in his mild way for a moment.

"Do you expect me to go without you?" he said.

"If you choose—certainly."

A note of impatience stirred his reply.

"It is not good form. I suppose you know that. I wish to accept at all three places. I like the houses, and the people whom one meets there. Am I to be kept at home because it is your whim to keep me?"

"It is not my whim to keep you at home," she answered. "But it is my sincere desire to keep myself at home."

He gave a nervous, annoyed gesture, and began to stir his coffee somewhat briskly. His old, graceful languor had in a great measure left him of late; he was thinner, and at times actually haggard. Leah was not at a loss to account for this change. When they met at breakfast (which was not often) his hand would sometimes be tremulous and his eyes bloodshot. She rarely saw

him after dinner, and frequently he would dine away from home. She had a certainty that he seldom returned at night before a very late hour. She never inquired of him concerning his goings and comings.

This morning, however, he looked better than usual—that is, than on the occasions when they breakfasted together. She plainly saw that she had irritated him, and knew that he would presently make this evident.

She was not mistaken, here. He fixed his eyes upon her face very soon after she had spoken, and addressed her in these words:

"I think you must see the absurdity of our pulling against each other in this fashion. I can't dine out unless I do so with *you*, and because you have taken to prowling among the highways and hedges, and permitting yourself to be fooled by lazy paupers who no doubt chuckle over your credulous inexperience, I don't see that this is any reason why I should be kept from the natural and proper enjoyment consequent upon the position to which I was born."

This was the first suggestion he had ever given her that he had cognizance of her altered aims. She had hardly doubted that he must have seen them, and yet he had never spoken regarding them. Her mind worked fleetly as she reflected, without a pulse of effrontery, upon his recent speech. While he waited her answer he expected argument if not dissent; but neither came. Leah simply said: "I do not see that I am privileged to disagree with you. I will accept the invitations in both our names..."

"You think I did right, mamma?" she afterward said to her mother.

"Unquestionably, my dear. He is your husband. His demand is not unjust. I wish that he had always done nothing more blamable than to make it."

Leah gave a great sigh. "These assemblages are simply odious to me now," she said. "It is not that I have ceased to like the glow and grace of them. But all the people think and talk such trivialities! They live so utterly out of their time! It makes me think of the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, with the inmates wakened after a hundred years of slumber. The world has gone rolling on, and they have known nothing about it..." She dropped her voice almost to a whisper, and spoke as

though some harsh disaster were threatening her. "I see my proper course perfectly, mamma. I have married that man, I dwell under the same roof with him. I must yield my preferences to his, so long as mine are unconventional, militant against those ideas and forms to which I knew him wedded when I became his wife. I put on the yoke as if it were a necklace of jewels, and I must wear it, though it prove a collar of iron!"

"Leah, I hate to hear you speak like this!"

"But you assent to my theory. While he preserves the decencies I must live with him. And while I live with him I must shield from outward notice and comment the hollow falsity that our marriage has grown. You will agree with me there." Leah paused for a brief space. "Lawrence Rainsford would agree with me, too."

Mrs. Romilly gave a visible start. "Why do you mention Rainsford?" she quickly asked.

A moment after the question was spoken she regretted it.

"Why?" murmured Leah. She laughed in an abrupt, tired way. "I—I don't know," she answered, avoiding her mother's look. She seemed to scan the carpet while she went on: "I suppose it is because he is so sure a judge between right and wrong—and so richly endowed with the noblest qualities of manhood as well."

'If you had only thought that not so very long ago!' passed through Mrs. Romilly's mind. But she was far enough from openly expressing the wish—one that had to do with a profound and unassuaged regret.

Leah went again into gay circles. It occurred to her that she was very little of a success, in popular phrase. She tried not to be bored, yet she was secretly by no means bored. She had still enough youth left to feel the buoyancy of aimless merriment and festivity. Her laugh was blither than she knew. It was possibly her exquisite beauty that still made her a favorite, though people declared her to be changed, and deplored the change as a consequence of her husband's reputed misdoings. Her mental brilliancy and native wit remained the same. She pleased in spite of herself.

The Marksleys, and perhaps Mrs. Forbes as well, had circulated the story of her novel departure from received formulas of allegiance. But she never aired her late opinions. This second advent was enforced; she would not have made it but for her husband's desire. And yet she made it with a commendable good sense. Tremaine was covertly pleased; he saw her shine, and in a manner reign. It tickled his egotism to find her still admired and courted.

But her devotion to the new career continued absolute. She attended few large entertainments excepting afternoon receptions, and never permitted these or any similar festivity to interfere with the fulfilment of her gracious offices. It is possible that her condemnation of all worldliness now seemed to her unduly sweeping; her converted state had lacked the needful equilibrium, and had presently righted itself; she had swung from one extreme to another, and recognized this fact; society did not strike her as quite so hollow, after all, as she had pronounced it, nor quite so black as she had painted it. She now accepted it as a requirement, where before she had sought it as a delicious diversion. By a good deal that occurred there she was emphatically amused. Lawrence Rainsford's denunciation would occasionally haunt her memory, not seldom with doubts as to its full justice, and yet often with complete endorsement of its asperity.

Autumn had meanwhile lapsed into winter. Tremaine still hid his excesses from his wife, though she continually perceived their results. He managed never to appear before her in wine; she would have resented such an indignity by a prompt withdrawal from the room if he had ever inflicted it; she had prepared herself just how to act in the event of its occurrence.

She had formed no intimacy with any of his relations, though visits of ceremony were punctiliously exchanged between herself and not a few of his kinswomen. She did not at all object to this turn of affairs. It would have stung her pride if these aunts and cousins had all failed to pay her the simple courtesy of admitting the place that she held and the name that she bore. As for Tremaine's mother, that lady had thus

far shrouded herself in a silence and seclusion which Leah felt convinced would indefinitely continue. It was widely known that she and her mother-in-law were "not on terms." But neither her husband nor any of his clan had made the least reference to this estrangement since her marriage. Indeed, it could hardly be called by that name; Leah had never seen the elder Mrs. Tremaine, and had no desire to see her. Not that Elizabeth Romilly's daughter cherished any anger. This had long ago become indifference; she had fallen, at last, into the habit of regarding Mrs. Tremaine's behavior rather with pity than resentment. And she had taken it for granted that her husband's condemnation of the words then used and the attitude then assumed, remained quite unaltered.

But one day her eyes were opened to a wholly different perception of this latter point. She discovered that Tremaine was in sympathy with his mother's extraordinary conduct. The discovery was a sharp blow.

He entered her room at about four o'clock, one afternoon. She had passed the morning in a hospital with her mother, and had soothed the last hours of a woman dying with great agony of cancer, and half-crazed by the conviction that she would soon pass among eternal torments. Leah's nerves had been severely shaken, but a slight sleep had relieved her distress; she rose from a lounge as Tremaine's knock sounded at her door, and afterward received him with excellent composure. He had ostensibly sought her for the purpose of discussing an overcharge made with respect to certain household repairs during the previous summer; but he soon deserted this topic, and almost before Leah knew it he had said:

"By the way, did it ever strike you that my mother and you ought to be friends?"

"Of course it would have been better," she answered, somewhat confusedly.

"Better? It would have been the proper thing." He gave a slight shrug of the shoulders, a moment afterward, and turned away from the window through which he had been gazing down into the adjacent street. "However," he went on, with a blunt brevity that of late had got saliently

into his manner, "I'm afraid you don't care about the proper thing any more."

Leah ignored this thrust; she felt that she could afford to do so; it was such a mere pin-prick. She was silent for a little while, and then she said, measuring each word: "Why have you spoken of your mother?"

"Why?" he repeated, starting irritably. "Because, as you very well know, family quarrels are in shocking taste."

"There has been no quarrel."

He laughed harshly. "I don't know what you call it."

"Then I can tell you very easily," Leah replied. "I call it a one-sided attack, in which blows were given but not returned. They were warded off, if you please, in self-defense, but nothing more. . . . I am not prepared to hear that you approve your mother's course. I shall be terribly sorry, however, to learn that you do."

He stood watching her for a moment, with his changed eyes, that had got a reddened, fatigued look about the lids and a curve of darkness below, toward either cheek. "Oh, pshaw!" he suddenly said, in a kind of mutter, and with another movement of the shoulders while walking to the door; "there's no use of hoping for common sense from you nowadays. I give you up in despair."

Leah wondered, now and then during the next fortnight, what motive might have lain behind those allusions to her mother-in-law. But at length she had ample cause for understanding. Her luncheon-hour was usually one o'clock; when at home by this time she would descend into the dining-room and eat a cold morsel and drink a cup of tea. Her husband was never present at this meal. But one day she was almost startled to find him standing before the fireplace in the dining-room, as she entered that apartment.

"Do you want luncheon?" she said, with an amazed little laugh and a glance at the rather meagre repast spread upon the table. "If so I will order something hot to be cooked. I would have had it prepared beforehand if I had known you would be at home."

"Thanks; I had a bite at the club," Tremaine answered. His face was averted from

Leah's; he appeared to be looking straight at the ruddy turmoil of the brisk wood-fire.

"I came at this hour for a special reason," he went on, breaking an interval of silence. "It relates to my mother."

"Your mother?" Leah repeated, in quick interrogation.

"Yes. She is coming to see you." As Tremaine spoke he slowly turned and faced his wife. "She thinks it best."

"Oh, very well," said Leah, in dubious undertone.

"She was to be here a little after one." He took out his watch and glanced at it. "She is due now. And I may as well tell you, Leah, that mother considers she is making a decided concession by coming."

"A concession?"

"Yes, I dare say she will be a little stiff, too. She thinks, you know, that the first advances should have come from you."

"From *me*, Tracy?" said Leah, who had turned pale, and who now rose from her chair.

He slightly frowned, and his tones were peevishly raised as he answered: "There is no use of echoing every word I say, like that! Yes, from *you*!"

"From *me*?" persisted Leah, touching her bosom with one hand. "From the daughter of the lady whom she insulted?"

Just then a bell-peal sounded in the outer hall. "There she is, now!" exclaimed Tremaine. "I do hope you intend to behave properly."

Leah looked with fixity into her husband's face. "I shall make no concessions," she said. "I am prepared to receive them."

"Bah! what an absurdity! Mother is a woman of sixty. Besides, she is—though you may not grant it—a person of marked importance." (It is not easy to describe the peculiar accent with which he gave this last sentence; they who best knew the Tremaines knew the intonation well when they heard it, and they never heard it except when a Tremaine referred to himself or others of his blood, in the sense of caste and distinction.) "You certainly don't suppose that she is coming to you with anything so nonsensical as an apology."

"I do," said Leah, with great firmness. "I shall receive her on no other terms."

He bit his lips; his eyes had begun to glitter.

"Remember that you are in your own house. On that account, if no other, preserve some respect for yourself."

"I wish always to preserve a great deal of respect for my mother," she answered.

"Your mother and you are two different people."

"In a matter of this sort we are one."

"Her quarrels belong to herself."

"They belong to me as well—whenever she has been wronged."

At this moment the draperies overhanging a doorway which communicated with the near drawing-room were parted, and a servant appeared, bearing Mrs. Tremaine's card. Tremaine himself took it, at once dismissing the servant.

"She is here," he said, speaking with low speed to Leah. "Do I understand rightly that you refuse to see her?"

"Oh, by no means." Leah advanced toward another curtained doorway as she spoke. "Her offense was a serious one, but I shall not consider it beyond pardon."

He went close up to her side. "Pardon!" he sneered. "If you have any such idiotic expectation you will be finely disappointed!"

"Did your mother send her card to me or to you?" she quietly asked.

"To you—of course."

"Then, of course, I will see her."

He scanned her pale face with a morose acuteness. "A moment ago you said that you would not receive her."

Leah gravely nodded. "I did. But to see and to receive are not, in this case, the same."

"I fail to discover any difference between them."

"You shall be afforded the opportunity, perhaps, if you choose to witness our meeting."

He drew a deep breath. "Don't make me curse the hour that I ever married you!" he muttered, in his throat.

"Shall you enter with me?" asked Leah.

He did not reply. He was observing her with a look of suppressed exasperation. She brushed aside one of the curtains and passed into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Tremaine rose from a chair as Leah approached. The latter, even if she had received no premonition of who it was, would almost have recognized the high, arched nose, the narrow brow, the white back-rolled hair and the dim, cold eyes, from her mother's past description, added to the fact of a certain resemblance which the lady bore to her finer-featured son.

Leah advanced toward Mrs. Tremaine with a gliding step and an entirely self-possessed mien. She reached a chair not far from that which her visitor had just vacated, paused beside it, and rested both hands upon its back. She had no desire not to be abrupt, but she wished not to be unmannerly. She at once spoke, in a voice so modulated that it seemed sweet as well.

"I am your son's wife," she said.

Mrs. Tremaine gave a little fluttered sigh.

"I know you by sight, my dear," she replied. "I saw you at Newport . . . but you did not see me . . . I was in my own apartment, nearly always, when you passed with Tracy—or else I saw you from my carriage-window—I am such an invalid—I am constantly forced to hide myself from the air—from the open sunshine, you know. But I remember you—I should have known you immediately if we had met elsewhere."

She was silent for a little while; her thin lips trembled, once or twice, as if from indecision what to say next. Suddenly she put forth both her black-gloved hands, which looked as if their encasing kid had never left them since they had waved themselves before her agitated face during her strange talk with Mrs. Romilly more than two years ago, and took several rapid steps toward Leah.

"I hope you will think no more of the past, my dear!" she said. "I don't want to think of it. I—I want to be friends with my daughter-in-law!"

Leah gazed for a second at the extended hands, but she did not extend her own. Her countenance was not stern, yet it was exceedingly serious.

"Your daughter-in-law wishes also to be friends with you," she said. "If you place it within her power to be friends with you, Mrs. Tremaine, she will thank you very much."

The reply was at first a look of wonderment; there was not a trace of *hauteur* in it, as the lady put her hands still farther forward.

"I do place it within your power, my dear child," she exclaimed, as though eager to correct some misapprehension.

Leah receded, then, shaking her head. "Pardon me," she objected. "You have not done so yet."

Mrs. Tremaine's hands dropped at her sides. "Why, what do you mean?" she asked, in her light, cool, thin voice.

"Merely this," said Leah, with sadness and tenderness commingled. "At Newport, a little while after my engagement to your son was made public, you addressed language to my dear mother which I must believe, unless you tell me otherwise, that you now regret. They were cruel words, Mrs. Tremaine, and quite unprovoked. But they will be overlooked and forgotten if you are willing to meet my mother and declare to her that you do regret them. I think that I speak from a full knowledge of her large and generous nature when I tell you she will require no elaborate or formal apology, but merely a simple expression of the sorrow it has cost you for having dealt a deep sorrow to her."

Leah had scarcely ended her final sentence before she saw something of the result which was to follow this appeal. Mrs. Tremaine stared at her with back-thrown head now, and a kind of electrified rigidity about the slim, dark-clad figure. The very intensity of her scorn carried with it a majesty. Supreme prejudices, however repellent to contemplate, are always supreme facts. Mighty bigotry may shock us by its perversity, but we cannot effectually deny its might. That remains in bulky, granitic assertion.

Between the brains, the motives, the creeds, the temperaments of these two women, as they now regarded each other, there lay a distance that might almost be called interplanetary. Or, at least, their meeting was like the dead past brought face to face with the living present. A whole history of human progression stretched between their opposing minds. On both sides the antagonism was sincere enough. The stanchness of their mutual contempt made

it doubly important. One clung to her belief in the positive sanctity of birth and name quite as tenaciously as the other clung to a belief in the emptiness of both. It is possible that they recognized one another as natural foes during the brief but pregnant pause that now ensued. In the clear brown eyes of one seemed to burn the strong, active vitality of to-day; in the faded and frosty gaze of the other lay the ember-like dimness of a thousand yesterdays.

"You think that I will degrade myself by apologizing to *her*?" at length sounded Mrs.

Tremaine's gasping whisper. "You *dare* to think so?"

Leah's wrath had leaped up into her face. And she meant to give that wrath full freedom, now. She felt that she had no longer the least cause for restraint—no, nor the least excuse for it. It flashed through her that here was one of the rare cases when to be angry is to be right. She was defending what she loved. This woman had tempted punishment. She should be taught a lesson. Yes, one that till her dying hour she should never forget.

XIII.

Perhaps Leah remained silent five or six good seconds. During this interval she was slowly measuring the form of her companion. She began at the dark rim of Mrs. Tremaine's dress, and let her eyes lift themselves with a deliberate scrutiny up along the fragile stature till they met the narrow visage. Then she spoke.

"I shall not answer either of your questions, madam. Their impertinence is too pitiable. But, perhaps, you would care to know, since you have presumed to suggest that you are my mother's superior, how far below her I rank you. She is the sort of woman who leaves the world better for having lived in it; you are the sort of woman who tries to leave it worse. She has a great intellect and a great heart; you have a little intellect, and no heart at all. She loves her kind, and has dedicated her life to helping the sick, the maimed, the poor, the unfortunate; you despise your kind, and never give an hour of thought to them, against the distinct command of that Christ whom you have the insolence to worship every Sunday of your selfish, unprofitable life. When my mother dies there will be hundreds who will weep for her; when you die you will be taken to your grave without a tear. Who are you, pray, that you should disparage such a grand and stainless life as hers? An aristocrat? Why, even that flimsy claim will not serve you. You come of a respectable family—nothing more. You have no long descent, no line of ancestry, no illustrious name. In Europe your absurd pretension would be laughed at,

as you well know. . . . Come, then, what is your self-valuation based upon? Is it education? Why, my dear madam, you cannot even spell your own language. A note of yours once fell into my hands. It was carelessly given me by your son, to whom you had written concerning a certain scandal at Newport, where you remained later in the autumn than usual—I think because of his abominated wedding. The brief paragraph which I read barely missed being illiterate. But my mother can not only spell English correctly; four other languages are as familiar to her as her own. Few of the world's immortal writers and thinkers have escaped her knowledge; she is as intimate with them as you are doubtless ignorant of them. . . . Whence, then, comes your audacious reason, not only to scorn a being so immeasurably above you, but to mingle that scorn with personal abuse? What last excuse remains to you?—or, indeed, what last miserable makeshift of excuse? Do you excel her in manners? Why, there is hardly an unlettered pauper among all those whom her lovely charities daily befriended, who would not shame to attack a fellow-creature with the coarsely arrogant sentiments which you then delivered. That my mother should let me persuade her to accept an apology from you is but evidence of her surprising generosity. That you, after so atrocious a transgression, should defend your behavior, merely stamps you as incapable to appreciate a spirit that you are miserably far from resembling!"

All rebukes, however just, may be spoiled

in their effect from an overplus of passion. But Leah, angry as she was, kept the flame of her ire from out-soaring the bounds of dignity. Her impetuosity was leavened by moderation; her sentences came fleet and warm, yet each one was tellingly trenchant. She hinted, in voice, in mien, in expression, of a reproachful power yet held in reserve.

Once or twice, during her speech, Mrs. Tremaine visibly shivered; once or twice she lifted her hands imprecatingly; once or twice she uttered a low, horrified moan. But at length, as Leah ended, she cried out with querulous sharpness:

"Why did I ever enter this house? I might have known what to expect!"

"Surely you *did* know," sped Leah. "Then why *did* you come?"

Mrs. Tremaine strove to moisten her thin, blanched lips. She was very agitated; she even appeared like a person in straits for breath.

"You are as brazen as your mother!" she exclaimed with husky difficulty. "No, you are even worse than she is!"

"Ah! you don't know what a compliment you are paying me!" said Leah, with freezing satire.

"I—I shall never forget this hour!"

"It was my intention to fix it in your memory."

"I—I don't know how to deal with such people as you are! I—I have been educated to—to always avoid you!"

"Pardon me. You have not been educated at all. I made that very clear a moment ago."

"You—you should at least have the decency to remember that I am the mother of your husband."

"That is just the point. You have had the indecency to ignore it."

"Of course you excel me in—in *brains*! But that is all—all!"

"By no means. You forget breeding."

Mrs. Tremaine clenched her gloved hands together, at this point, looking the picture of impotent distress. Her suffering was quite real—even more real than it had been during her encounter with Mrs. Romilly. She esteemed herself the victim of a most frightful outrage.

"Breeding!" she repeated, with the disdain of a weak thing that will sting till its

weakness has been wholly crushed. And then she gave a little dry, sour, feeble laugh, "As if an adventuress like you could teach me that!"

"No one could teach it to you," said Leah, feeling an actual pang of compassion as she watched the frail, perturbed shape from which this last malicious protest had burst. "You are beyond all power of learning it."

She turned, and was about to leave the drawing-room. Contempt had prevailed against wrath. A weary unconcern possessed her. It passed through her mind—"How much wiser mamma was to disdain it all! I am mistaken: to be angry is always to be wrong."

Suddenly Leah's eyes fell upon her husband. He was advancing from the farther room. Something in his white, twitched face made her instantly indignant again. Then, as he plainly scowled at her while passing her, she felt her mood regain all its former fire.

He went straight to his mother, and put one arm about the lady's waist. Mrs. Tremaine had seen him some seconds ago. She now clung to him, and wailed with hysterical violence:

"Oh, Tracy—my son—I have been so terribly treated—did you hear it?—this is what has resulted from my coming here—take me at once to my carriage, Tracy—I shall be ill for weeks after this."

"Remain, if you choose, mother," he said.

"I forbid her remaining," said Leah.

"You hear!" cried Mrs. Tremaine putting one arm within her son's, and speaking with the triumphantly childish accent that conscious defeat will employ when it has abruptly found an ally. "*She* forbids me to remain! I—I don't wish to remain. I—I was very wrong to come. But still, my son, you hear! *She* forbids me!"

Tremaine looked at his wife. He spoke to her as we address a rebellious servant.

"I believe I am master in my own house," he said.

"Certainly," Leah answered. "And I am also mistress here."

"Come, Tracy—come," said his mother, pulling at the arm she had grasped. "I—I have made a fearful mistake. I—I am justly punished."

"That is perfectly true," said Leah, as

mother and son gained the threshold of the doorway which gave upon the outer hall.

Tremaine now turned and once more looked at his wife.

"You have behaved like a tigress," he said in acrid undertone.

"Then I have only played the part," she answered, "which my sweet and noble mother was once too human to play. Even a tigress will always defend her young. . . ."

She felt wretchedly tired and sickened after they had gone. Repeatedly she asked herself what view her mother would take of her conduct, and at last she firmly concluded to tell her mother nothing of the whole deplored occurrence. She thought with portentous concern of her husband's future action. For several hours she paced the floor of her chamber, and strove to set a line of conduct which must be followed with skill and tact. But incessantly there rose before her mind the probability of his unqualified blame. How could she endure that? Would she merit either his open arraignment or his covert innuendo? When they met at dinner how should she treat him? It was like surveying the region of a masked battery, and wondering from what special quarter the first dogged bullet would dart.

But Tremaine did not appear at dinner. Leah ate the meal alone, or rather almost failed to eat it. She retired at a comparatively early hour, but could not sleep. Her memory naturally drifted toward that hateful event which had succeeded their last quarrel at Newport. She knew that any plea, however paltry, would serve him now for drinking immoderately. A hundred recent signs in him told her that his vice had strengthened.

"If the least vestige of love remained," she mused, "it would all be so different! I could pardon so much! As it is, I have to reflect just what it will be proper to pardon, and just what will mark the boundary line of all possible indulgence."

Waiting in her bed for some sound below that would apprise her of his return, Leah questioned her own thoughts respecting her reason for keeping this whole late affair from her mother. Was it not as much because of Lawrence Rainsford as it was through regard for the loved one's mental

peace? True, Rainsford knew of her dreary matrimonial mistake. But why let him know these final bitter facts? In some unguarded moment her mother might tell him all; they were such confidential friends. No; it was enough that Rainsford should understand the complete failure of her marriage. Let pride guard from him any further humiliating details.

But Tremaine did not return that night. When Leah saw her mother on the succeeding day, he had not returned. Still, she kept entirely silent regarding all that had passed. Another night went by, and yet he gave no sign. But on the following morning a written order to pack certain articles of apparel and leave them at a well-known hotel, was brought her by the man-servant who had received it.

"This was sent to you, Thomas?" she said, in cool, matter-of-fact tones, after she had read the message.

"Yes, Mrs. Tremaine," was the man's reply.

Leah raised her brows, and looked with chill composure at the speaker.

"Well? Why do you bring it to me? If Mr. Tremaine gives this order you have nothing to do but carry it out."

At the same time she was secretly relieved to learn the intended course of her husband. He chose not to return home. He had decided on a plan of temporary absence from the household. He had taken up his abode at a hotel. But this precipitate change could not continue long. They must soon meet, if for nothing else than the arrangement of a permanent separation.

Still, Leah said nothing to her mother. When two more days had elapsed she began to feel not only the biting discomfort of suspense, but the mortification of confronting her servants, and of fancying that she read either sympathy or curiosity in every new shade of expression that crossed their disciplined countenances.

On the afternoon of the third day she determined to seek her mother and declare just how matters stood. With this intent she left the house at about three o'clock. The walk was not a long one; there had been a snowfall on the previous day, and as Leah passed along Madison Avenue, breathing the brisk wintry air, an occasional merry,

jingling sleigh sped by her. The pavements had little flecks of snow upon them; the sky, seen only in those niggard strips which the close-built city affords, was of a lucent yet milky azure. But Leah's mood was not in accord with the bracing weather. The blithe sleigh-bells found no echo in her dulled spirits. She was thinking, as she moved onward, of the public exposure that might be waiting her, with all its consequent hurts and torments. Yet she would play no part of hostile assertiveness. If the worst came—if her husband were unwilling to live with her longer, she would accept his decision, but never goad him into any rash clinching of it. As far as she knew, or had the right to doubt, he had preserved a certain promise. That promise once broken she would be justified in annulling their marriage relations. But until then she would be willing, even glad, to remain his wife before the eyes of the world.

Strangely enough, fate itself seemed to answer, a few moments afterward, these latter reflections. She had gained a certain corner at which was situated a very

handsome and imposing mansion of red brick, with fanciful and unique stone copings, and a wide vestibule, where you saw doors of brilliant stained glass, in Gothic design, above an interspace of quaintly tessellated flooring. Leah had often noticed this dwelling before; she knew that it was the residence of Mrs. Fortescue; it seemed to her a model of all reposeful elegance and dignity in metropolitan architecture; there had been a time, and not very long ago, when she had envied the easy fortunes of its proprietress. Now, perhaps, she would not have given this personage a thought if it had not been that a glossy *coupé*, drawn by two alert and stylish bays, dashed up to the curb only a few yards in front of her, and then suddenly halted. The next moment a gentleman alighted from the carriage; he at once assisted a lady to alight. Leah was meanwhile advancing toward them both. A great tingling thrill of consternation and shame swept through her as she recognized her husband and Mrs. Fortescue.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

[To be Concluded in the June number.]

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

"Life has grown gray," sings the poet,
The lamp of the present burns low;
The light of the future, none know it,
The past, a lost glory doth show.
We drag through our pallid existence;
We grope through the gloom of to-day;
The light that shines on from the distance,
But deepens the shade of our way.

"Ashes of roses!" we mutter,
With smiles deeply drowned in our tears;
Bitter the words that we utter,
Bitter our days and our years.
Oh, life! filled with music and pleasant
When Time, now grown weary, was young,
We catch through the sighs of the present
A snatch of the song that was sung.

Aye, often a poet hath caught it,
And sung it in tones shrilling sweet,
And with his wild fancies inwrought it
To die in a measure too fleet;

THE MANHATTAN.

But thou! oh, my vision of splendor!
 Didst come from the realms of the past
 With hands full of gifts, thus to render
 Our days not all joyless at last.

From the sea of the Greek where the Venus
 Turned foam white to rose with her smile,
 From the bosky green wood where Silenus
 Laughed out at the Oread's wile,
 From the Nile where the lotos lies sleeping,
 A moonbeam struck through to its heart,
 From the sands where the dumb Sphynx is keeping
 In silence her terrible art,

From the stone statues, solemn and frowning,
 Whose lips broke in music when dawn
 With flame their grave foreheads came crowning
 To waken a soul with the morn—
 Aye, back from the hush of creation,
 Where God stayed his hand in delight,
 Thou bringest thy strange revelation
 From dawn to illumine our night.

All love thee, but none can express thee,
 Or pierce to the core of thy heart;
 The poet in dreams may half guess thee,
 And faintly divine what thou art.
 But the song that would sing thee is broken,
 The lips quiver once and are still,
 And thy mystery ever unspoken
 Is left for the future to fill.

On thy breast is the red cross eternal
 That never a mortal may see,
 Its meaning supreme and supernal,
 Is known to no being but thee.
 Thy secret, O strange Rosicrucian!
 Thou guardest with honor and well;
 None know that thou holdest solution
 Of earth, and of heaven, and hell!

ANNE SHELDON COOMBS.



Recent Literature.

In translating Dr. Winkel Horn's *History of Scandinavian Literature*,* Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson has added, undoubtedly, the most valuable contribution to the many excellent works he has already given us on Norse subjects. Scandinavian literature is becoming an attractive study to a steadily growing circle, outside of Scandinavia itself. The popularity attained by the works of Hans Andersen and Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson has aroused attention to the field in which such products bloomed, and those who have obeyed the prompting to explore have found their interest well repaid by the fresh and rich domain that spread before them. But between the ordinary student and the literature of the Norsemen a barrier more difficult to overcome exists than that which walled in the literature of Germany from the outer world before Carlyle began to break it down. A work like this of Dr. Horn's, as it is translated by Mr. Anderson, goes far toward making a road through the obstacle. While it is a work of value to the specialist and the scholar, it is essentially a book for the ordinary student. To him it is a guide-book, a map. There have been many learned works on Scandinavian literature of the ancient period and many learned editions of its classics (for example, Sophus Bugge's critical edition of the Elder Edda, and the edition of the Younger Edda, published by the Arna-Magnean Commission, and, indeed, Mr. Anderson's own "Norse Mythology"). But there was always lacking a comprehensive review of the whole subject of Norse literature. Those works dealt only with the period covered by the Eddas and sagas, and to all except specialists were, for the most part, both difficult of access and deterrent in their cumbersome. To the modern period the outsider had no guide at all. Dr. Winkel Horn's work is comprehensive enough to include the whole lit-

erary output of Scandinavia from the first drapa of the earliest skald down to Ibsen's latest comedy; and its style is free enough from the dust and dead-weight of the scholastic method to enable it to become a popular hand-book.

Dr. Winkel Horn regards Norse literature from the standpoint of the Danish poet who sang of the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Icelanders:

"We are one people, Scandinavians we are called."

He considers that these four peoples belong to one intellectual family, and he says the feeling of unity is growing stronger among them every year. The spoken language, except in Iceland, where it preserves its ancient characteristics almost wholly unchanged, is practically the same in the Scandinavian countries. "Educated Danes and Swedes, for instance, mutually understand *each other* more easily than they do one of their own countrymen in the narrower sense of the word, who speaks a popular dialect of the same language, and the difficulties that a Dane has to overcome in order to be able to appropriate the treasures of Swedish literature, or the obstacles that stand in the way of the Swede in reference to Danish books, are very slight indeed."

With this idea in view, the plan of Dr. Winkel Horn's history is very lucid and satisfactory. He reviews the literatures of Iceland, of Norway and Denmark, and of Sweden in three groups, as forming separate parts of one whole; and he traces their development from the skaldic period in Iceland, the home of Norse literature, through the Middle Ages, through the renaissance and encyclopedic periods, when it was largely leavened by foreign influence, up to the present day. To us the most interesting chapters of the work are those on the ancient epoch, and we could wish that Dr. Winkel Horn had made this portion of his book fuller. His remarks on the structure of the sagas and drapas and the curious periphrasis of the skaldic style in general would well repay being further illustrated by examples. In dealing with the recent period, too, Dr. Horn is tempted too much into the catalogue form in order to mention as many names as possible. The foreign reader—and this is a work professedly written for foreigners—could well spare reference to a host of medi-

**History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North, from the most Ancient Times to the Present.* By Frederick Winkel Horn, Ph.D. Revised by the author, and translated by Rasmus B. Anderson, author of "Norse Mythology," "Viking Tales of the North," "America Not Discovered by Columbus," and other works. With a Bibliography of the Important Books in the English Language Relating to the Scandinavian Countries, prepared for the translator by Thorvald Solberg, of the Library of Congress. 12 mo., pp. 507. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1884.

ocrities for the sake of an exhaustive native criticism on such writers as Ibsen, Holberg, Björnson, Almquist, Andersen, or Paludan-Müller.

Not the least important of the features of this work is the bibliography of the important books in the English language relating to the Scandinavian countries which Mr. Solberg of the Library of Congress prepared for the translator.

It would be judicious for all historians hereafter to begin by publishing their works in a periodical, judging from the result of the experiment of Mr. Eugene Schuyler. When his *Peter the Great** appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* its great merits were quickly appreciated. But since the work was read in the pages of *Scribner's*, the author has so greatly improved it, that its value and interest are greatly increased. Mr. Schuyler has conscientiously consulted and mastered everything that has been written in Russia in recent years about Peter the Great, and, as a result, he has made clear many things which were heretofore hard to be understood by readers of the English language. But his careful investigations are set forth in a charming narrative, full of vivacity and charm. Especially delightful are his accounts of Russian life and habits of thought in Peter's time, when, in fact, Russia had but a slight touch of civilization, and was far from an agreeable land for civilized people to reside in. As for Peter he was a brute and a savage, of remarkable strength of mind; and really, one rises from Mr. Schuyler's story, doubtful whether the Russians have any real cause for honoring his memory as they do, and whether they would not be better off to-day if Peter had never lived. Mr. Schuyler's entertaining and delightfully written work has a worthy dress. It is issued in two very handsome octavos, profusely and superbly illustrated. Many of these illustrations appeared in *Scribner's* and have the characteristic excellence of that magazine's artwork. There are maps of Russia in Europe at the present time and of Russia in the time of Peter, and a comparison shows what an enormous stride westward Russia has made in the last two hundred years.

The dainty and delightful verse which Mr. H. C. Bunner has printed from time to time in various periodicals, he has collected in a volume

* *Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, a Study of Historical Biography.* By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D. Two vols. 8vo., pp. 445, 560. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

entitled, *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*,* published in a comely form worthy of the contents. The little book enables us to appreciate more fully than before all the merits of the author's poetry. We knew his fancy was airy and bright, his humor quiet and gentle, and his command of poetical expression easy. But here we see that with his gay mockery are blended poetic passion and a tender pensiveness, wholly unaffected. Of the latter a charming expression is "The Way to Arcady," the opening poem—for which, by the way, Mitchell has drawn, for the cover, one of his delicate and droll designs. But further will be observed the variety of the verse. "Just a Love-Letter" are playful, graceful lines, that show the town-bred muse, whose fancy delights most in the great city. And yet "Daphnis" is a wood-note as sweet as poet ever sang, where lovely sights of nature blend to make more touching the cry of Daphnis for his lost love. The two poems in the book which manifest the greatest strength are "The Appeal to Harold" and "The Old Flag," both of which have appeared in THE MANHATTAN. The passion of the former has the genuine fervor of a wounded heart, and the latter has a martial ring, which emphasizes its appeal to patriotism. Some introductory lines addressed to the poet's friend, Brander Matthews, deserve quoting for their rare felicity of thought and phrase.

TO BRANDER MATTHEWS.

By the Hearth.

"The night is late; your fire is whitening fast;
Our speech has silent spaces, and is low;
Yet there is much to say before I go—
And much is left unsaid, dear friend, at last.

Yet something may be said. This fading fire
Was never cold for me; and never cold
Has been the welcoming glance I knew of old—
Warm with a friendship usage could not tire.

The kindly hand has never failed me yet,
And never yet has failed the cheering word;
Nor ever went Perplexity unheard,
But ever was by thoughtful Counsel met.

The plans we made, the hopes we nursed, have fed
These friendly embers with a genial fire.
Not till my spirit ceases to aspire
Shall their kind light within my heart be dead.

Take these, the gathered songs of striving years
And many fledged and warmed beside your hearth;
Not for whatever they may have of worth—
A simpler tie, perchance, my work endears.

* *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere.* H. C. Bunner. 12mo, pp. 109. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

With them this wish ; that when your days shall close,
 Life, a well-used and well-contented guest,
 May gently press the hand I oft have pressed,
 And leave you by Love's fire to calm repose."

If the world does not have a good opinion of Bothwell, the third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, it certainly is not the fault of Gen. John Watts de Peyster, who has followed up his "Justification of Bothwell" by making that consort of the much-married Mary the hero of an historical drama, bearing his name. In this dramatic presentation the character of Bothwell stands forth in bolder relief than was possible in a simple narrative, and the fine traits with which he has been credited by the author gain more lustre, set against the base qualities of the plotting knaves and faithless rascals by whom he is surrounded. The champion of Bothwell is far from being a champion of Mary, and yet she has full justice done her in this play. Certainly there is no attempt to blacken her character, and if she appears here possessed of some unfeminine and unlovely dispositions, they are counterbalanced by qualities that compel our admiration. The fact is, she had a man's heart in a woman's body, while her clear intellect is displayed in the vivacious dialogue. As becomes the times, there is an abundance of drums and trumpets in the drama, but in pleasing contrast with these are the love scenes between Mary and Bothwell, in which the former has sometimes to do the wooing. *Bothwell** was evidently written with an eye to the stage. In one instance historical truth is very properly sacrificed in order to obtain a fine dramatic situation. Immediately after the murder of Rizzio, Bothwell enters to console the Queen and defend her from her brutal persecutors, when in fact she did not see him until a few days after. But everyone will readily forgive this departure from fact for the sake of the effective tableau which, by reason of this anachronism, closes the second act, with Bothwell holding Mary in his arms and boldly confronting the conspirators. Nevertheless the play cannot be acted. It lacks the carpentry of a practiced playwright, and no ordinary stage could hold, all at once, its regiment of characters. As a reading play, however, it is interesting, with considerable movement, and a strong delineation of the principal personages represented. Some pretty love songs are put in the mouth of Rizzio, and the entire drama is a worthy addition to the voluminous literature pertaining to the Queen of Scots. It

* *Bothwell*; James Hepburn, Fourth Earl of Bothwell, Third Husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. An Historical Drama. By John Watts de Peyster. 1884.

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is issued in a comely style with a number of illustrations, one of which is a well-engraved portrait of Mary, from the famous portrait in the Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg.

Mr. Grant Allen, who has already given us "Colin Clout's Calendar" and "Vignettes from Nature," has produced another delightful book. Let us say at once that while *Flowers and their Pedigrees** is as fascinating reading as its predecessors, it is, in our opinion, a comparative falling off in perhaps the most important particular. Mr. Allen is one of the missionaries of science; not a discoverer or herald of the truth exactly; rather, indeed, a devout disciple of certain men whom he acknowledges his masters; but a propagator among the heathen of such scientific faith as is in him, a reclamer of Gentiles from the ways of their outer darkness. By his "Colin Clout's Calendar" and the "Vignettes" he has done more to spread a taste for the study of natural history among the non-scientific masses than any writer we can at present recall. He is master of a charming literary style which, no matter what he writes of, seems incapable of growing dull even for a moment; and with this engine in his hands his mission seems to be to popularize the studies that greater scientists, but less attractive writers, have made repellant with the crabbed technicalities of the laboratory and herbarium. It is a pity Mr. Allen should have stepped aside from this straight line of work and, instead of popularizing a study, have applied himself to the task of popularizing a theory. Mr. Allen is a devotee of the theory of evolution, and in making use of it to trace the origin and development of certain plants, he asks of his readers a faith in a form of that, at best, undetermined theory, as uncompromising as that demanded by the preachers of the doctrine of revelation. Of course, if you grant him his premises (but if you do, remember you shear the wings of the spirit of investigation) all his conclusions follow perfectly; and those who are willing to trust themselves implicitly to Mr. Allen's guidance will find in him the most delightful of guides. He will take them into no dry and dusty regions, but across breezy English downs, through purple Scottish heather, by dappled meads and among all manner of pleasant open-air places, and they will learn much from him of the wonder-world beneath their foot-soles as they go along. The following are the titles of the chapters of the present volume: "The Daisy's Pedigree" (in which Mr

* *Flowers and their Pedigrees*. By Grant Allen. 12mo. 266 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Allen proves the modest daisy to be of the most ancient lineage in the plant world); "The Romance of a Wayside Weed" (the weed is the woodspurge), "Strawberries," "Cleavers," "The Origin of Wheat," "A Mountain Tulip," "A Family History" (that of the rose family), and "Cuckoo Pint."

The daintiest of the dainty parchment series has been already dubbed the ideal edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield*,* and after going over the volume with a keen pleasure, we can do no better in the way of criticism than thankfully endorse that description. To say that it belongs to the Parchment Library is to guarantee that, in typography, paper and binding it is a gem of book-making. And what editor would the jealous lovers of the immortal Dr. Primrose entrust their treasure to if not to Mr. Austin Dobson?—Mr. Dobson who, by his tastes and studies and literary product (except for a certain blue-china quality that gives a tone of this day to all he touches), would seem to be a contemporary of Goldsmith's rather than a writer of the last quarter of the nineteenth century? It must have been a labor of true love to such an editor to arrange this edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield"—the result at any rate justifies that belief. The preface is in his best vein, but the notes are the real achievement. Full of curious erudition, imparted with that light and smiling grace which is Mr. Dobson's chief charm of expression, they are—what, alas, notes are not always—really illustrative of the text, and are hardly less interesting than the text itself. The care and taste with which they are compiled will be best judged from a specimen. Let us take one at random. The following is the greater part of the note on the words, "Johnny Armstrong's last good-night; or the cruelty of Barbara Allen" (l. 24, p. 25, of the text).

"Versions of both these famous old songs are to be found in the excellent 'Ballad Book' of Mr. William Allingham, 1864, and elsewhere. *Johnny Armstrong* poetises the 'passing' of a well-known border freebooter; the other tells how a young man died for love of 'a maid called Barbara,' and how Barbara afterwards died of remorse. These and many other broadsheets were sung and sold about the country by hawkers and 'blind pipers.' In the vignettes of Bewick they are still to be seen displayed in cottages and farms, much as sixty years before Swift had described them in 'Bauer's and Philemon' (first version):

—ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Chevy Chase and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood."

* *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. Parchment Library. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

Addison, too, has written a charming *Spectator* (No. 85), upon a copy of the last-named 'pretty Tragical Story,' which he found decorating a house in the country; and earlier still the practice appears in the sweet-smelling pages of Walton: 'I'll now lead you to an honest Ale-house where we shall find a cleanly room, Lavender in the windowes and twenty Ballads stuck about the wall.' ('Complete Angler,' chap. ii.)"

The author of "Kismet" possesses the happy art of aptly naming the productions of her brain. But her success goes beyond the title-page to the last clear-cut sentence of her interesting books. The motto of her latest novel "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," is a succinct criticism of the steady progress of her preceding work, but hardly prepares the reader for the long stride she has taken in *Vestigia*.* The originality of the story, the touching pathos of the plot, are minor excellences compared with the vivid portrayal of character and the high moral purpose which pervades and dominates all. The scene is laid in Italy, but we are not detained by descriptions of its beauty, nor charmed by the subtle witchery of sky, or land, or sea. The writer is too intent upon the tragedy, in which the characters are involved, to linger by the way or revel in the soft charm of the sunny land. "*Vestigia*" deals with the great questions of civil liberty and the divine right of kings. And here no word or force is spent in advocating the sweet reasonableness and equity of the one, or depicting the injustice and insanity of the other. The story moves on with dramatic intensity to the end. The hero, Dino de Rossi, inherits from his dead father the "divine discontent" of the radical patriot of extreme views. This doubtful heritage would have been of small avail but for the more potent one—Pietro Valdez, friend and compatriot of his father. The radicalism of the volatile, impetuous demagogue, the fiery mouthpiece of the malcontents, was not deeply ingrained in the boy, and would have proved to be that fine balance that makes life sweet and sane, but for the fostering care of Valdez. By his influence and training we find Dino a member of a socialist club of the most revolutionary type, which has conferred upon him the task of assassinating the king. In accepting the mission, the struggle between love and duty is finely shown, and the strength and weakness of the brilliant youth are brought out with genuine power. In the passages between the lovers we are refreshed by the pure and elevated tone, the sweet sincerity and perfect trust. It is in the lofty hero-

* *Vestigia*. By George Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

ism of Italia that Dino finds strength to do the nameless deed.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

The character of Andrea, whose nature partakes of the simple grandeur of the sea, upon which he has spent his life, is well drawn and forms a strong contrast to the deep-thoughted and deep-feeling Valdez. Andrea's terse sayings are full of wisdom: "But you can't get happiness i' this world without doing something for it; it isn't enough to be willing to rob others." "There's no cheap way o' cheating heaven, lad; a man can't buy heaven at half-price." "Faithlessness—look here, girl, it's like poison in one's daily bread."

The devotion of Valdez to his principles and to Dino is nothing less than sublime. He knows that the boy has no real fitness for the desperate business of killing the king, but he allows him to prove his faithfulness and then risks an ignominious death to save his friend's young life.

The latest contribution to the "No Name" series bears the taking title of *Diane Coryval*.*

It is a pleasing story of French life rather than of French character, and is evidently written from an American standpoint. Charming as are the brothers Rupert and Lazau Byasson in their honest, albeit unkempt simplicity, and their sturdy sister, Noemi Brae, one feels that a farm-house in Connecticut rather than Picardy would be the more fitting setting for their rustic virtues. Indeed, it is the Anglo-Saxon rather than the Gaul who speaks through the lips of the greater number of the characters. René St. Avon alone gives evidence of his nationality, in the extraordinary display of filial ductility for which the author prepares us in the preface. While a too literal following of the idiomatic peculiarities of the French language produces an unpleasant effect, there is a style of speech freely translated that is distinctly and decidedly French, and gives, so to speak, the bouquet of French characteristics. This is lost in "Diane Coryval," and the attempt to represent the rustic vernacular of the peasant farmers and their servants, by the use of bad English, is unhappy.

* *Diane Coryval*. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

The strength of the book lies in the delightful description of the Abbaye. The salt of the sea breeze, the dry sweetness of pressed herbs are wafted to us as we walk in fancy through the pleasant place, and we linger lovingly in the peaceful, plentiful kitchen, bright with "the splendor of unadorned cleanliness." Diane is a very sweet maiden, and the reader never loses sight of her extreme prettiness. René St. Avon is a young man of average excellence, save in his filial character, judged from the American point of view. According to French standards he is undoubtedly a model of virtue, if the attitude of the lover toward his married innamorata, as displayed by contemporaneous French literature, be correct. In his scheming papa is found a good portrait of the worldly artist with Philistine tendencies. By the way, is not every parent a Philistine at heart where the material welfare of a child is concerned? There are several descriptive touches which show felicitous expression; the episode of bringing in the clean linen, the folded sheets "like slabs of marble" is excellent. Although the book must be said to fall below the standard of the "No Name" Series, it is pleasant and readable.

For those who love Easter the publishers at this time of year have many dainty devices, but nothing more attractive has appeared this season than a small sheaf of beautifully printed leaves entitled *Easter Flowers*,* and tied with violet ribbons in a richly painted cover, on which the passion-flower glows in all its beauty. The contents are a baker's dozen of poems suitable to Easter by famous poets, dead and living—if a true poet can be said to die—such as Bryant, Keble, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Moulton, and H. H. The editor is Miss Susie B. Skelding, who has also illustrated the poems with four charming colored illustrations of Easter lilies, violets, trailing arbutus and azaleas. In two of the poems, those by Mrs. Thaxter and H. H., there are given fac-similes of the manuscripts, and the entire publication is one which does no little credit to all concerned in its production.

* *Easter Flowers*. With illustrations of Easter lilies, violets, trailing arbutus, and azaleas. Arranged and illustrated by Susie B. Skelding. New York: White, Stokes and Allen. 1884.

Town Talk.

Whether it is desirable that a large city should keep growing larger may reasonably be a matter of doubt. Of course a constant growth is evidence of material prosperity, and the accumulation of wealth resulting from increase of population has its advantages. But how far such a vast aggregation of human beings increases the sum of happiness in the world is not so clear. It was a very pious poet who enunciated the impious proposition that "God made the country but man made the town." One may not believe this, and yet be obliged to admit that if a great city develops great virtues it also develops great vices. In it all the worst dispositions of human nature seem to find a congenial atmosphere, and Want easily persuades itself that its only friend is Crime. But there are inconveniences, far less grave, which result from the incessant additions to the size of a large town, and of one of those inconveniences New York has a "realizing" sense once in every twelve months. Manhattan Island, on which New York is built, happens to be a long and narrow island. Bounded by two deep and broad rivers New York has, until very lately, been able to grow but in one way—due north. The recent opening of the bridge to Brooklyn may be said to have given it an opportunity of expanding laterally. But the New Yorker who prefers to remain on Manhattan Island still finds, as he has found for many years past, an invisible policeman constantly giving him orders to "move on." The policeman is Necessity. The unfortunate householder cannot stay where he is for various reasons. The plot of land on which his house is built, perhaps, is wanted for business purposes, and it, with its neighbors, must be torn down to be replaced by a lofty warehouse. Or the householder's means have increased, and he wants something more elegant than the house he at present occupies, or, still more urgent necessity, the rent is raised and he must find something more nearly within his income. The last, perhaps, is the most frequent cause of removal. For house rent, in New York, is at present dearer than elsewhere in the world. It has been the misfortune of the city in times gone by to have its affairs administered by a gang of thieves and plunderers, who have piled up a

heavy public debt, the annual interest on which is no slight burden, and as it is the land which bears the heaviest part of this burden, the owners of the land have to shift a portion of the load on the shoulders of the tenant. As after this shifting the landlord does not receive a very large interest for his investment, he naturally strives once a year to get from his tenant a little more rent than the year before. And the tenant, in order to escape the evil of the increased rent, flies to other evils that he knows not of. Hence it is that at this time of the year the question most frequently asked is, "Are you going to move?" And the probabilities are that out of every ten persons to whom the question may be put five will answer, yes.

It is the first of May which custom from time immemorial has established as moving-day in New York. Then it is that the unfortunate householder comprehends thoroughly what a mutable world is this in which we live. The process of moving is an accumulation of miseries. There is first the misery of the preparation and the packing up and the comfortless days before the departure. Next comes the disenchanting process of seeing all one's belongings on the sidewalk, exposed to the gaze of neighbors and passing strangers. And then follows the delight of getting to rights in the new house, an operation about as agreeable as a protracted tooth-pulling.

But there is another consideration deserving regard about this nomad life of the inhabitants of New York. Can those of them who keep flitting about in this way every year or two really be said to have a home? That precious thing—which we alone who speak the English language can express by a single word—cannot be improvised. It requires time to ripen. No amount of wealth can produce it in a short time. It is something to which we are connected by invisible ties that cannot be formed in a day. The house in which children have been born and grown up to manhood and womanhood, and from which we have seen carried to their long home those nearest and dearest to us, the house where friends have passed merry hours, which has been associated alike with days of happiness and sorrow, henceforth becomes a consecrated place. Its associations

hallow it. You may remove from it, but you leave a good part of yourself behind—a part which you cannot carry away, which cannot be discerned by the incoming tenant and is of no use to any one but yourself, but of a great deal of use to you. For, after all, the best part of our nature has its roots in the past. Without memory we should be inferior to the brutes, and the most valuable portion of our memory is the recollection of what we have felt and suffered. It is not to be supposed that the New Yorker is ignorant of all this, because he changes his abode frequently. He moves because he cannot help it. It is his poverty, for the most part, that compels him to keep "moving on," and he consoles himself, as well as he may, with trying to believe that each house he takes possession of is superior, in many respects, to the one from which he has moved, and with the further knowledge, so pleasant to misery, that he has plenty of company.

People who are fortunate enough to possess that fine instinct of humanity—a taste for hospitality—have employed various means to make time pass agreeably for the friends they call about them. One element of entertainment has always been good cheer, and to have good things to eat and to drink has, from the earliest times, been considered as likely to be more or less acceptable to all one's guests. In less civilized days quantity was a matter chiefly desired. But as refinement has increased, the quality of the viands has become more important than the quantity. Yet when hospitable people get beyond eating and drinking as a means of entertainment, it has generally been found that their invention is limited. They can allow their friends—those of them who are young and active enough—to dance, or they can let them hear music by either professionals or amateurs—that by the former very costly, and that by the latter usually very bad; or they can ask those who visit them to yawn over an amateur dramatic performance, or take part in childish games.

At that point the invention of entertainers seemed to have come to an end, when it occurred to an ingenious gentleman of New York to

offer his friends an abundance of a commodity rarely to be found at social gatherings. This commodity is Thought. That such a commodity was likely to be agreeable to rational beings appears to have occurred to but few before the gentleman to whom allusion has been made. Of course, by Thought is not meant the crude fancies of shallow thinkers, who see but a little way beyond the ends of their noses, and whose limited cultivation causes them to imagine they have discovered ideas that have been long exploded. But the intention was to get hold of mature thinkers, who have pondered deeply over the problems that perplex mankind and over pressing questions of the day, and who are able to express clearly the conclusions to which they have come in regard to the important matters alluded to. A solitary individual could hardly hope to induce thinkers of the grade described to act simply as entertainers of his guests. But, then, thinkers might be willing to explain the conclusions which they had reached by thought and study, if asked to do so by an associated body. And so the ingenious gentleman to whom reference has been made, in combination with prominent persons like minded with himself, founded The Nineteenth Century Club, and the founder and his wife, modestly veiling themselves under that title, dispense a gracious and elegant hospitality, from which, those who have the honor to be invited to partake of it, come away with a fresh mental stimulus and ready to acknowledge that

"Charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose."

It is worth a lady's while to make a handsome toilette to listen to what can best be said on both sides of questions, which in this afternoon of the nineteenth century concern all human beings, and of which no one can afford to be ignorant. And the conversation which follows a discussion of that sort rises far above drawing-room vanities and is fed by what has gone before. Doubtless the founder of the Nineteenth Century Club will have imitators. But not many of his imitators are likely to possess his tact and discretion. These golden qualities are far from common. Yet though the imitations may not succeed, it will not be useless to have them started.

Salmagundi.

HO! FOR THE KANKAKEE!

(A SPORTSMAN'S SONG.)

Ho! for the marshes, green with spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers
pipe,
Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wing
Above the haunt of the rail and snipe;
For my gun is clean and my rod's in trim,
And the old, wild longing is roused in me;
Ho! for the bass-pools cool and dim—
Ho! for the swales of the Kankakee!

Is there other joy like the joy of a man
Free for a season with rod and gun,
With the sun to tan and the winds to fan,
And the waters to lull, and never a one
Of the cares of life to follow him,
Or to shadow his mind while he wanders
free?
Ho! for the currents slow and dim!
Ho! for the fens of the Kankakee!

A hut by the river, a light canoe,
My rod and my gun, and a sennight fair—
A wind from the south and the wildfowl due
Be mine! All's well! Comes never a care!
A strain of the savage fires my blood,
And the zest of freedom is keen in me;
Ho! for the marsh and the lilled flood!
Ho! for the tarns of the Kankakee!

Give me to stand where the swift currents rush,
With my rod all astrain and a bass coming in,
Or give me the marsh, with the brown snipe
aflush
And my gun's sudden flashes and resonant
din;
For I'm tired of the desk and tired of the town,
And I long to be out, and I long to be free;
Ho! for the marsh, with the birds whirling
down!
Ho! for the pools of the Kankakee!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

BEADED RHYMES.

MIDNIGHT QUIET.

Her face drooped low on her unconscious breast,
Veiled Quiet sinks from rest to deeper rest—
By such enchanted peace is nature bound,
No faintest pulse-beat stirs the heart of
SOUND!

THE PEAR JAPONICA.

A red drop fell from Cleopatra's breast,
(Death-drawn) to earth! . . . *thence* grew
all flower and bud,
This half-made Wonder to men's eyes confessed
A scarlet Wanton, fired with shameless blood!

THE SAILOR.

The north-wind rumbles in his burly bass;
He walks, as shouldered by huge waves, in
glee;
A gleam of broad horizons on his face—
And his bright manhood sparkling like
a sea!

THE EGYPTOLOGIST!

His gods are mummies of malign complexion;
His snuff's the pungent dust of Rameses:
Which only finds fantastic resurrection,
To be (just Heaven!) exploded on . . . a
sneeze!

THE AUCTIONEER-FANATICO.

Granted one hour in heaven—to heaven's
amazement!
How his deft hand would test thrice-sacred
things!
And tack the total of his sly appraisement
To each fair feather of the archangel's wings!

THORNS!

The rose must have her thorns! but if too
strong
The bristling barrier their keen points op-
pose;
How soon we learn to fear the Thorn's sharp
wrong,
Forgetting all the sweetness of the Rose!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE TRAPPER'S SWEETHEART.

You've seen creeturs sudding lame,
Git too near 'em an'—they're game!
Her right over; an inch too near—
Up and off is Nancy dear.
"Yes, Jake," says she,
"Laws sakés!" says she,
Jest accordin' to her fancy:
That's it perzactly, that's my Nancy.

O, a gal's a cunnin' thing!
 You must take 'em on the wing—
 I'll be goin'; for, ye see,
 Nancy, she's expectin' me.

I'll hit or miss her,
 It's quits or kiss her;
 I'm for facts, while she's for fancy;
 That's us *dizactly*—me and Nancy.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY,

EULALIE.

Her voice is like the mocking-bird's upon the
 myrtle tree,
 Her eyes are like the summer stars that frolic
 on the sea;

Oh, 'tis rapture to look at her;
 And it sets my heart abeat,
 Just to catch the pretty patter
 Of her merry little feet.

The Fairies spun her tresses on a spindle made
 of pearl,
 Then dipped them in the summer shine and put
 them up in curl;

And when I see them flutter,
 As she dances in the wind,
 I wish I were a butter-
 fly, or — something of the kind.

I know that Cupid did it, and I think it was a
 sin

To carve a cunning dimple in the middle of her
 chin;

For it is a crime to covet—
 So says the Law Divine—
 Yet I look at it, and love it,
 And I want it all for mine.

She whispers that she loves me! Now be it un-
 derstood,

The tidings are delightful—I'd believe them if I
 could;

But in *her* vocabulary
 With its tantalizing flow
 The truth will often tarry
 Far behind a "yes," or "no."

She smiles at me! She frowns at me! She
 knows I cannot fly;

O Cupid come and aid me with an arrow on the
 sly,

That when the orange bowers
 Are blowing, Eulalie
 May wear the snowy flowers
 In a bridal wreath for me!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

AFTER READING "AIRS FROM ARCADY."

(To H. C. B.)

How often have we heard it said,
 By those self-arrogated wise,
 That Phœbus from the earth has fled,
 And Helicon its spring denies;
 While Hybla and Hymettus hold
 No honey-hoards like those of old?

Yet scarce have such ones voiced the words

Before the sun-god's smile evokes
 A rapture from his choir of birds

That doubt dispels and cavil chokes,
 And riper souls recur to rhyme,
 Pluck asphodel, and rose, and thyme.

So, when, among your interludes—

Fair strays and fluctuant chords of song—
 My heart is moved to various moods,
 And gains a savor sweet and strong,
 I say, "Oh friend, song shall but cease
 When silence is the ghost of peace!"

JOHN MORAN.

LIFE IS STRANGE.

A blind man by the way

Fiddles with main and might;
 His heart is happy, his face is gay,
 His locks are thin and white.

As the pennies drop in his hat,
 He is merry and free from care,
 Though he plays but a single tune, and that
 Is an ancient, hackneyed air.

The little birds in the park
 Sing sweetly unto him,
 From morning till the fall of dark
 At the gurgling fountain's rim.

While he fiddles away in glee—
 This man with the drooping form,
 Who looks like a gaunt and withered tree
 Tossed in a wintry storm,

Across the busy square
 Upon a neighboring block,
 A millionaire with never a care
 Jumps headlong off the dock.

* * * * *

But, somehow, it seems to me
 He closes his life so soon,
 Because the blindman ceaselessly
 Fiddles that same old tune.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WHITTLINGS.

Some men are born fools, but most fools are made to order. * * *

Everyone praises a success, and most people think they can plan one. * * *

If the greatest man who has ever lived, should tell the truth, he would tell you, that how he came to be so great is a wonder great to him. * * *

It is oftener the case, that what a man forgets educates him more than what he remembers. * * *

It does not require great tact to write a long letter, but to write a good postscript to it, does. * * *

Patience is half-brother to laziness. * * *

Whenever a man is anxious to confide a secret to you, you can rest assured that he has confided it to a dozen other people before. * * *

The man who has a good deal to say, always says it in a few words. * * *

There is no flattery so pure, and so powerful, as to listen attentively to others. * * *

How are you to find out what kind of a man your neighbor is, when he cannot even tell you himself. * * *

Critics and authors are a distinct class. There is a dozen good authors to one good critic. * * *

A man is poor, just in proportion as he wants what he has not got, and cannot get. * * *

This world was not made for any one in particular, and I feel sorry for those who think so. They will discover their mistake some cloudy day. * * *

My friend, when your relations all think you are a fool, your success is almost assured. * * *

Destroy the looking-glass and you would put civilization back at least two thousand years.

Don't forget, my snobbish friend, that you have got to die just the same as the rest of us, and you cannot bury yourself either. * * *

Next to a snow-storm, for a decided nuisance, comes a holiday, in a great city. * * *

When a man does drop out of sight in a great city, you not only never hear from him again, but you cannot even find the hole he fell through. * * *

It is the strongest possible argument for our immortality that nine of every ten human beings believe in it. * * *

Politeness has no creed. * * *

About half we know, we guess at, and the other half, somebody has guessed at for us. * * *

A man of a great deal of character cannot hide it. He will betray it even when he sneezes. * * *

One of the strongest evidences to me of a hereafter is that we cannot prove it. * * *

Every ladder has a top round to it. * * *

Our characters we make, our reputations are often made for us. * * *

It is no disgrace to be bit by a dog the first time, but the second time it is. * * *

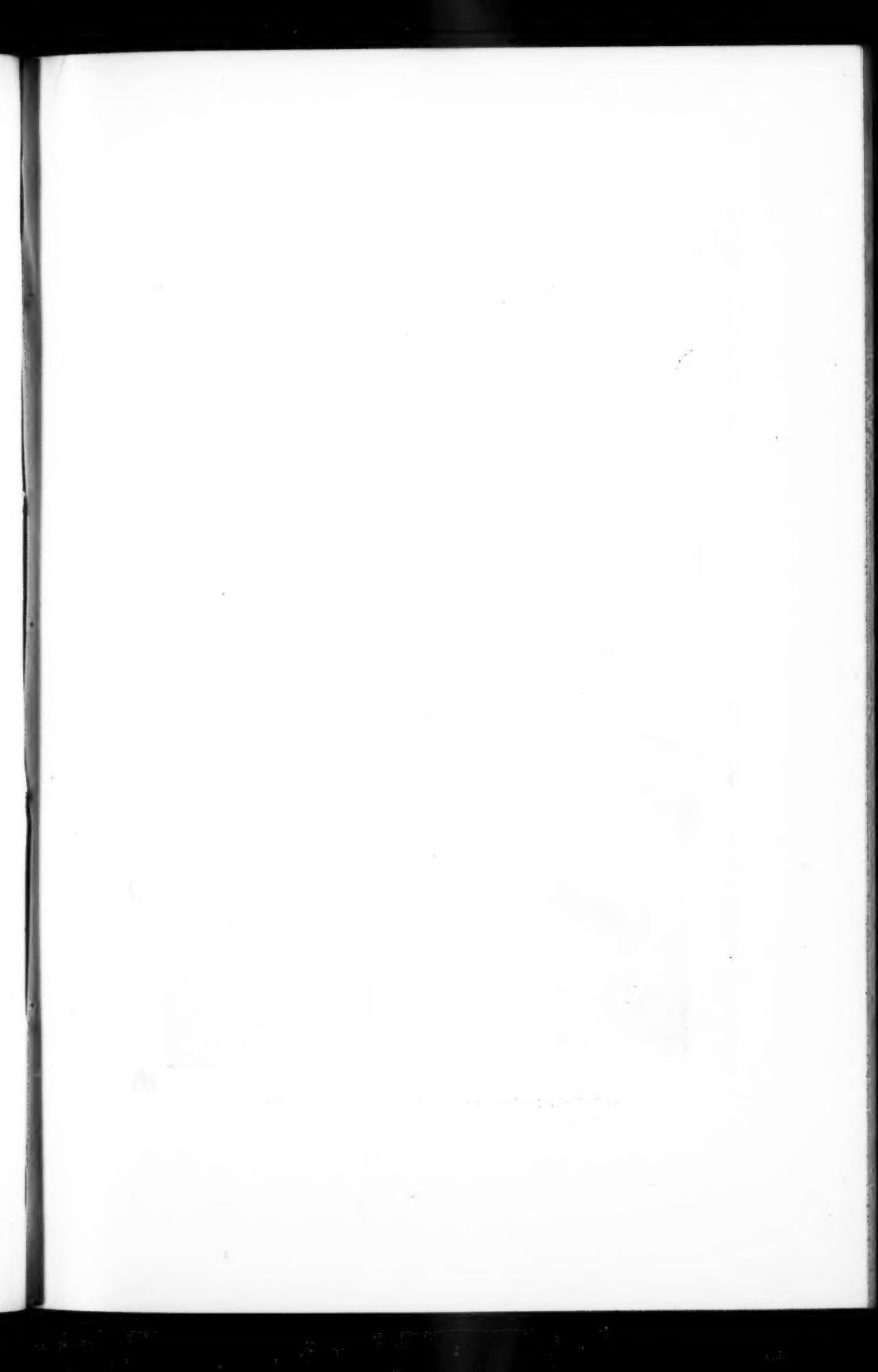
Very intelligent people carry a large share of their brains in their faces. * * *

There is no slavery like idleness; there is no burden like it. Every pound of it weighs twenty ounces. * * *

A man is young just in proportion as he feels so; a woman, just in proportion as she looks so. * * *

There is not to-day a score of first-rate critics living.

ZEKE FAIRCHILD.





I marked the Spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song,
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest.
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
And their breath went forth in the scented sky.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.